THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JOSEPH FARRELLY.

George B. Christian, Jr.—Samuel G. Blythe—F. Britten Austin—Charles Warren
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"See what a lot of Goodies we've got—every one Del Monte"

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Grocers are just beginning to receive new pack DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables. Many are glad to offer substantial savings on quantity orders placed for delivery as goods arrive.

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Why not figure your needs today? Simply go to your grocer and tell him your requirements. But be sure you specify DEL MONTE—to combine uniform quality with practical economy and convenience.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beautiful Riverside Drive, New York City, Tarvia since 1914.

Typical traffic on the Grand Concourse and Boulevard, New York City, Tarvia since 1911.

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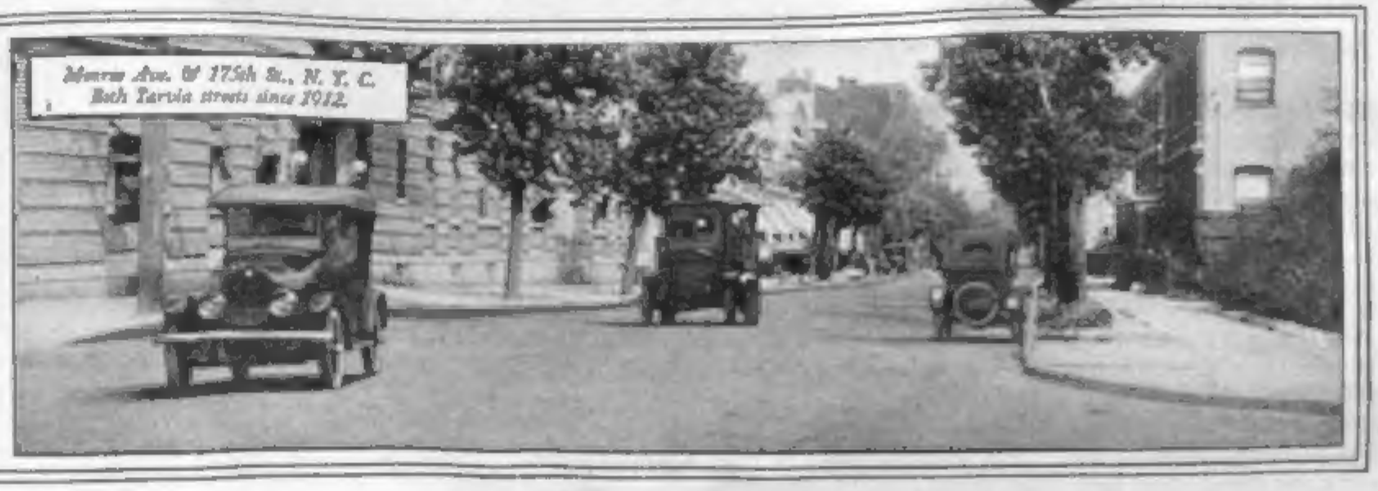
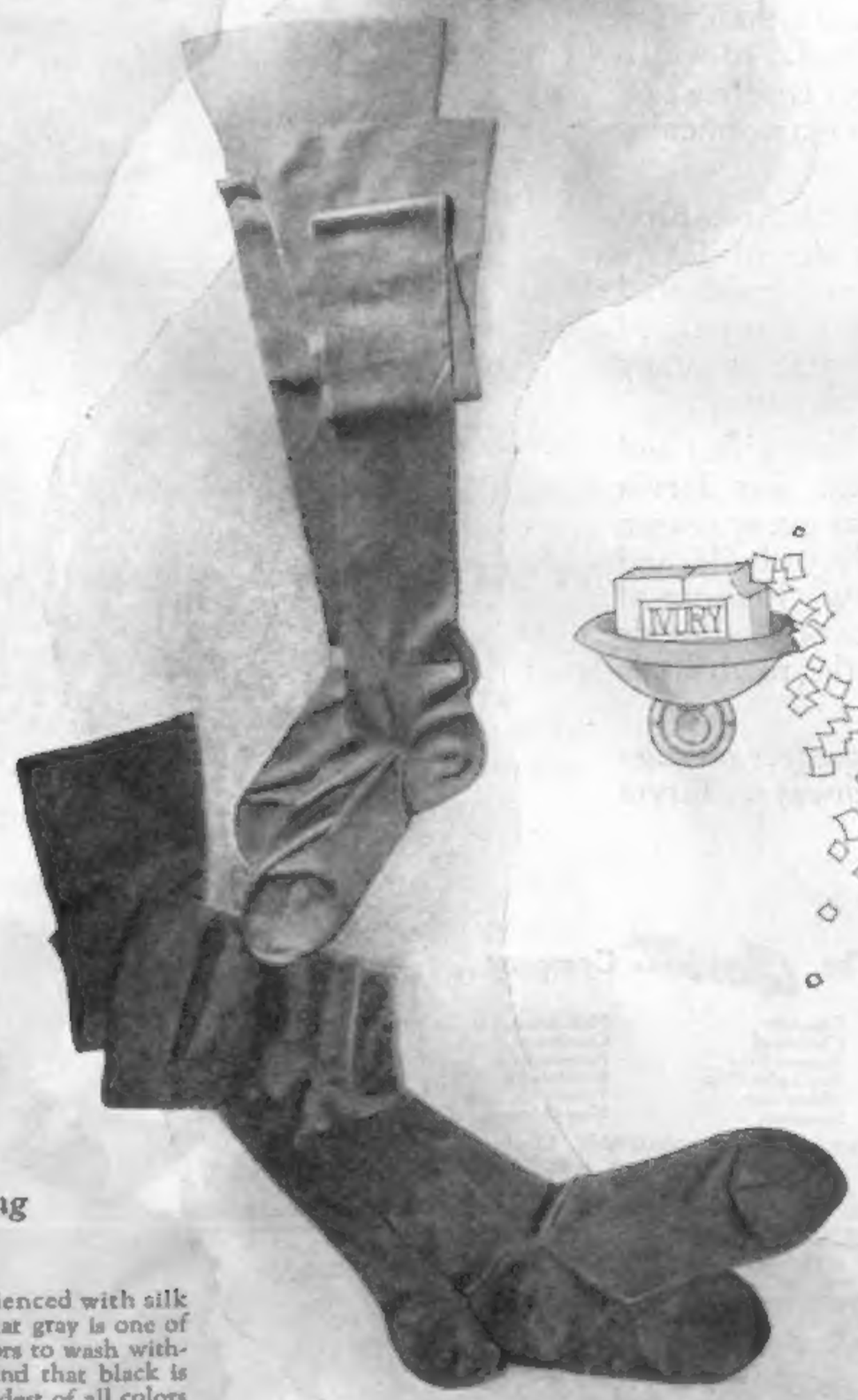
THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited:
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

West 183rd St., N. Y. C. A Tarvia street since 1912.



Monroe Ave. & 175th St., N. Y. C. Both Tarvia streets since 1912.



To lengthen the life of your silk stockings

SILK stockings—how their glistening trimness adds to the smartness of a costume and the grace of slim ankles!

And silk stockings *wear*, too, when properly cared for.

Proper care of silk stockings is simple, but not every woman knows how simple. So we urge you to heed the silk stocking manufacturers who tell you how to get the longest wear from their product.

For instance they say you should roll the stockings and then gently draw them over the feet, unrolling them into place. They warn you against tight garters, and supporters fastened below lisle tops, and against handling them with rings with settings which may catch and break the silk threads, for any of these may cause runs.

But, most important of all, they tell you that silk stockings should be washed with a pure, mild soap after every wearing, because the acids of perspiration, if allowed to remain, will ruin the silk fibres in a very short time.

Harsh soap and hard rubbing are quickly injurious to silk, so manufacturers who have the interests of their customers at heart almost invariably recommend gentle, rubless washing with Ivory Flakes. Their careful tests have shown conclusively that Ivory Flakes is so mild it cannot possibly harm silk, yet it completely removes soil without hard rubbing.

If you would like to make a conclusive test of your own, to convince yourself of the safety of any soap for washing silk stockings, let us suggest this simple method:
Merely ask yourself this question:

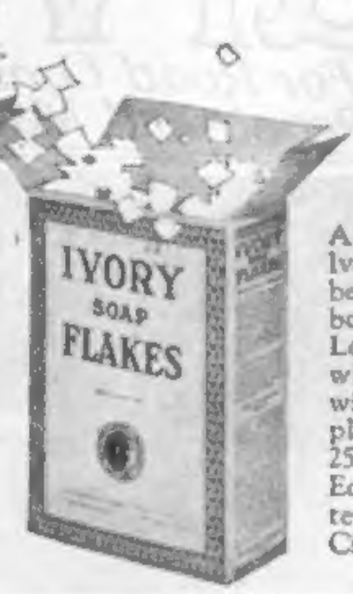
"Would I use the soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory Flakes, your instant answer is, "Yes," because you know that since 1879 millions of careful women have protected lovely complexions with pure, mild Ivory Soap, and Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap in flake form.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer



FREE—

This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 25-JF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

No fading
No streaking
No runs

Women experienced with silk stockings say that gray is one of the hardest colors to wash without streaking, and that black is perhaps the hardest of all colors to wash without fading. Yet here are gray stockings and black stockings which still look like new after 15 and 18 washings, respectively, in Ivory Flakes. No wonder their owners are enthusiastic about Ivory Flakes for silk stockings.

Stockings, with owners' letters, are on file in the Procter & Gamble office.

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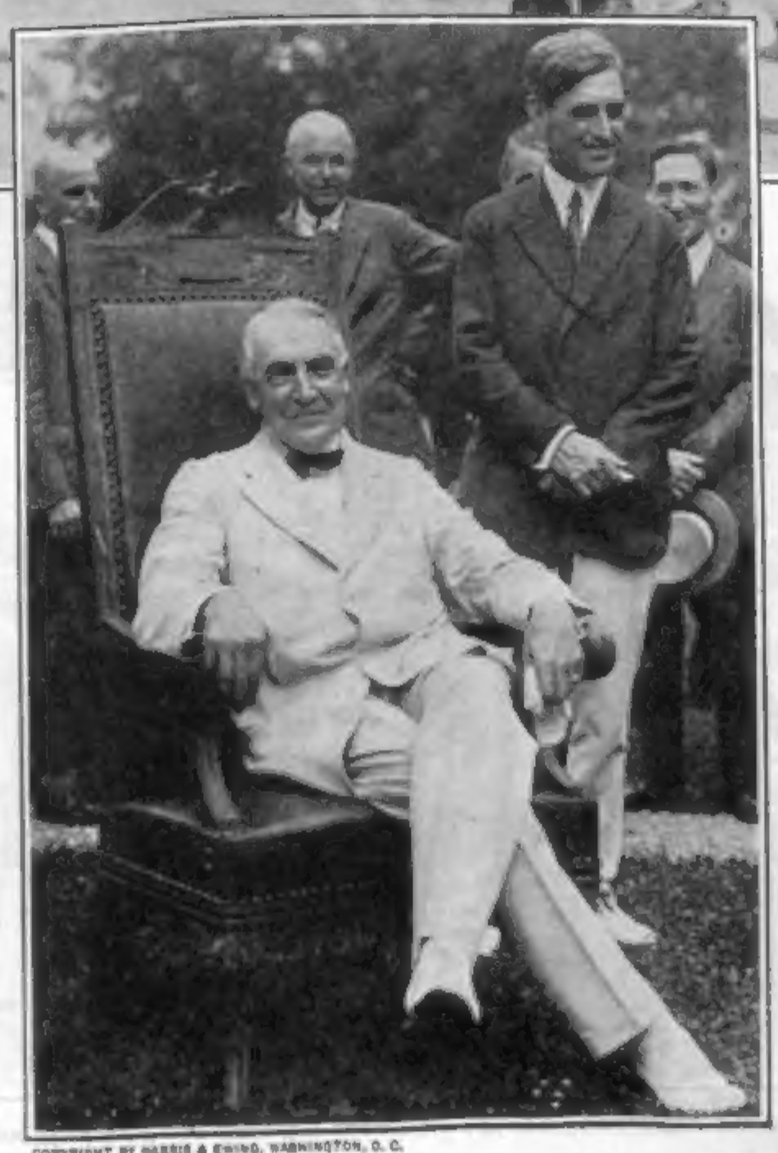
WHY PRESIDENTS BREAK

By George B. Christian, Jr.

PHOTO, BY W. J. MOORE, VANCOUVER, B. C.

President Harding Responding to the Cheers of the Crowd During His Western Trip



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At the Left—The President Photographed With His Secretary, George B. Christian, Jr.

"MR. PRESIDENT, don't let them kill you," were my first words to President Coolidge as his secretary. I had just returned to Washington from Marion with Mrs. Harding, completing our long sad journey from San Francisco. A few days previous I had placed my resignation as secretary to the President in the hands of the White House executive clerk and was reporting for service until my successor had been named and qualified. The words came from the very depth of a heart burdened with a great sorrow—words free from any bitterness, with no feeling of resentment toward anyone; just a plea with all the earnestness that I could command, prompted wholly by a sense of duty.

Whom do I mean by "them"? The job of being President of this republic is indeed a killing one. Only a few people have the slightest conception of the heavy responsibilities of the position. When I say a few, I mean just what the word means—a very small number. With the exception of those who have held the office, the members of the executive force and a limited number of the newspaper correspondents no one knows the great number of the executive functions, the trials, the cares and the perplexing problems that constantly confront the President of our republic. I do not believe that cabinet members do. I know that members of Congress do not.

The sudden death of President Harding has tragically called to the attention of the people the arduous duties of the President, and we find the daily press, in news item and editorial comment, emphasizing the need of assistance and relief, and suggesting various methods of freeing the President from many of his burdens. The majority of those indicating their interest seem to be of the impression that greetings from the people, the handshakers, are the greatest contributors to the trials and to the burdens of the office. Particularly so is this apparent to those who have had the opportunity of passing through the line and observing at close range the activities of the executive office during the reception hour.

When I returned to Washington with the Republican nominee from the Chicago Convention of June, 1920, to Senator Harding's office in the Senate Office Building, I immediately found that the proper reception of callers, for the single purpose of paying their respects to the nominee and having the opportunity of shaking his hand, was a problem that must be met promptly and in a systematic and orderly manner that would give Senator Harding ample opportunity to greet his friends and admirers with as little interference with important conferences as possible. So we fixed the time for paying respects at one o'clock P.M. Senator Harding would come to his office about 8:30 and would be engaged

until ten with his mail and conference with his secretary. From ten until one, engagements were made for those who had important matters relating to the campaign to bring to the senator's attention. When we arrived at Marion we naturally found the same condition, with the number of callers growing larger day by day. The plan for a daily reception for the public at one o'clock was carried on through the campaign, and the policy continued throughout the President's term of office.

At one o'clock all who came properly vouched for were given the opportunity to pay their respects to the President and extend their greetings. It was a cosmopolitan crowd that passed through the line. Very seldom were there less than one hundred in number, and frequently the line has exceeded two thousand. On New Year's Day, 1922, over eight thousand shook hands with the President and Mrs. Harding at an old-time New Year's Day reception. The line at the White House executive offices consisted of people of all walks of life. We found the school-teacher, high-school students, graduating classes, fraternal organizations, tourists, hikers, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, religious organizations, Indians in their ceremonial attire—always an interesting sight—baseball teams, football teams, theatrical and movie stars, and so on through all phases of American life. The records of the executive office show that during the two years and five months of President Harding's term approximately two hundred and fifty thousand grasped the President's hand for a cordial greeting.

The President and Mrs. Harding Receiving a Long Line of Handshakers

The Handshakers

THE fact that these receptions were a daily occurrence and became almost a daily news item in the press has convinced a great many people that this kindness on the part of the President was extremely fatiguing, a great nuisance, a waste of time, and that the public receptions should be abolished. Friends have frequently come to me and were very frank in expressing their impressions that these receptions were an imposition on the President, and that I should take steps to relieve him of this burden.

The President had no such impression. After a long morning of conference following conference, where his mental faculties were keenly on the alert, where he was under the necessity of endeavoring to find the real purpose and intent of his callers—conferences in which every word of his own must be guarded—the President found extreme pleasure in forgetting for the moment all his cares and his responsibilities, and just before going to his lunch enjoying the happy experience of looking into the smiling faces of people who had no favors to ask, no axes to grind, and were only seeking the opportunity of greeting their beloved President and wishing him good luck, success and health.

It was pleasing to all of us to hear their words of greeting: "God bless you, Mister President"; "I cast my first vote for you"—this greeting came from the boys who had just reached their majority, and from the women—"I have shaken hands with every President since Lincoln"; "I am a Democrat, but I voted for you"; "I didn't vote for you, Mister President, but I am a Harding man now"; "I met you at the Chicago Convention"; "You made a speech in my town some years ago."

The children were a great delight to the President; he always greeted the little tots with "Look who's here!"

PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Waiting to See the President. Above—President Harding Obliging With an Autograph

The cordial greetings of a constituency do not break a President! Fifteen minutes a day, on the average, will cover the time; no physical exertion to speak of; no great tax upon his mind or nervous system. I have heard the President say, many, many times, to those who have expressed some anxiety: "It is the most pleasant thing I do"; "It is really the only fun I have"; "It does not tax me, and it seems to be a very great pleasure to them." The American people need have no anxiety over the effect on the President's health from those seeking only to convey to him their high esteem and great affection.

Place Hunters

THERE seems to be a very general and popular opinion that the White House executive office is fairly overrun with job hunters; that there is daily a stream of Federal-patronage seekers, literally pushing their way through the doors of the office, pleading for an opportunity to see the President so that they may place before him their qualifications for attractive political plums and at the same time impress him by their record of political activities, their past accomplishments and their ability for political control, hoping that if they could so impress the President he would be justified in a promise of an immediate appointment. The people generally seem to think that the President is day and night besieged and harassed, bored and annoyed by politics and politicians. An editorial writer of a prominent metropolitan daily writes: "A public opinion might be created which would frown upon the hordes of office seekers importuning the President." Another writer of prominence says in his editorial column that the President—any President—would live longer, "If he could be freed from the tasks of settling every political quarrel that arises between powerful bosses in various states, or of investigating with an eye to its political effect the nature of every appointment recommended by him."

That this opinion exists is still further indicated by the casual friendly caller at the office who, fearful of being considered a job hunter, begs your pardon for his call by his salutation "I don't want a job. I have no ax to grind; just came in to pay my respects and to say hello." I find a like sentiment among the purely social friends who enjoy the experience of talking shop with a President's secretary. They are full of sympathy by reason of the daily contact with the job hunter; are sure that it must be very trying to listen all day long to their pleadings, their entreaties, and sometimes their threats.

Sometime back in our history these conditions no doubt existed. I am quite sure they did, in the days of "Turn the rascals out," and "To the victors belong the spoils." There has been a very great advancement in civil service. Congress has enacted legislation which has placed many hundreds of so-called political plums under the rules and regulations of the United States Civil Service Commission, and

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THE BURNING QUESTION

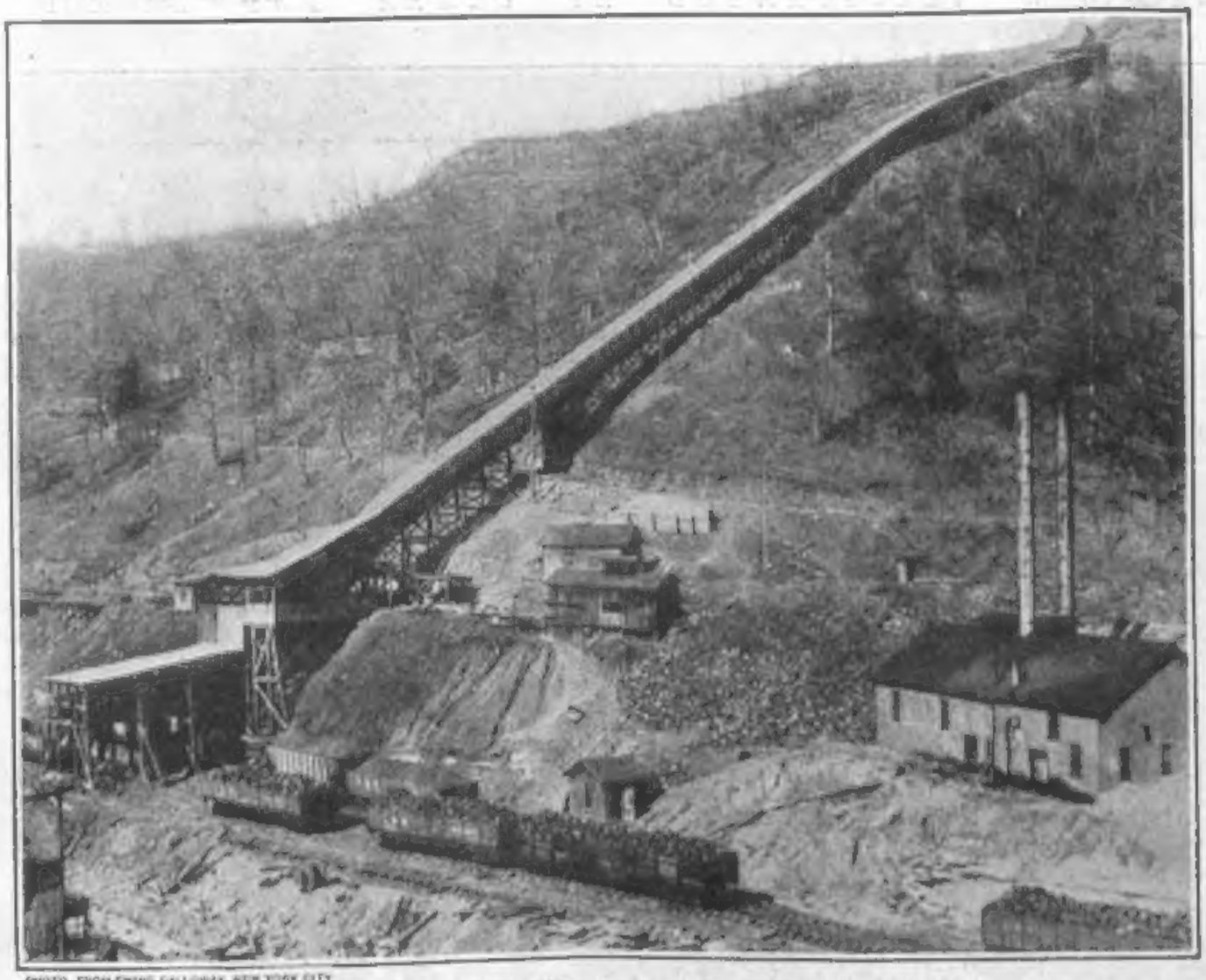
By Floyd W. Parsons

THE whole history of coal mining in America has been but little more than the story of a never-ending series of labor disputes. The settlement of practically every controversy has brought higher coal prices and no permanent cure for the chronic evil. Slowly but surely the miners' union has become stronger and stronger, until now the leaders of the workmen have confidence in their power to force acceptance of their demands in the face of government disapproval and a lack of public sympathy and support.

The people of the United States deserve just what they are getting, and the worst of their discomforts and worries in matters relating to coal have not yet been realized unless there comes a speedy change in the attitude of the public mind. We have become possessed of the idea that our people have unlimited rights as citizens which must not be disturbed; and that the whole idea of compulsory arbitration is wrong in principle and destructive in action.

There will never be fuel peace in our country so long as we are dominated by such archaic beliefs. We have got to recognize that the coal industry is a business apart, and that from the standpoint of public welfare it is just as important that we have no interruption in the free flow of coal to consumers as is the unobstructed distribution of mail to our homes and offices. Under existing conditions one man in control of 600,000 coal miners can cut off 60 per cent of our production of coal and disturb not merely one or two industries but threaten the whole industrial life of the nation. If one man or an army of men from outside our borders were to make such an attack upon our welfare, the whole nation would rise up in its wrath and march to the beat of drums in defense of world liberty and democracy.

I have no patience with the notion that we can handle the mining of coal as we do the production of potatoes or the manufacture of motor cars. Just as the human body cannot live without blood, industry cannot live without fuel.



PHOTO, FROM EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK CITY

A Big Mountainside Coal Mine and Breaker in Eastern Kentucky

Giving In

WE HEAR talk about substitutes for coal, but all of them combined amount to little more than a drop in the bucket when viewed in the light of the nation's total fuel requirements. It sounds quite important when we hear that provision can be made to substitute wood, oil and water power for five or ten million tons of coal; but how trifling is this relief in the light of the fact that our coal consumption annually approximates 600,000,000 tons.

The present coal situation throughout the whole country is abnormal and illogical. The ills that beset us are the direct outgrowth of unwise procedure. We have gone ahead believing that all our labor difficulties could be settled by reason, and we have failed to recognize the utter contempt in which some of these new leaders hold all efforts that do not contemplate the use of strikes.

Not since 1916 has any wage scale been negotiated in the coal fields. All settlements are now being made by conceding the workers the substance of their demands, and then the public is shouldered with the burden of additional cost.

The policy of too many government officials has been to settle each difficulty as quickly and quietly as possible, irrespective of the principles involved or the cost to the people. Sooner or later there must be an end to the practice of settling coal strikes by always giving in. Eventually the nation must face the vital necessity of once and for all terminating the menace of a fuel famine here in a country that is literally based on a coal foundation. The coal problem will never be solved by kid-glove methods.

Coal Profits

THE United States Coal Commission has shown that coal mining, especially the production of anthracite, is a much more profitable business than we have recently been led to suppose. A few years ago the cost of mining hard coal was less than half of what it is today. In these earlier days only the thicker and cleaner seams were worked. At the present time, thin beds, difficult to approach and costly to mine, are also being worked by practically all the anthracite companies, and of course this departure from the old practice of first getting out the easy coal has materially increased the average cost of mining. Doubtless the anthracite operators have concluded that they must get out their high-cost coal now or never. Later, as the practice of carbonizing bituminous coal becomes more or less universal, anthracite will have to be sold in competition with tens of millions of tons of coke, and the disposal of the output of the hard-coal mines will be possible only at a price that is reasonable.

Anthracite coal is not a necessity, although it is an ideal fuel for domestic use. The strikes in the hard-coal regions have at least served one good purpose, which has been the education of householders in the use of coke for heating and cooking. The strike of last year caused many consumers of anthracite to experiment with coke as a substitute fuel, and the result has been that many of these householders are continuing to use coke out of choice, because of its cleanliness, satisfactory heating qualities and lower cost. Every additional ton of coke that is burned means a saving to the nation in that the by-products of the original coal have been conserved instead of being sent up our chimneys in the form of smoke to pollute the air and to destroy property.

But aside from this introduction of coke into many homes, the coal strikes of recent years have resulted only in waste and hardships to all concerned. Members of Congress have vocalized about the coal problem until

(Continued on Page 173)

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Coal Piles That Safeguard New York City in Matters of Heat and Power. The Yard is at Edgewater, on the New Jersey Side of the Hudson River

THE CLASS OF ONE

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THERE were two Chinese passengers to Deadwood on the Sidney coach that morning; and Hank, the stock tender of the Box Elder Station, regarded them with a baleful eye and spoke concerning them to Red Raymond, the driver, very audibly and in terms of derogation. The little blue-coated Orientals returned him oblique but smiling glances and chanted cheerfully, the one to the other, in high, thin tones, with strange inflections but in their native tongue. As the coach rolled away a cackle of Cathayan laughter floated back to the ears of the outraged stock tender, who shook his fist thereupon and walked off to care for the horses that had been left with him to recuperate, muttering as he went.

Under the spreading cottonwood in front of the stage station there lounged a group of wayfarers, including the old bullwhacker, Sam Stegg, now retired from the road and prosperously settled on his near-by ranch. As the stock tender rejoined these ever-welcome visitors of his solitude the old man looked at him, and there was mild reproach in his accents.

"Seems like to me you took a heap of talk from them heathen, Hank," he observed.

"Fighting talk, I'd call it," remarked the Rosebud Agency storekeeper, wagging his head with equal solemnity. "But I reckon it was account of the lady passenger that he overlooked it," he explained to the others. "Still, if any Chinee applied them terms to me I'd be apt to ask the lady to please kindly be so good as turn her head away for a few moments while I vindicated the supreemacy of the white race. Who was the lady, Hank?"

"A schoolma'am, she looked like. Billed to the Gap," the stock tender replied morosely.

"So many schoolma'ams do look like they was," Rosebud commented. "It's a pity. But you can't have everything. Some women run to beauty and some to brains. I reckon there's once in a while one that has got both, but in my experience ——"

The stock tender interrupted to say that if he had his way he would massacree every last slit-eyed, saffron-skinned son of a gun in the country, because, mark his words, it wouldn't be but a few years before they'd own all the money in the whole dog-goned United States and have us living on rice and rat pie and wearing our shirts on the outsides of our pants, by jiminy! They was a danger to the community, the way he looked at it. Ignorant as hogs. Just to listen to them talk was enough.

"That's right sound sense," the old bullwhacker approved. "And what gets me, they can't write so's a person can read it. When I go into a laundry and they give me a ticket, how do I know what's wrote on it? Something insulting, prob'ly; but you can't prove it on 'em. If they wasn't plumb ignorant, like you say, they'd write it in English and they'd talk English proper and grammatical. I'm willing to admit that you get your shirt back if you ain't lost the ticket; but they don't know nothing, only to work hard and save their money and pay their debts. Tol'rable good at what they do. But shucks, I don't b'lieve you'd find even a fair-to-middling bronco buster or bullwhacker in all Chinatown!"

That curious fact was unanimously admitted by the company. Tip Yoakum, the Hat Creek granger, had known a Chinaman in Carbonate Camp, name of Hop Sing, who had shoed the old crowbait that he had to haul his garden truck, and done a fair-to-middling job of it; and Walt Parker, the Bar T boy, recollected one time he saw a Chinee riding a burro; but, come to think of it, they wasn't much around stock, sure enough. The stock tender repeated that they were too dog-gone ignorant.

"And I claim that ignorance is the biggest curse of suffering humanity," said the old bullwhacker. "That's why I take my hat off to the schoolma'ams. They may not be so young, some of 'em, as they formerly was, and their dispositions and their complexions may not be all that a person might wish; but even so, they're a-shedding the light of knowledge on the dark places and a-molding the young minds that would be a heap moldier if they was let alone. So far it ain't done me much good knowing that Copenhagen was on the River Vistula and the principal products was hides and tallow and pig iron, and that Washington crossed the Delaware at a quarter past eleven on Thursday morning, the fifteenth of February, 1777; but it never done me no harm and it might win me a bet sometime yet. There's no telling. Education is what we all need and what we all get, one way or another."

Talking about schoolma'ams and ignorance reminds me of Miss Mattie Witherspoon, who taught over at District Three about the time Simmy Broderick broke into the legislature, continued the old bullwhacker. Simmy had been married about two years to Lucia McArdle, who had made him quit gambling and go into the hardware business. Miss Mattie was some kin to Sim's wife, and they had both lived in the same town back in Iowa. Being married to the best little man in the whole wide world, as men go and such as they are and making allowances, Lucia thought she'd pick the second best for Mattie. That, according to her idee, was Melville Woburn, a prominent and active member of Reverend Winship's congregation, and notary public who the governor reposed special trust and confidence in, agent for the old Bay State Mutual and Benevolent Life, and the Farmers' Coöperative Hail, and also Loans and Investments, and school trustee. Lucia had always thought a heap of Mr. Woburn, and before she met up with Simmy there wasn't no telling. As it was she was real sorry that Simmy couldn't get up no real enthusiasm for Mr. Woburn, because there was a many things about him, not to speak of his sideburns and his principles and his Prince Albert coat on Sundays, that Simmy might have profited by if he hadn't sort of shunned his society, seemed like.

"You Owe Me Some Apologies, But I Don't Expect You'll Ever Pay Them." "I'll Start In Right Now," Says Billy

But well, here was Mattie's mother passed on and nothing for the girl back there in Iowa but some old hayseed, if she wasn't going to be an old maid and teach school all her life—and she was getting on to twenty-two or twenty-three, must be.

"Well, angel girl, why don't you ask her out here?" says Simmy, when Lucia put it up to him. "She can teach school here just as well as there, and be company for you—refined company, I mean. I know I ain't refined."

"You're all the company I want, Simmy darling," says Lucia, "and I think you're getting real refined too. But it's like you say; she could teach school here as well as not—if you didn't mind, Simmy dear."

Simmy told her that he was strong for anything on God's green earth that she wanted—which he was, for all the two years they had been married. Lucia didn't tell him that she aimed to marry Mattie to Mel Woburn, knowing that it might have weakened him some; and she didn't mention any idees of that nature to Mattie, either, having a heap more sense in such things than most folks would have given her credit for.

She said a few things in her letter about Simmy. I reckon Sim would have been tickled to death if he'd read 'em; but he wouldn't have believed 'em, being one of these modest little men. But there wasn't nothing small about him but his size, and it was beginning to look like he'd be governor yet, the way Lucia had planned for him to be. Hows'ever the letter went off, and in course of time Mattie come back and put in her application to teach District Three School. She wasn't no raving, tearing beauty and, as Lucia said, she was getting along. You could

see in her face that imparting useful information to the happy little Iowa children hadn't been one long, sweet huckleberry picnic for her. She had to wear these here nose glasses with a thin chain hooked onto her dress, account of being shortsighted; still, her peaked little face wasn't by no means repulsive to the beholder, and her eyes behind her glasses was as bright as if she'd never looked at print. I judged her hair would have been pretty, too, if she'd give it a chance. Neat as a pin, she was. Her shirt waists always looked as if she'd just put 'em on fresh starched and ironed a few minutes ago, and most of the boys around town got a kind of feeling that she'd used the starch that was left over on her manners. But then Lucia Broderick was a-considerable that way, too, when she first struck town.

Lucia and Sim gave her glad welcome and she took to Sim right off. Me and her got to be good friends, too, which showed she'd got good judgment. She was great on asking questions, and Sim and me posted her regardin' the natural curiosities of the hills country, human and otherwise, until she was the best-posted lady that ever come out of the East. I think she would have wrote a book about 'em if Lucia and experience hadn't unposted her. School hadn't been let out very long when she came, so she had time to rest up and look around.

I'd just bought out Bell's livery, and sometimes when Sim was busy I'd drive her and Lucia around in a surrey and liven up the long miles with legends and stories of the forgotten past, and I want to say that Miss Mattie never sniffed one single sniff.

Anyway, what with the high living at Simmy's and the hills air, Miss Mattie's cheeks begun to fill out and get some color into 'em. Her lips reddened up, too, and the lobes of her ears got pink instead of waxy white. It made a heap of difference, and there was signs and tokens that I wasn't the only man noticed it.

Amongst others I allowed that Melville Woburn, Esquire, noticed it, because while he'd fixed it for her to get the school and had called around once or twice when Lucia had as good as yanked him in by the coat collar, he hadn't shown no special interest; and then, all of a sudden, here he was at my barn wanting to know how much a good safe team and my best side-bar buggy would set him back for the afternoon.

Well, I hadn't no confidence in him as a driver, so I hitched up Old Liz and Pasquale, who was both safe, even if they wasn't so good in point of speed as they might have been along in 1850 or '60. Old Judge Dudley used to allow that Liz was a conservative and Pasquale a reactionary, which may or may not have been true, depending upon what he meant. Anyway, I put in a good whip and made the price a measly ten dollars, which Brother Melville claimed was an outrage, but he reckoned that he'd have to pay it.

He drove up to Broderick's and the next I seen was the buggy with him and Mattie in it moving along the Cascade Road. You could see they was moving by sighting them against the bunch of cottonwoods this side of the hill. I don't know much about that ride, except that Melville come back from it along about suppertime with nothing more than a stub of that good six-bit whip left, and he looked as if he had been working right hard, with no compensating joys. Simmy told me that Mattie had give him particular fits for his barbariousness to dumb animals, and that Brother Woburn, after he had just so much of it, forgot he was a gentleman and told her that being dumb was a heap mitigating and about the only thing to the team's credit, but he didn't propose to disburse out at the rate of one dollar lawful coin of the United States for every linear rod, pole or perch that they traveled—not without striking a blow or two for progress.

"The worst of it is he comes around in the evening and apologizes," says Simmy, "and she done forgave him—or said she did."

"There's a right smart of a difference, ain't there?" I says. "When a woman buries the hatchet she most generally marks the place and keeps it in mind so she can pick up a shovel and go back to it with her eyes shut any old time."

Anyway, and notwithstanding, Brother Woburn seemed to be a welcome guest at Broderick's to the extent that he wasn't throwed out when he happened around; but he didn't get no monopoly of Miss Mattie account of other folks horning in to see Simmy about nothing special or particular, or justifying extra-close shaves or scent on their handkerchiefs. Lucia gave them boys all the smiles and sitting space they could have asked for, judging it good play to let Brother Woburn see that he wasn't the only poodle in the pound. It was only when school opened up that Brother Woburn got any the edge on competition. He had taught school himself, and knew the ropes and the parents of most of the children in District Three, and he was able and right willing to give Mattie advice. She didn't even have to ask for it.

The schoolhouse was out quite a piece from town, about four miles up Cedar Cañon; but it was on the line of the Seminole mail route, and Dad Adams, who had the mail contract to Seminole, took her and her lunch up in his buckboard every morning and brought her back on the return trip. I'd taken her up to see the schoolhouse, myself, two or three weeks back, and all the way along she had acted like a crazy person, grabbing my arm every other minute and wanting to know if this or that or the other wasn't the most gorgeously grand and superbly splendiferous and enchantingly lovely and supremely beautiful object or objects that had ever gladdened my enraptured eyes.

"You'll get throwed out and bounce your beautiful head and bust your gig lamps on one of them lovely lichened bowlders if I don't keep my enraptured eyes on the road," I said. "Yes, my dear," I says, "it's right sightly. The rocks is about as rugged and romantic rocks as ever I seen, and the grass is green and gorgeous, and the trees is tremendous, and the sky is simply superb like you say; but I've been looking at grass and rocks and trees for some years and they ain't no curiosities to me."

"The peace of it, too!" she says, starting off on a new track. "Imagine it at night under the bright, silent stars, with those pines along the ridge sighing and whispering to each other as the wind stirs their outstretched branches! The mystery of it!"

"It ain't no mystery," I told her. "I reckon you're right about the stars being silent, but then they're quite a ways off, and if they whispered you wouldn't be apt to hear them. But them ain't pines; they're cedars. I reckon

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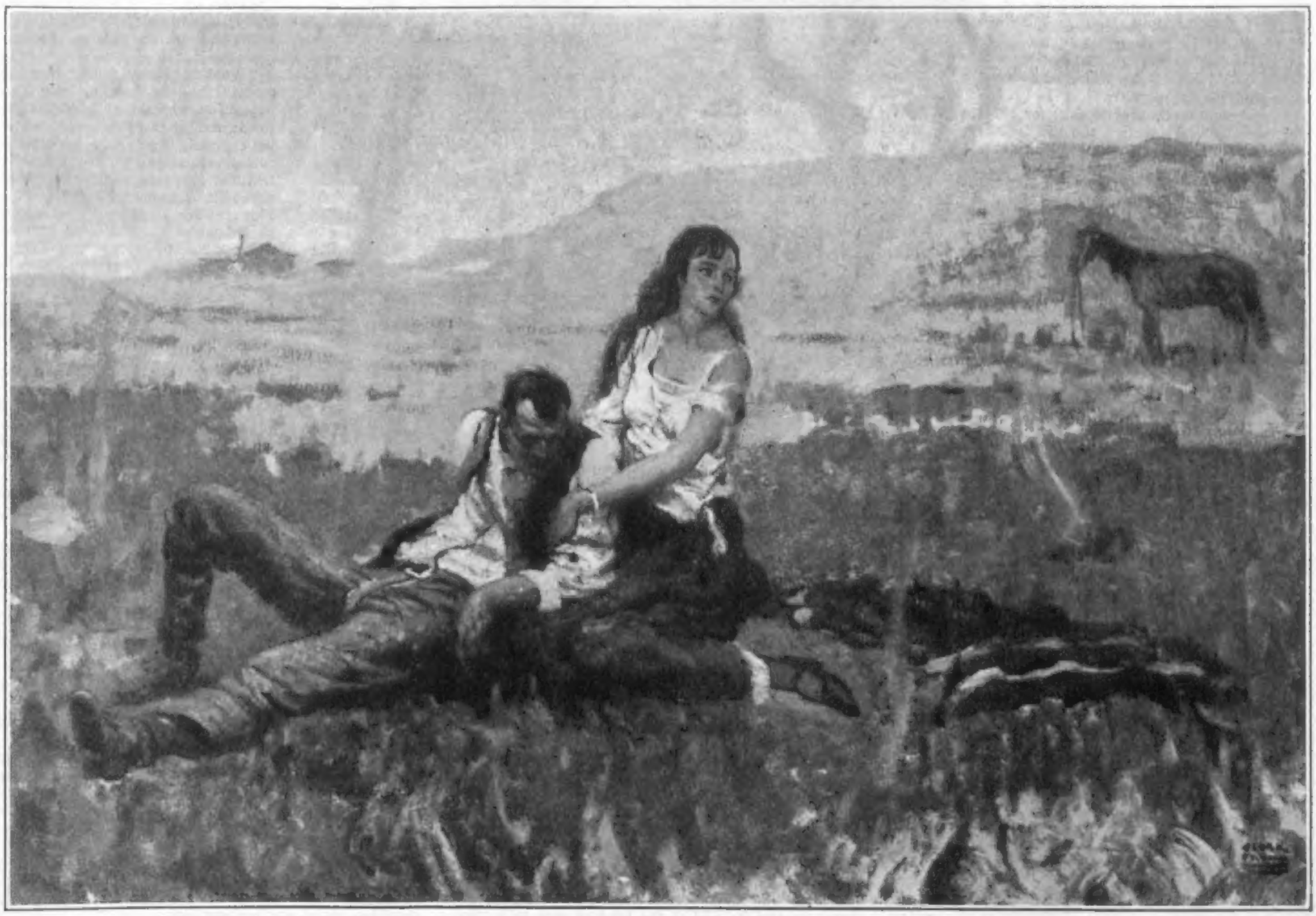

This Couldn't be Miss Mattie, Because Her Dress Was All Open at the Throat and Tore Something Scandalous and One Sleeve Gone From Her Shirt Waist. Her Throat Was Black, Too—Streaked—Like Her Face

FISH EAT FISH

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SWEETIE PEPPER stood outside in the drizzle and watched 'em go in. Those cold-creamed movie queens had silks and perfumery to sell, while Sweetie had only her engaging smile, on which as yet she had not cashed. She stood well in the fore of the crowd around the marquee by reason of her vigorous elbows; and her pudgy hands, reddened with honest toil, were thrust into the pockets of her frayed and faded long brown coat; her much-scuffed fashionable sandals were sopping with the wet, her tam-o'-shanter was pulled at a jaunty angle over her tawny red hair, and her engaging smile was upturned to the celebrities as they stepped out of their shining limousines and went into the brilliantly lighted corridor of the great sprawling hotel. Except for that engaging smile, there wasn't so much to recommend Sweetie's face. It was such a face as ranges Hollywood in droves, flocking in packs from studio to studio and making a specialty of standing outside in the drizzle to watch 'em go in; forlorn little peris at the gates of paradise, longing ever and always to catch the august eye of an archangel of the movies; an alert director, perhaps, or a casting director, a producer—anybody; but they passed Sweetie without a glance, with the sole exception of a fat-lipped, round-headed, round-paunched young man, who had such intense stupidity in his round, flat, China-blue eyes that Nature just naturally reached out and gave him a community of spirit with Sweetie Pepper when he met her own oxlike eyes of bluish gray.

A moment so and he was gone, lost in the steady stream of smooth-pressed men in black and white and softly garbed women in all the rest of the color gamut; but Sweetie, who knew 'em all by sight, had Eli Iskovitch listed. She'd call at the Isidor Iskovitch studio in the morning.

A great night for the movies, this; for the magnates and the stars, the gifted directors, the brilliant writers and all the other geniuses of the most picturesque industry in the world were massing here, together with the rank and file of the business, to dine and discuss better pictures, a perennial subject for oratory among the leading educators of the country and designed to link the cinema with the literati and the cognoscenti and the dilettanti and the illuminati and the et ceteri, and so weld motion pictures into the great engine of education which they, mayhap, should be.

Now the great ones of Hollywood take their places in the vast banquet hall, and every name familiar to the billboards is present, with its owner, in person. From lip to lip of the rank and file fly these names as one or the other of the illustrious fanfare to a table, but the name most on every lip is Klekoff.

Klekoff! No one that night mentioned the motion-picture industry without a mention of Klekoff, for he was one of the big men in the business and presiding at the speakers' table; though his partner, Roabert, a meek and modest-appearing man who hid much behind his stubby beard, had his own idea as to who was the bigger end of the firm. Roabert was in New York, at the Wall Street end of the industry, where he usually stayed; but here at Hollywood, where he usually stayed, was Klekoff. A rather tall man with scarlet hair, he sat at the very center of the raised honor table, below which was the Pinnacle table stretching into bewildering longitude as befitting the importance of the Pinnacle; and Klekoff was the Pinnacle and the Pinnacle was Klekoff—if we ignore Roabert. At Klekoff's side was his latest star, the sensationally exploited Aurelia Amour, a blond young luminary with a keen dark eye which reflected with a glittering glow her profound satisfaction in her well-earned eminence; particularly when that eye rested on Dorcas Sinclair at the Pinnacle table, just below Aurelia's golden slippers. A year ago Dorcas Sinclair had sat at the honor table at the side of Klekoff; a year ago it had been her smooth, round countenance, with its tiny Cupid's bow and its great soft hazel eyes, which had besieged the public from every lithographable surface as Aurelia's did now, and vied with Life-Saver Cereal and Squeak-Squeak Sausages for popular attention.

"They're After You, Izzy. I Had a Telephone Call This Morning, With a Hint That There'd be Big Money in It if I'd Jump My Contract"

So wither the orchids of life, especially around men like Klekoff, who make stars overnight and turn off the electricity when they will. Dorcas Sinclair was now merely a commercial asset like the others at the Pinnacle table; and only those who have known bitter reflection can guess what bitter reflection was in her this night, when the profession saw the triumph of Aurelia Amour, and was whispering about it. Oh, aye, soft and cuddly Dorcas Sinclair was the sensation of the evening, more so in her fall than she had been in her rise, as has ever been the case with queens. All over the enormous hall were spread gleaming parallel tables of varying lengths, as if each had been sawed off to fit the importance of the producing company seated around it; and at the head of each table, like a patriarch herding his flock, sat the producer who fed that flock; and gorgeous costume vied with gorgeous costume so much that they all looked strangely alike; and a thousand lights gleamed down, and correctly clad waiters were hurrying to and fro with soup. Bright eyes sparkled and white teeth flashed and red lips smiled and red tongues wagged. Oh, aye, indeed, they wagged—wagged of Klekoff and Aurelia, and Klekoff and Dorcas, and Klekoff, Klekoff; but it remained for a pinfeather producer, a mere fledgling at the game, an extremely young patriarch at an extremely short table in an extremely inconspicuous corner of the gay and festive scene, to remember accurately the date of the expiration of Dorcas Sinclair's contract. This thoughtful producer was Isidor Iskovitch, a young man of about twenty-eight, with still the big-knuckled awkwardness of immaturity, who, in ten years of intensive apprenticeship in the noble art of the celluloid drama, and one intensive year as an ardent manufacturer of the same, had industriously stored his active mind with all facts, great and small, pertaining to his business, and to nothing else.

So, with all the movie world suddenly bending to its soup, Isidor Iskovitch, thus left isolated, viewed the deposed Dorcas with such intense professional longing that presently her soft hazel eye was impelled to his, and her tiny Cupid's bow parted in a smile. Since radio, we no longer scoff at telepathy or deny the probability of a strong mind compelling a weaker at a distance. Came coffeetime, and the clatter and stir of shifting chairs for the eighteen speeches of welcome which were to precede the speaker of the evening, and the members of the world's new nobility began to visit from table to table in the confused intermission. So came Dorcas. Hot dog!

"What a happy family you do seem!" she said, bending over Prudence Joy, who sat at Isidor's right hand; and the two girls were a charming contrast, Dorcas with her smooth roundness and Prue with her delicately featured oval face, and her hair that shone like spun gold, and in her deep-blue eyes that great mystery of sorrow passed which had made of her the screen's leading young tragedienne. Isidor eagerly gave Dorcas his chair, and as she sat in it there was a bright parting of her tiny Cupid's bow for him.

"They're all talking about you, Mr. Iskovitch. They say you're a comer."

"K. O., Dorc, K. O!" sang out the plump and hearty Dixie Day, on Isidor's left, she in the red gown and all her platters empty. "Izzy's not only a comer—he has came! Excuse my etiquette, Dorc, but that's an irresistible tarara in your bob tonight."

Izzy bent eagerly between his famous comedienne and his neighbor's star, whom he coveted.

"Say, Dorcas, you had a trial contract for a year, and it's expired. I didn't hear anything about your renewing it."

The soft hazel eyes looked up at him, startled; then they stole a glance over at the mighty Klekoff. He was putting sugar in Aurelia Amour's coffee.

"No, I—I haven't. I—I ——"

"Y' ain't?" Gone in a flash was the correct English which the young producer had been so carefully cultivating. "Say, I gotta hear the rest o' this!" And he glanced around him hastily.

Ernest Sapp, the star director of the Iskovitch company, had not lost a syllable; and he now rose from his place at Prue's right with wild hope leaping in him, slipped his own chair under Isidor, gently pushed the boy down in it and walked away, stroking his tiny mustaches nervously.

Their big all-star picture, just begun, was limping along with a vapid borrowed ingénue who was souring his celluloid. She sat now near the foot of the table, viewing with suspicion, which was her specialty.

"Well, you see, we haven't agreed," confessed Dorcas with a slightly tremulous lip. "My contract, of course, had

an option in it for renewal. I asked for a certain amount; Mr. Klekoff refused and offered a lower amount, and there we stand. I—I suppose we'll compromise."

"What's your option like?"

"The Pinnacle has the right to sign me up for five years at the best offer made me by any other company."

"How much did he refuse to give you?"

"Twelve hundred and fifty a week."

The contraction of financial pain between the fledgling producer's eyes was spasmodic but infinitesimal.

"I'll give you twelve hundred and fifty-one dollars a week. If Klekoff's already refused to give you twelve hundred and fifty, that oughta let us out, depending on what my lawyer, Flackman, says about the wording of that option. Will you sign up with me for five years?"

Dorcas Sinclair gasped. She glanced again towards Klekoff at the speakers' table, and he was now watching her with a glowering gaze, under which she paled slightly. She was a timid thing, was Dorcas, whose only weapon was her cuddling appeal; but even the timid have their brave moments; and while she caught the thumb of her left hand tightly in her right hand to hold herself together, Prue sat motionless and breathless lest any movement of hers might interrupt what had suddenly become a momentous episode. Prue and Izzy and Sapp had been friends for many years. Suddenly Dorcas released her thumb.

"Yes."

"Where's your contract?" asked Izzy, after a swift mental calculation in which he estimated how much twelve hundred and fifty-one dollars a week for five years would total—and he having to dig it up every Saturday!

"At home."

"Let's go get it."

"You—you don't mean right now?"

"If Flackman, my lawyer, says we can get away with it, Sapp'll want you on the set at nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

He held down his hand for Dorcas. She rose and followed Izzy, dazed and breathless, and filled with the exultation of her own mad daring, for she knew that Klekoff would never forgive her. Sapp slipped to the vacant chair beside Prue, his white teeth gleaming, and the vapid ingénue regarded the whole proceeding with well-justified spiteful suspicion, for the fates had it that she was to be out of her part at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. The toastmaster dropped his gavel and the oratory was on.

It was three hours later when Isidor and Dorcas slipped back to the Iskovitch table during the droning speech of a thin-voiced little chap, who may have had a great message in his system but was a dismal failure in getting it out. They were almost down to the speaker of the evening now, and it might have been the Fall of Babylon painting for all the animation there was in that drooping assemblage. The strongest of will still sat erect, pretending to be listening; but two-thirds of them were frankly all in, and lopped in their chairs, their chins on their bosoms, or leaned on one another's shoulders, suffering excruciating agony. Suddenly one table was animated, enthusiastic, excited.

"What's Dorc been doing?" whispered Stuart, a pink-cheeked young fellow with a curled mustache who was always near Klekoff, and was known as his first-assistant yes man, the head yes man being kept in New York to yes Klekoff to Roabert.

"Wait just a few minutes and you'll know."

Klekoff was looking down over the assemblage with a curious smile. The excitement at the Iskovitch table had now communicated itself to the Climax table just in front of it, and the Circle table end to end with it. At both the loppers were up, chins came from bosoms, heads lifted from adjoining shoulders, animation was in every frame and a sparkle in every eye; and the tables nearest these suddenly came to life and action.

It was like a big stone splashed in a dead pool, and the ripples suddenly spread all over that vast banquet hall with electrifying effect.

The thin-whistled little orator took hope. He must have said something to rouse them, and it puzzled him to remember what. Could it have been his remarkable discovery that the motion pictures appealed to the intelligence through the eye? Or was it his still more remarkable deduction that because of this curious scientific fact the masses, though he did not state why, might be elevated? Alas, not even these jolts could have diverted the profession from its enjoyment of the thrill which came from the Iskovitch table; and as Klekoff and Stuart watched, the ripple, gaining momentum as it spread, splashed against the Pinnacle table and set it in a ferment. Director Leroy passed the whispered word back quickly to Stuart, and a pallor of rage crept under the skin of the great Klekoff. The thin-whistled little orator gave way to the speaker of the evening, but nobody knew it. What would Klekoff do to Dorcas? What to Iskovitch? Oh, it was a rare night for the movie world! One actress had jumped her option contract with one producing company and had signed up with another. Governments might totter and cities burn and planets collide in interstellar space with crash on crash; but it was all piffle as compared to this one immediate gasping fact.

Even banquets come to an end; and the speaker of the evening, detecting frantic relief in the applause, went away, abandoning the movies to their fate and cursing them ever after, while the profession gathered in convulsive knots like a stomach ache and shuddered for the under dog in the gory fight to come; but these were missing the exclusive show in the retired corner by the telephone booths, where Dorcas and Izzy came face to face with Klekoff.

Dorcas paled and caught Izzy's arm as Klekoff stopped squarely in front of her, quite close, and said in a tone so low that only they three could hear:

"What's this gossip about your signing a contract with Iskovitch? Did you?"

Dorcas was too frightened to speak, but nodded. She had always held Klekoff in great awe, which had been her downfall. The smile he gave her was more of a threat than anything he could have said. It was a slow smile, which drew his upper lip back into his mouth and lowered his nose down over his underlip. He turned to Izzy with the same smile.

"You've let yourself in for a bunch of trouble, my young friend. My option clause in Miss Sinclair's contract hasn't expired, and I'm going to exercise it."

Izzy felt something jump in his chest—just once—as he saw the fixed intention in the powerful Klekoff; but if he meant to build his business to the size of his ambitions, Isidor Iskovitch wouldn't allow any wabbling in his bony knees.

"Give that option all the exercise you want, Mr. Klekoff," he replied with a steady voice while he patted reassuringly the little hand which quivered on his arm. "I had the best motion-picture lawyer in the industry look over that contract tonight, and he got a laugh out of it that cured his dyspepsia—Flackman. You ought to know him. He licked you four times for me while I was general manager at the M. P. C., and big litigation costs me the same as little. I got him on a ten-year contract."

"In ten years from now you'll be out of the pictures!" And Klekoff held his pale, evasive eye steady for the boy to look into it and see why.

Isidor Iskovitch straightened his fleshless frame, and into the crystalline structure of his dark-brown eyes there came a glitter as he shook a bony finger at his powerful antagonist.

"In ten years from now I'm gonna be the biggest motion-picture producer in the industry! I said it eleven years ago, and I still say it!"

"You hate yourself, don't you, kid?" observed Stuart, who had stepped out of a booth in time to hear the comedy speech. "I guess you forget you'd have to pass Mr. Klekoff

"Say, Izzy, Listen!" Observed Dumplum. "This is Sweetie Pepper. How is She, Huh? Ain't She the Cutie?"

in that race, and he's a pretty big man in the motion-picture business."

"That's not worrying me any!" returned Izzy.

"At-a-boy!" A shrewd little old man with a benevolent yellow eye joined the party, put a warmly affectionate hand on Izzy's shoulder, and grinned at the mighty one. It was David Schusshel, president of the M. P. C., Isidor's papa in the business. "Izzy's a truthful boy, Klekoff, and you can believe whatever he promises you." But when the man who never forgave walked away, little old David turned to his protégé with much concern in his eyes. "I'm afraid you've been a little foolish, Izzy. I hope you realize who that is you're pulling his whiskers and spitting in his eye."

"Sure I do," grinned Izzy, but swallowing his Adam's apple. "It was Klekoff."

"Yes," agreed David soberly, "it was Klekoff."

Klekoff!

II

IT IS a great thing to own a million-dollar plant; but it is a far greater thing to run it at a profit, as many a man with dyspepsia on his wrinkled forehead can testify; for there is ever to be reckoned with that demon of voracity, the great devouring monster, Payroll. Nothing so persistent, nothing so inexorable, nothing so deadly as Old Payroll, with his scorching eye and his withering breath. Week after week, with never a respite, he appears, lean with hunger and demanding to be fed; and he eats all—heart's blood and sap of life and midnight ease, the sparkle of eye and the gloss of hair. Thus Isidor Iskovitch, at twenty-eight, bore creases between his dark-brown eyes and a sharpness to his nose and a stoop to his neck and an intensity of gaze which belonged to a sixty-four-week struggle with the demon. This was the sixty-fifth week—Thursday; only two days away from the pay roll and nothing to feed it with. Isidor grabbed the phone, called up the Square Deal Distributing Company, in which he owned a half interest, and demanded of his partner in that concern:

"Say, Tad, what's the matter with those remittances on All Work and No Play? Aren't they in the morning mail?"

A very brief pause, only the shortest of pauses, the hesitation of a mere fraction of a second, out of which an electrical lie detector would have made but a feeble waver on the plot sheet; then came the full, resonant voice of Tad McCarthy:

"Not yet, Izzy. Think I'd better punch them up?"

"I hope to tell you! Today's Thursday, and I'm gonna be twenty thousand shy on Saturday. You gotta lean on these collections harder, Tad. And say, what's the matter with the Excelsior? Jack up Lucius Piltz. Is he holdin' out, or what?"

Another infinitesimal pause which the lie detector would scarcely have recorded, for it would have had to deal with a worthy antagonist.

"Business is slow all around this month, Izzy. You're just impatient because you're in a jam. The time's come, my boy, when you've got to listen to me."

"Well, I'm listenin'," returned Izzy, looking at his watch.

"Oh, it's just what I've told you before, only you've reached the point I've been waiting for to make it strong. You haven't enough capital to play the game the way you're playing it. Now I believe in you, Izzy. I certainly do!" And McCarthy's voice rang with honest admiration. "We've been working together over a year, and the Square Deal has made money, and in that time you've shown me that you're the young wiz of the picture business. Well, just to show you where I stand I'll put every dollar I got into your production company. I'll be your pay roll, Izzy. You know how much I've got?"

Izzy drew a long breath. He did need capital—needed it badly, would need it worse since his run-in with Klekoff last night; but

"You ain't got enough, McCarthy. This is my business, and my wife's; and, believe me, it's gonna stay my business! You've offered three times now to buy in. You want a chink of my stock. I thank you for the offer; I'm flattered by it; but I don't split. This way I still got control of my company, and as long as I got that the worst that can happen to me is tough luck."

There was a short silence in which Tad McCarthy was apparently thinking. He hadn't been able to do much with Isidor, in spite of his experience and his superior age, his well-known force of character and his equally well-known reputation as the best jollier in the business. When his voice did come it had a snarl in it:

"All right, kid, meet your pay roll!"

The young wiz hung up the phone, not with a slam, but gently; for he was allowing certain sensitive impressions on his own recording apparatus to register themselves about Tad McCarthy. The electrical lie detector is, after all, only a clumsy device to replace, for those who have it not, the sensitive antennæ of a keenly psychic person. Izzy sat for a full minute absolutely motionless, a small figure behind his big desk in the big private office which George B. Luna, the founder of this plant, had built as a shell for his own artistic personality; a sympathetic and harmonious office, with softly tinted walls and pleasantly shaded light, a few choice paintings well paneled in good relieving space, a few choice objects of art, well disposed—a quiet room, an inspiring room. Izzy Iskovitch, a boy born out of generations of the poorest of the poor, had a reverence for this office and for the intelligence which had inspired it, and it was here that he thought his best thoughts, had his finest aspirations, his dreaming desires for better and higher things; and here his intuitions worked the best, worked so decisively in this particular instance that suddenly he opened a drawer, drew out a list of twenty-eight names, consulted them carefully and checked off six—Mr. Schwarzfelder, Mr. Einsman, Mr. Loeb, Mr. Hirchheim, Mr. Zinsvogel and Mr. Pulotski. He wrote a telegram:

Keep mum about this wire. Did you remit for All Work and No Play? If so, when? Regards to the family. Izzy.

He briskly touched a button, and a violent contrast walked into the room—Izzy's Cousin Eli, better known as Dumdum, in brown shoes, an orange pongee suit, a purple shirt and a red necktie in which was stuck an imitation emerald of great size and brilliancy.

He carried himself with pompous self-esteem, was smoking a cigarette and was followed by a saucy-looking young girl who wore a faded and frayed long brown coat, a tam-o'-shanter pulled to a jaunty angle on her tawny red hair and stood with one shoulder hunched while she smiled engagingly at the boss of the works.

"Say, Izzy, listen!" observed Dumdum, his cigarette rising and falling with his speech. "This is Sweetie Pepper. How is she, huh? Ain't she the cutie?"

And Eli finished with a vacuous grin which revealed his stupidity in all its boundless immensity. Sweetie grinned also, and hunched the other shoulder, never ceasing to regard engagingly the boss of the works. The professional eye of Isidor scanned Sweetie from tam to sandals, and once was enough.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Pepper. I'll see if I can find a bit for you. Eli, get this telegram away to these addresses; make the copies yourself and keep them in the inside book."

"All right, Izzy. Go on outside, Sweetie, and I'll see you in a minute."

Quite engagingly the peri went out and glued her ear to the keyhole, while Dumdum leaned over the desk eagerly as he took the telegram.

"Say, what about her? Huh?"

"She's a dumb-bell. Get those telegrams away. I write telegrams because I want somebody to hear from me in a hurry."

"All right, Izzy. Say, you got Sweetie Pepper all wrong. She's a cutie, she is, and you gotta give her a chance. I think this cutie's a comer."

"I've seen one a week like her tried out for the past eleven years, and about a dozen of 'em are still doin' bits. The rest are washin' dishes some place. I forgot 'er already." Izzy reached for the phone. "Now shoot those telegrams."

"All right, Izzy." And there was despondency in Eli's version of the Iskovitch grin as he went out; but on the other side of the door he found Sweetie, and she cheered him up with:

"Your name's Iskovitch all right, and a lot o' good it does you! I could 'a' got flopped myself as hard as that."

Many a man has been spurred on to greatness by the scorn in feminine eyes. For an instant Dumdum, smarting under that scorn, debated whether to toss her out or what; but her cheeks were aflame with Nature's rouge and round with youth.

"Say, listen!" She laid her warm little hand on his sleeve, and as she gazed up at him the pupils of her flat, oxlike eyes suddenly contracted to pin points which glittered. This way, she was not so stupid. "All you got around here's a job. Why don't you cash in on your name? Make some Iskovitch pictures yourself, with me in 'em."

Slowly the idea penetrated the depths of Dumdum's intellect. It grew. It widened. In his round, flat China-blue eyes there came an actual sparkle. It was like the birth of a soul.

"Say, you are the cutie! Say, you got something in your bean besides soup! Say, it's on!" And before she could stop him he whirled and stalked back into Izzy's office. "Say, Izzy, gimme leave to produce a picture myself. I wants a star Sweetie in it. I can get backin' from the family if you say so. I'll ask my father about it tonight, and Uncle Sol and Uncle Abe and Uncle Julius and Uncle Ike and Uncle Nathan and Uncle Moche."

Izzy, already impatient over a telephone delay, slammed up the receiver.

"You want to cash in on my name, don't you? Well, I'll smash you if you try it! There's only gonna be one Iskovitch in the picture-producing business. I'm makin' the name stand for high-class goods, and I'm not gonna have it tore down by any cheap pictures."

"All right, Izzy. If you tell 'em not to do it, they won't do it.

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'Well, Dorcas, You're Lyin' to Me! You Signed That Amended Contract Today—Two Months After You Signed Mine"

A GENTLEMAN IN FEATHERS

Lowering His Long, Black, Snakelike Neck, He Hissed Like a Whole Nestful of Copperheads and Advanced to the Attack

By Charles G. D. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE tide was out and the miles of naked red mud flats shone like burnished copper beneath the flaming sunset. Along high-water mark, as far as the eye could see, ran an interminable line of dike, fencing from the fury of the spring tides the vast pallid expanse of the marshes just filming with the light green of early spring. At one point the rampart of the dike, following a crook in the low coast line, thrust the blunt apex of a spacious angle far out into the sheen of the mud flats. In this corner, partly hidden by a tangle of dry brown mullein stalks, crouched a man with a gun, peering out across the flats and scanning the sky toward the southwest. Behind him, dotting the well-drained marsh with patches of shimmering light, stretched a chain of shallow, sedgy meres. In the center of the nearest one a tall blue heron, motionless as if painted on a Japanese screen, stood watching and waiting to spear some unwary frog

Steve Barron, owner of the little farm on the uplands half a mile back, and of the section of marsh between his farm and the dike, was lying in wait for the evening flight of the sea ducks, which were accustomed to feed far out on the tides by day and fly in to rest at night on the sedgy meres. He was also not without hope of bagging a goose. For this was the season of the northward flight.

That most noble and splendid of game birds, the great Canada goose, was now winging up from his winter feeding grounds in the rank subtropical lagoons around the Gulf of Mexico to his desolate nesting places among the uncharted swampy lakes of the lone north. Last night, lying awake in his bed, Steve Barron had listened with the thrill which that mysterious sound never failed to give him, to the faint, sonorous, pulsing voices, as flock after flock winnowed high overhead through the dark. In his imagination, in "That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," he pictured them, in slender V-shaped array, driving their sure way straight north on tireless wings, high up in the vaulted night. Far off he would catch first a scarcely audible sound—honka-honka, wavering and dying away; then swiftly growing louder on the stillness, till passing overhead it became a loud and hollow, indescribably musical, throbbing of honka-honka-honka-honka-honka, each swift throb a wing beat, and in swift diminuendo died away again into the viewless distance, leaving a silence strangely poignant until, after a waiting that stretched the ear, the approach of another flock was heralded.

Steve Barron's heart went out to those high-journeying voices and journeyed with them. But being a lover of all the wild kindreds and an ardent student of their ways, he knew that not always did those migrant flocks do their traveling by night. Each flock, he knew, was guided and ruled by the wise old gander which cleft the air at the apex of the V. Sometimes, to break the long, long voyaging and to rest the weaker members of the flock, he would decree a halt of a day and a night, or longer if advisable, at some secluded water on the way. Steve Barron knew that occasionally a flock had been known to stoop to that chain of sedgy pools that lay behind the angle of the dike out in the naked solitude of the marshes. Being woodsman and hunter as well as farmer, he had the quaint inconsistency of many of the finest hunters, who love the creatures which they love to kill. He was eager to shoot one of these beautiful and wary travelers.

On this particular evening, whilst the sunset was flaring red across the coppery gleam of the flats, earth, sky and the far-off sea looked all equally empty of life. Not even the lightest breeze stirred the brown mullein tops about Steve Barron's hiding place.

There being no immediate need of caution, Steve Barron stretched his legs, filled his pipe and settled himself for a smoke. But soon, as the sun sank below the horizon and the blaze of rose and orange faded down, the spacious solitude began to come to life. Far up in the paling zenith a solitary duck winged inland. A little lower two foraging nighthawks swooped, with a long musical, twanging note as of a smitten harp string. A flock of tiny sandpipers flickered up the mud flats, whirled with a sudden flash of white breasts as they approached the dike, and settled into invisibility a couple of hundred yards away. Steve Barron put away his pipe and drew closer into his screen.

Then five slim yellowlegs, which had been feeding on the mud along the lip of the receding tide, came flying homeward. They flew low, rose at the dike, and passed straight over Barron's head, but never noticed him because he lay so still. Had he moved so much as a finger their keen bright eyes would have detected him, and they would have whirled off in alarm. But they sailed down close to the surface of one of the pools, dropped their long legs, which had been stretched out behind them, hung poised for a second on arched, motionless wings, and alighted where the water was about an inch or so deep. Here they ran about and piped to one another mellowly, happy and secure. Steve Barron was well content to leave them so. He was after bigger game than yellowlegs, and he knew that the sight of these wary birds feeding undisturbed would be a sign to all other eyes that there was no danger near.

Next there came into view two big ducks—whistlers, as Barron's practical eyes made them out to be—flying high and straight and at tremendous speed. These were worthy game, and Steve slipped the gun to his shoulder stealthily. The ducks were heading to pass over a little to the left of his hiding place—a fair shot, though a long one. He was just about to fire when his finger stiffened ere it pressed the trigger. His keen ears had caught, faint and elusive on the still evening air, that far-off honka-honka-honka of the great geese. A loud, urgent whistling of sturdy wings thrilled him for a moment, and the two ducks sped by, unsuspecting, and settled with a sharp splash on one of the further, deeper pools.

Steve Barron drew a breath of relief because he had checked himself in time. A moment later the geese came into view—a thin, black V, one leg as long again as the other, heading straight for the point of the dike. They were flying high; but presently they started downward on a long slant, and with a throb of exultation he realized that they were planning to alight on one of the deep pools half a mile behind him. His chance had come, and his nerves steadied. The wild pulsing music of that honka-honka-honka-honka-honka swept nearer and grew louder with the swiftness of a lightning express. The muzzle of Barron's long duck gun covered the apex of the V and followed it up as he waited for the flock to come within range.

But much as Barron knew of the wild creatures, he did not know the expert wariness, the amazing keenness of

(Continued on Page 116

The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

EVERY presidential administration, in its entirety a scene in the boundless sweep of the historical pageant of the United States, is a complete drama in itself, with four acts, one for each year of its duration—a drama in the fullest sense because as the play unfolds, tragedy, comedy, romance, farce, passion, intrigue, conflict—all the dramatic elements—are concomitant.

The play is conceived and acted as it proceeds, from opening speech to dénouement, with the President as the commanding central figure, and all the vast and varied cast of politics and officialdom having parts of greater or less degree, save in the respect that the political past of the party it dramatizes restricts, in a measure, the action to certain specified lines, and the political future of that party demands certain handling of certain situations that may develop. Much of it is impromptu; much of it is theatric; much of it is exigent; and some of it is real

The interesting Republican drama which began on November 3, 1920, the day after the presidential election, when the rising curtain discovered a plurality of seven millions for Warren Harding, and proceeded through two full acts with the engrossing spectacle of the Disarmament Conference and with other elaborate and many commonplace features, ended abruptly with the tragic catastrophe of the death of President Harding soon after the third act had begun. But the death of a principal character in the drama of a party administration, though it changes the cast and puts forth a new leading man, does not delay the drama. That goes on to the final curtain, which may fall after the fourth act, or not descend finally until four more acts are played, in case the spectators reëngage the star for a second appearance.

Coolidge the President at the Same Desk He Used as Vice President in the Senate Office Building

The stage wait was not long after the leading man in the first acts had fallen. A new leading man stepped promptly from the wings and assumed the rôle. The play went on. The spectators—in fine, the world—although appalled by the enormous tragedy that had passed before their eyes, were none the less humanly and instantly interested in the capabilities of the man who had taken up the part, and turned to watch him with vast conjecture over what his performance might evoke

The new leading man—Calvin Coolidge. What manner of man is he? How will be hold the center of the stage? Will the drama continue as it had been shaped by the dead leader? Or will the new leader direct it along lines of his own plan? And thus and so, from all quarters of the world, for nationals are not the only concerned observers of the presidential drama. Internationals are even more eager in their boxes and their stalls.

Watching

NO MATTER how great the interest of the spectators may be, the interest of the subordinates in the cast is greater, and greatest of all is the interest of those who have at heart the gnawing ambition to succeed or displace the star. Of these, some are actively in the cast and some are merely in the ensembles, but to each of them the vital thing is how the new leading man plays his part, because if he plays it well their ambitions will be unsatisfied, but if he plays it ill the call to take the lead may come, they think, to any one of them.

The drama goes on, not new in material, but new in its chief exponent. If the principal man had lived, the sponsors for the production, the Republican Party, would have sought to hold him for a further four years. These others with ambitions to assume the leading part knew that, and had, of necessity, not from choice, begun to look ahead to 1928. That death, as they fancied, left them free to plan for 1924. Instantly, from all quarters of the stage, eager aspirants rushed up, intriguing for a chance at the leading part at the conclusion of the scheduled run, and the diminuendos of the dirges over the dead leader were drowned by the clamor of the partisans of these who wanted his place.

Then the spectators, watching this eruption of aspirants, saw comedy succeed tragedy, because the stage manager, whose name is Politics, instead of considering the aspirants as understudies for the star, put them on as comic relief, and there they are today—The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.

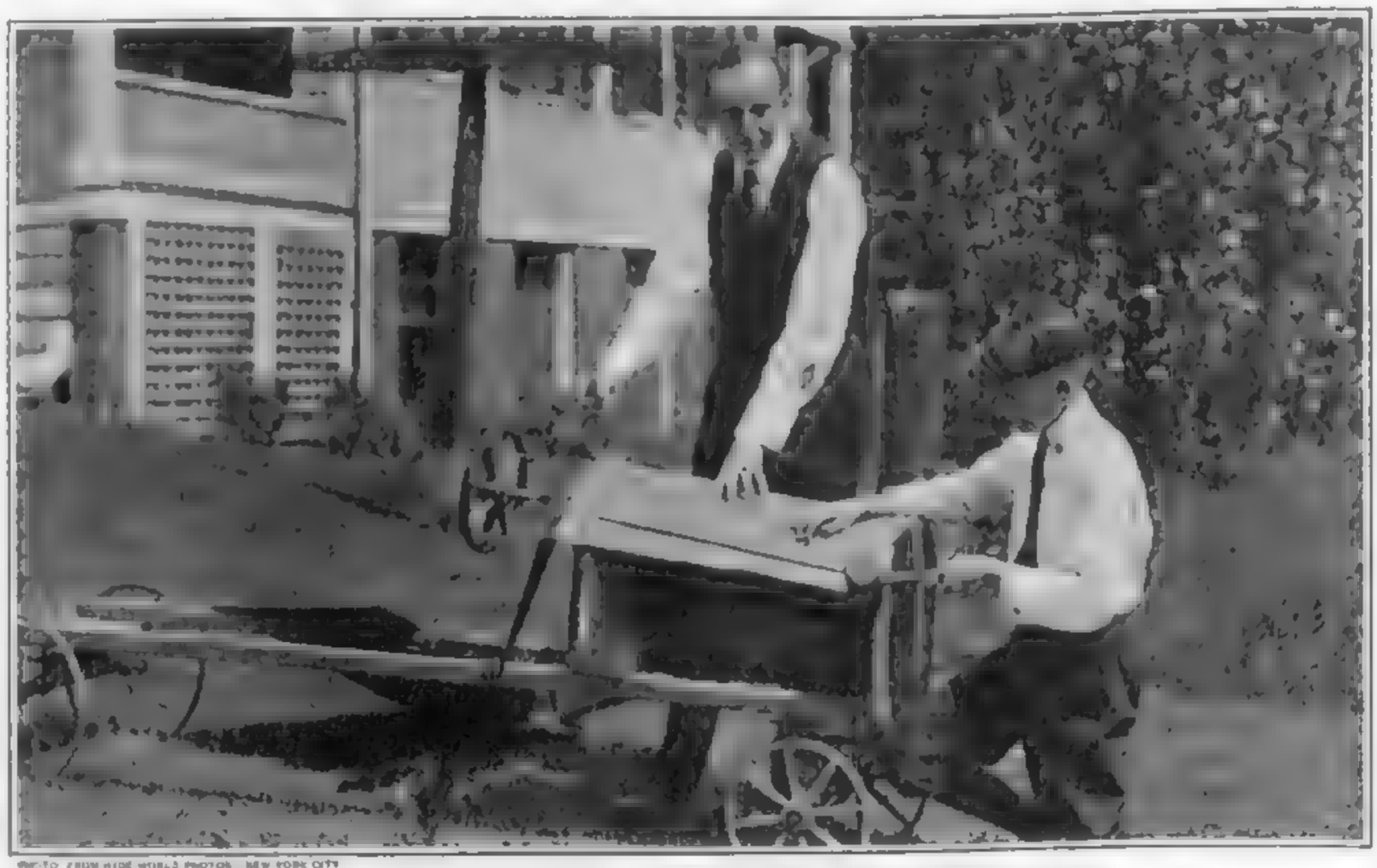
Later Reactions

THE first political reaction to the death of President Harding was that his death left the field for successorship wide open; made the canvass for the Republican presidential nomination a free-for-all. In the ordinary course of events the renomination of President Harding in 1924 was a certainty. If he wanted it it would have been his. No matter what the politicians or some of them who have a controlling say in such political matters may have thought about it all, the only person who could have prevented the renomination of the late President was himself. It is quite possible that if the President had lived there would have been a certain guerrilla opposition to his renomination, but that could not have prevented that renomination, and for these reasons: If the final summing up of the Harding Administration, in the event of his living, were to his favor he was entitled to his trial for a second term, and if it were unfavorable he was bound to stand the consequences. Furthermore, not to renominate the President, as a political maneuver, would have been disastrous, because his defeat in the convention of 1924 would be a confession of failure no party could afford to make—a fatal political mistake. All Presidents have control of political machinery that is of material aid in securing renomination, and so had President Harding.

Thus the field was practically closed. To be sure, there are presidential preferential primaries in twenty states, as the latest compilation at hand sets the number down, but a President is no mean contender in a preferential primary in a state of his own political stripe, and the predominating political allegiance of at least half of these preferential primary states is Republican, while it is easier for a Republican President to get Republican delegates in the Democratic Southern States than for any other contender. Federal officeholders are powerful delegate securers, and Federal officeholders not only have past favors to repay but future prospects to conserve. President Harding would have been renominated by the Republicans had he lived and desired the renomination.

Indeed, even if Mr. Harding had not desired it, he would have had great difficulty in rejecting it, for party reasons.

But President Harding died, and Vice President Coolidge became President. The entire political atmosphere was changed. At least, that was the first political conclusion. Every potential candidate for the nomination, whether really potential or only imaginatively so, held this to be his appointed hour. Immediately, from all the haunts of the receptive statesmen came flocking out patriots who were



Coolidge Helping Calvin, Junior, to Build a Racing Car at Plymouth, Vermont

nursing their ambitions, feeding their egos, holding themselves in readiness. Each figured himself the logic of the situation. Each felt the mantle was but accidentally and temporarily on the shoulders of Coolidge, the man who had succeeded to it by law. Vast expanses of white paper were blackened with ink in the discussion of the emergencies of this one and that one, and their chances, claims and availabilities. Vast political confabulation ensued. Vast machineries were set in motion. And there was a great increase in the travel to Washington. Politicians, statesmen, patriots and protagonists arrived at the capital in great numbers from all points north, east, west and south. Some of them even beat President Coolidge in.

The capital is the great forum as well as the great breeding place of presidential politics. Ordinarily, it is the home of numerous of the candidates—the official home—for the Senate and the House spawn candidates by the dozen, some of whom get to a sort of anæmic maturity and some of whom die miserably after the first gasp. Perpetually Washington is vocal with presidential politics. The politicians there rarely put on a new record. And as politics in its initial stages, especially presidential politics, feeds fat on talk, the candidates rushed to talk. Your politician is a gabby person. He chatters unceasingly and gains great sustenance therefrom. Even the laconic ones, the ones who are the strong, silent men of public repute, are garrulous as backyard gossips when not on pose.

So they came to talk, to connive, to sound out, to feel the pulse, to get the reactions, to discover the atmosphere, to lay their plans, but, most of all, to see for themselves what sort of person this man Calvin Coolidge is, and to make their personal estimates of just how and when most effectively to get into the contest. There wasn't one of them, from the oldest-timer in the lot to the recruit whose infection was so recent that he was still feverish over it, whose first impulse was not that the way was now open, the track clear, the contest unimpeded by any set program.

One of the actuating reasons for this bursting into flame of the smoldering ambitious ones was the fact that the succession was from Vice President to President, which, of course, it must be, in case there is a Vice President if a President dies or becomes incapacitated, or failing an available Vice President, a legal succession provided for, beginning with the Secretary of State and continuing down through the cabinet in regulated order. The Vice Presidency is meanly held in Washington, and elsewhere. The people look on the Vice President as a geographical necessity in making a ticket rather than as a political entity.

Off at Half Cock

CALVIN COOLIDGE had been available when President Harding was nominated at Chicago. He had what was considered a vote-getting record and, as Harding came from Ohio, Coolidge's Massachusetts residence made him geographically expedient. He came to Washington with Harding, and went an unobtrusive way, making little noise and conducting himself in the submerged manner a Vice President should, as we view it. Hence, and because of the national conception of his office, the fact that Coolidge became President on the death of President Harding, full President with all powers and attributes constitutionally endowed, and with no reservations or restrictions of any sort, just as much President as President Harding had been, or any other, from George Washington down, did not make the impression it might have, had they thought it over for a space. It didn't percolate at first.

There never has been a more perfect example of political half-cockedness than this. These candidates, these ambitious ones, these statesmen who felt eminently in line for the nomination in 1924, not only fired before they were ready but before they were loaded. Presently a few hard and cold facts stuck their heads up through the fog of speculation, discussion, claim, planning, maneuvering and intriguing. Some of them were important, and some of them not, and the chief ones were these:

Three Republican Presidents, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, died in office before Harding died, and were succeeded by their Vice Presidents. The Republicans did not nominate Johnson for President in 1868, and won with Grant. They did not nominate Arthur in 1884, and lost with Blaine; and they did nominate Roosevelt in 1904 and won with him. The procedure has been not to nominate vice-presidential successors two out of three times, but in 1868 the Republicans had a Ulysses S. Grant, and in 1904 they had a Theodore Roosevelt. So far as has been ascertained, there is no Grant nor any Roosevelt in this crowd of aspirants that came clamoring for recognition as soon as President Harding died. Nor any colorable or plausible substitute. And Blaine was defeated in 1884.

That is the political history of the party. It gave pause to the ambitious when they began to think it over. And they came to a full stop when they considered this enormous angle of the situation:

The Republican National Convention of 1920 that nominated Warren G. Harding for President nominated Calvin Coolidge for Vice President. That convention nominated Coolidge by the votes and selection of the same delegates who nominated Harding, and under the obligations of the same platform of party principles. That convention nominated Coolidge in full knowledge that in case of the election of Mr. Harding, and his death or incapacitation, Coolidge, under the Constitution, would become President. Now, an Administration, in a party sense, extends for four full years, not a portion of four years, and whatever there is of it, good and bad, is calculated at convention time from beginning to end—as an entirety. Therefore, if in political terms President Harding was entitled to a renomination in 1924 for the reasons hitherto set forth, which are entirely potent in a political sense, so, too, is Coolidge entitled to the nomination in 1924 for exactly the same reasons.

The politics of it is inevitable. The proviso rests upon the conduct in office of Coolidge himself.

Right there is where the milling, conniving, maneuvering candidates for the 1924 Republican nomination came slap up against a stone wall of huge thickness and no known penetrability. What will be the conduct of Coolidge in office? That question was asked a million times, and speculated upon a million more, but there was no answer outside the domain of guess and hypothesis, because no one except Coolidge had the remotest idea of what Coolidge has in mind, or what his natural tendencies may lead him to have in mind.

All Washington Guessing

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, immediately after his election, said in general terms that it is his intention to carry out the Harding policies and retain the Harding organization. But what of that? Political history shows that Roosevelt said the same things after McKinley died, and Arthur said the same things after Garfield died. And honestly too. But presidential policies are not immutable. They are largely exigent. Times change, and politics changes with the times. By that statement the President bound himself to nothing specific, and by that statement, also, he made the ambitious ones most unhappy, because it cemented Coolidge securely to the obligation that the Republican Party had to renominate Harding. If Harding's policies and the pursuit of them entitled Harding to a renomination in 1924, as was the political fact, then adherence to those policies by Harding's successor, nominated by the same convention and on the same platform and by the same delegates that prevailed in Harding's selection, surely does not make Coolidge ineligible. On the contrary.

Lacking the materials for even an intelligent supposition, because Coolidge, as Vice President, had passed almost unnoticed by these with ambitions to be the captain general in 1924, the candidates who so feverishly rushed into the open on August third found themselves not only out of the open but in an inclosure that was restricted in area and uncomfortable and exasperating of tenure.

Every artful device known to politics was used to induce President Coolidge to explain just what he meant by saying he intends to carry out the Harding policies, and to induce him to shoulder the Harding political obligations. President Coolidge was not to be induced. A man of reserved and laconic manner, he did not suddenly burst out into confidential or public communication. He said nothing beyond his original and conventional statement. Until the time of writing he has continued discreetly silent.

Wherefore, the ambitious ones found themselves without visible means of political support; without, indeed, means of political excuse. They couldn't go before the country and proclaim Coolidge a failure, because Coolidge hadn't had time to show whether he is a failure or not. Not one of them could demand the substitution of himself for Coolidge in 1924 on the ground that Coolidge will be a failure, because nobody knows what sort of President Coolidge will be. That must develop. And Coolidge wisely and successfully held his own counsel, and did not anticipate the future by more than twenty minutes at any given time.

The Republican Convention will not be held until next June, and a twenty-minute edge on what the President, who undoubtedly is a candidate for nomination before that convention, will do is not enough of foreknowledge on which to base a campaign for delegates. The fact of it is that the self-contained Coolidge took command of that crowd of aspirants, those statesmen and their friends whose first political reaction to the death of President Harding was that it gave them, individually, a chance for the nomination in 1924, has put, and is keeping all of them, without exception, out in the political parade ground, marching forward and marching back, without either definite destination or assured starting point—just marching—The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.

They do not dare break ranks, because if they do they will not be ready for opportunity should

(Continued on Page 110)

Senator William E. Borah

Senator Hiram Warren Johnson, of California. Above—Senator Smith W. Brookhart

THE BAWBY EPHALUNT

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

BEFORE the Springfield local had quite come to a standstill two people swung themselves down to the station platform and, borrowing momentum, trotted a few steps forward. One of these people was the brakeman, and the other was Floyd McEwen, who had just determined that braking would suit him even better than becoming a justice of the peace. For although a J. P. leads a snug and sedentary life, playing penny ante in the engine house, and occasionally sentencing to durance vile a chicken thief or a personal enemy, a brakeman travels and sees the prodigies of Nature. Between times, his mundane ego reposes on soft red plush; if he hungers, the train butcher is convenient with peanuts and bananas; and—not least of his perquisites—he has official sanction to board or leave the train while it is in motion. Floyd, advancing under momentum, flattered himself that already he had caught the knack of this last important privilege, and duty.

Mr. McEwen Placed the Fluttering Blank in a Pool of Lemon Phosphate on the Counter, and Glowered Speechlessly at His Offspring

At this moment, however, Nemesis arrived on the stage in the guise of a small dog of mixed parentage and erratic locomotion. Floyd tripped over it; and dropping his valise he clutched frantically for the nearest support, which was the sacred person of the baggage-master. They went down together, to a chorus of ribald mirth from all beholders.

"Why doncher watch out where you goin', you fat calf!"

Floyd, hoisting himself to the perpendicular, said nothing. The brusque and painful awakening from his reverie, the skinning of his knee and, to crown all, the sting of that descriptive epithet left him too mortified even to apologize; for in returning to Huntsboro after a summer on his uncle's farm he had anticipated the cordial welcome of a prodigal; instead, as usual, he was addressed as the veal.

He retrieved his valise and departed. In a moral sense, he slunk; physically, he was incapable of slinking. Fully assembled, he weighed two hundred and ten pounds on the express scales—two hundred and thirty on those of the Huntsboro Coal Company—if he had been three inches taller he would have been six feet tall, and if he had been four years older he could have voted without being challenged at the polls.

To his venomous inspection, Huntsboro hadn't changed much; it was the same darned old mudhole, and it fertilized, on his countenance, a broad withering sneer. He vowed ominously that in the glittering future Huntsboro would discern that he was not a man to be trifled with. He had had enough of the sling shots of outrageous fortune; he knew that he was fat and lubberly, and he required no further heralding to remind him of it. He would abandon this ingrowing metropolis entirely; he would go off somewhere and get rich, and then see what they'd say. He would be a millionaire banker. Braking was no stovepipe cinch, anyway, now that he thought of it; you had to get up and sit down too often. But banking!—ah, that would button up the cause of all vexation, and adipose tissue was no handicap. You merely lounged in an upholstered chair and said, "Well, Cyrus, we'd really like to discount it for you, but to tell you the honest truth I don't quite see, when money's so tight —— Of course, if you could go scare up two-three prime indorsers ——"

Yes, he would go to New York and pick up a million or so, and when, if ever, he demeaned himself enough to tear into Huntsboro in his limousine automobile ——

"Hello, big boy!"

Floyd stopped short. His heated fumes of fancy had towed him, as though he were their caboose, into Pleasant Street, and from a near-by lawn a girl had hailed him. Floyd regarded her with a bilious eye. She was Edna Swan, who like most girls had always appealed to him as appreciably less than the dust, for he valued the sex, collectively, as a sort of protested note, which still might have some vague significance to its Maker but was no tangible asset to Floyd. But as he peered at her the venom gradually oozed out of him and was dissipated in the sweet evening air. Something had changed in Huntsboro after all. It was Edna Swan.

As he stared at her the Graces, descending from aloft, invested her with their own charm, including longer skirts and her hair done up. Moreover, as she approached he was aware of a certain provocative fragrance in the atmosphere; the scent of violets, nobly exaggerated. Floyd caught his breath, and there was a good deal of it to catch.

"Hello, big boy! Who're you staring at? Well, you could knock me over with a crowbar! Where've you been all summer, Floyd?"

His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and he uncleaved it with some difficulty; for when a man has been a misogynist for seventeen years, revelation hits him with the kick of a mule's hind leg. "Plainfield. My Uncle Bob's farm. Look!" He displayed his right hand, which was queerly out of shape, as though executed by an amateur sculptor who had grasped the idea but lacked the technique.

"Oh, you poor dear! Why, what on earth ——"

"Oh, it don't amount to much." He coughed deprecatingly. "Just a little kind of a accident I had."

"But, Floyd! How did it ever happen?"

He continued to serve the antenna to her, and to smile with manly fortitude.

"Well, it was like this: On the twenty-sixth of June we was busy overhaulin' some farm machinery, and this hay tedder was kind of rusted, so I put my hand in with some grease, and just about then this hired man said giddap to the horse, and this fool horse started off lickety-larrup, and busted two fingers and a—a liganent. Shake hands. It don't hurt a bit."

And at her touch a myriad of delicate thrills, like innocent Cupids at sport, romped along his spine.

"But is it always going to be like that? How can you cope with it?"

"Oh, I guess so," said Floyd stoically. "Go on, squeeze it if you want to; it don't hurt a bit any more. Well—see you at school Monday?"

"I expect. But do take care of it, Floyd." And her eyes, as well as her voice, besought him.

Yes, several improvements, after all, were to be noted in Huntsboro. Signally, a brand-new sidewalk had been laid on Pleasant Street; a sidewalk manufactured out of gossamer clouds, upon which the extensive feet of the prodigal seemed scarcely to tread.

His father, who was the town druggist and smelled it, sauntered out to the porch to greet him.

"Hello, bub. Well, I see you still cast a shadder. Well, let's look at that mitt."

Floyd, who knew what he was doing, recoiled violently. "Go easy there, pa!"

"You always was a clumsy lout," said Mr. McEwen frankly. He had never condoned Floyd's corpulence; Floyd was the only boy in Huntsboro who couldn't inherit his father's old clothes. "I wouldn't thought even a drunken idiot would tried to grease a tedder on the wing."

"Well, you don't have to kill me, do you? Where's ma?"

"Oh, well, I guess you'll live through it. Where would she be?"

Unerringly Floyd went out to the kitchen and embraced his mother, who reciprocated as far as his girth permitted.

"Lemme look, Floyd. Oh, your poor hand! Does it hurt you, dearie?"

"Don't do that! It hurts like fury. What kind of pie is it—mince?"

"Apple. But, Floyd, are your hands always goin' to be a mate and an odd one? Ain't it ever growin' out straight?"

"Oh, in six months or a year maybe. Say, ma, didn't we use to have a book, all pieces of poetry and so on?"

"I know. The Dictionary of Quotations in prose and verse. Your pa bought it off a student canvasser from Pembroke College two years ago last May for a dollar and seventy-five cents—a peaked boy he was, light complected, with a cataract in one eye. His folks came from Westfield; he ——"

"Well, have we got it yet?"

"Yes, it's right in on the parlor table between Samantha at Saratoga and the Life of Henry Clay. Are you all washed nice and clean, Floyd? I'm dishin' up this minute."

Considering the tenderness of his emotions and the mental strain of eating left-handed, whereby his mother's pity might be preserved and bucksaw fatigue avoided, he performed valiant trencher duty; afterwards, at the soonest plausible hour he indulged in counterfeit and cavernous yawns.

"You better go to bed, Floyd," said his father presently, "or you'll swaller a gnat."

"I guess maybe I had," conceded Floyd and, still yawning, he loitered at the parlor door. "Got any new furniture in here or anythin'?"

"Floyd Readin' Poetry? Guess He's Got a Girl"

But his mother, excellent housewife as she was, spilled the beans. "The poetry book's right there, Floyd. Right between Samantha and ——"

Mr. McEwen glanced up and, in his own opinion, laughed, but to Floyd his manifestation of humor sounded like a hoarse crude bellow:

"What's that? Floyd readin' poetry? Guess he's got a girl. Eh, Floyd?"

"Girl!" shouted Floyd savagely, although his face was carmine. "Girl! If I had any say, I'd drown the lot of 'em! For gosh sake, pa, don't you accuse me before you know what you're talkin' about!" And harboring the quotation book under his coat, in the locale made notorious by the viper, he tramped up the stairs, which trembled.

In the privacy of his room, after a brief period devoted to the enjoyment of his own symptoms, he reverently opened the precious volume which was to provide fodder for his soul. Page 1072 of the index: Love—a crime in an old man, a cure for sloth, a kind of warfare, a law to itself, a lie, a present for a king

"Gosh!" said Floyd, by which he meant that so far the fodder was either arid or mildewed. He continued to squint at the index. Love—a sorrowful paradise, a medley, a sour delight, like the measles ——

His eyes were as vacuously rounded as a codfish's. Measles! It must be a misprint! He riffled back the pages, and found the reference: Jerome K. Jerome, b. 1859. "Love is like the measles: we all have to go through with it."

He shut the book with a slam and shoved it from him as though it were itself contagious. So it wasn't a typographical error, it was cold-blooded blasphemy! And for this blatant sacrilege, this direct affront to Edna Swan, who was palpably one of the Lord's masterpieces, his father had been swindled out of a dollar seventy-five by a light-complected student canvasser!

He went over to the window. The night was clear and balmy, and there was a shining slice of moon which filled him with a fresh charge of romance. With his arms outstretched towards the bright regent of the heavens he apostrophized it in low tense accents: "O moon, thou art far happier than I, for thou seest her, and I see her not."

Drawing in his head he stood for a while in profound meditation. "I wonder," said Floyd in a throbbing whisper, "how much a poet gets a year." And delaying only to inspect his hand, and to estimate how much longer he could manipulate the sympathy racket, he wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to stertorous dreams.

II

SCHOOL began on Monday, and Floyd was hostile to it for two reasons. In the first place, knowledge filtered into his skull so unwillingly that it was like being trepanned without an anæsthetic: and secondly, ever since he had bloomed out in the lines of an infant pachyderm, conforming to his Creator's will and ordinance, he had been commonly saluted as the Bawby Ephalunt, which, by the academic measure, is infinitely funnier than baby elephant. But even if he paraded the interesting contours of a rajah's pet, he had a finer epidermis; in fact, he was acutely sensitive. There was no point in throwing down the gage, though, for inasmuch as the dynamic must inevitably conquer the static, there was a blot on his name in battle. The only fight he had ever won was by slipping on an orange peel and nearly suffocating his opponent before he could be pried off.

But this year he was sustained and soothed by the unfaltering trust of Edna Swan, a trust which didn't even waver when someone in Part IV of the geography elicited the fact that an elephant trainer is termed a mahout. This was appropriate, too, for she was decidedly fond of mahouting him, and the model she habitually posed before him was a certain fourth cousin who held what might be designated as a laundry scholarship at Pembroke College. That is, he was such a superb laundry collector that three or four affluent graduates had endowed him, to insure his continuation in the trade. By sheer hazard, no doubt, he also happened to be fairly efficient at quarterback and shortstop.

"Girl! If I Had Any Say, I'd Drown the Lot of 'Em!"

"Above all things," Edna had said repeatedly, "I adore an athalete. Like my cousin, Joe Snyder, over to Pembroke. I only saw him play twice, but they carted the other man off in a blanket. If you could just get to be livelier, Floyd, and go to Pembroke, too, and have your name in the papers, I'd be so proud!"

At this very epoch the Bawby Ephalunt was nursing a football injury of an unusual and intimate nature. He had reported for the high-school squad this fall in the same spirit in which a crusader might have booked passage for the Holy Land, to slaughter some Saracens for the glory of the blessèd damosel on the side lines. But although on the defense he was virtually immovable, he maintained this same characteristic on the attack; furthermore, after every play he had to be derricked upright. So that yesterday the coach, losing his temper, had launched the toe of his boot at that portion of Floyd's anatomy to such purpose consecrated. This was equivalent to Floyd's resignation, and he had withdrawn amid whoops of hilarity.

"Well," he said aggrievedly, "I suppose I got myself born this way just specially to spite you. I suppose I could say, 'Well, I like girls to be about thirty or thirty-five pounds fatter than you are.' I suppose that would be your fault, huh?"

"Oh, but, Floyd! That isn't refined! And don't stare at me so."

"Well, football's too darn hard work anyhow. If I could played baseball, though, I'd liked it. I do play, every time

(Continued on Page 68)

"Thank You Most to Death for the Bid to Come Over and Help You Make Fudge, Edna, But I Got Plenty to Home"

THE GOOD MANAGER

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

AS DAVID slid into his seat on the regular 5:28 he felt in his coat pocket to make sure that his birthday present for his wife was there. It was—a short string of dark amber beads, the new choker length that he knew she wanted, and a bargain for eight-fifty. It was ten minutes before time for the train to leave. It was so short a run to Cloverdale that the commuters who played bridge in the smoker sometimes started foursomes fifteen minutes before the train pulled out; and David, though he had stopped playing bridge, still arrived as early as he could from force of habit.

David had dropped out of the bridge regulars three weeks ago, decided quite unexpectedly by his wife's amber beads. Something had reminded him on the twentieth of March that the twentieth of the next month was Hilda's birthday, and it had occurred to him that he would buy her a present out of his bridge winnings. The commuters played for only a tenth of a cent a point, but then Hilda's present would cost only six or eight dollars. The first week of David's plan, however, proved its fallacy. From Monday morning to Saturday noon he lost four dollars and sixty cents. David decided to give up railroad bridge

It Was Out After Ten Years—and It Was True. But Hilda Had Her Truth Too

He really believed that, take it for a year, say, he would break about even on the smoking-car games; about even, with two half hours of pleasure a day thrown in. Still, he might not break even. Vance, David's next-door neighbor, boasted that he bought his commutation ticket every month out of his bridge winnings. Vance won that money from somebody. David was just an average player; he knew that it was as likely to be from him as from anybody else. He could not afford to take a chance of buying Vance's commutation ticket for him month after month.

That was what ten years of marriage had done to David Birch. At twenty-three he had been an easy-going, open-handed bachelor. That was one of the many qualities which pretty Hilda Thurston had liked in him—the way he was always paying the bus fares for the crowd, always buying all the tickets for the movies or the vaudeville, his genial, ready "Keep your hand out of your pocket, old man. Your money's no good on this trip." In those days he could afford to lose ten or twenty dollars in an all-night poker party, dispose of it with a casual "Get it back next time," or "Had a hundred dollars' worth of fun." At thirty-three he lost four-sixty in a week and gave up the game. That was marriage.

Oh, well, you couldn't have everything in this world. Heaven knows, marriage had given him infinitely more than he had ever dreamed it might—besides, that is, his two sturdy little sons and his pretty, capable wife—in purely material things. If anyone had shown him, when he and Hilda were starting marriage in two rooms and kitchen privileges on One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, the life that he and Hilda were living now, their smart little house in the smart little suburb of Cloverdale, their smart little black-and-white maid serving dinner every night in the smart little dining room, he would have been amazed at the heights to which they had attained.

For every phase of their material life now was small but smart. Their house was two bathrooms smaller than any of their neighbors'—the number of rooms in a Cloverdale house may be decided by the size of the family to live in it; the number of baths is the real criterion—it had only one; not even an extra one on the third floor for the maid, which, according to Cloverdale standards, is almost as necessary as a roof on the house. But in the less than a year they had lived in it Hilda had managed to make their little house smart. A hideous porch ripped off the front and replaced by a quaint colonial doorway, window boxes gay with pink geraniums in the summer and green with perky little evergreens in the winter, a brick floor laid by a theological student—God save the mark!—who worked cheap, with a broad-striped awning that gave the gracious effect of a terrace, and the trick was turned. The Birch house, despite the shameful secret of its solitary bathroom, was as attractive as any in the neighborhood.

The smart little maid had arrived ten months before, a fresh-faced immigrant who couldn't cook anything but tea and didn't know a bouillon spoon from a demi-tasse. This was almost unbelievable to anyone seeing what Hilda had made of her. The Birch house, with this one maid, was better run than most of the neighbors' with two and three.

Oh, well! David, unfolding his evening paper, knew that he ought to be satisfied, grateful. They hadn't saved any money, but then most people didn't, he guessed, while they were getting started. It was childish to allow himself to feel depressed just because an occasional man hurrying down the runway outside his window on a hasty way to the smoker ahead would pause long enough to inquire, "What's the idea, Dave? Going back on the game?"

And he would answer, "Can't make it; got a run of work. I'll have to use the time on the train for a while."

It was a pretty thin excuse, he thought, every time he made it. Two or three days, though, and he wouldn't have to use it, and nobody would think to ask him any more. The sense of depression deepened. Good Lord, he told himself impatiently, surely playing bridge an hour a day didn't mean enough to him to have giving it up make all life seem a drab and purposeless routine!

As a matter of fact, he ought to give up golf too. His year's membership in the club was all paid for—trust Hilda to have found the one club within possible distance where you didn't have to buy a thousand dollars' worth or more of bonds in order to join—but belonging to the club did not cover the expenses of golf by any means. There was the caddie fee that came to about a dollar; the men played for a quarter a hole; and Dave, who couldn't keep his game up on just week-end playing as well as the men who got out one or two afternoons through the week, usually came out a dollar or two behind on the eighteen holes. Then he was likely to lose a ball or two, sometimes three. He used repainted balls to the others' dollar balls; but even so, last Saturday he stayed helping his caddie shuffle through the rough hunting for one till Vance said impatiently, "Better drop down another one and come on or we'll have to let this foursome go through, and then good night!"

That was the trouble of course. There was not a broad enough margin between the Birches' regular, unescapable expenses and David Birch's under-five-thousand-a-year income. These other men who lived in Cloverdale—oh, pastoral, false, idyllic name!—had margins broad enough to absorb lost golf balls, a bad week at bridge, an unexpected dentist's bill. Or else, under their bluff, large-handed manner, they were all running the same sort of bluff that the David Birches were.

Dave did not know which was true; he was not considering the budgeting problems of all Cloverdale now; he was absorbed by a purely personal sense of all life being dull and disappointing. He knew that he ought to give up golf and bridge, and he felt sore and unhappy over it. His intelligence might tell him he was foolish to be unhappy over anything so small, but deep in the unconscious was the real truth, enough to make any man unhappy. One by one, David Birch was giving up all the things in life he really wanted.

At the time he was married his wants had been pretty simple. David was not the kind who ever analyzed himself, but if he had he would have found then that he really wanted just two things. He wanted to make Hilda happy and he wanted to save money. He took good health for them both for granted; neither had ever had anything else. Bridge at a tenth of a cent a point and golf with caddies and lost balls had not entered David's experience then. The diversions which took their place—Sundays at the beach, friends in for an evening of five hundred—he liked, being a sociable soul. But he would have been quite sincerely willing to give them up if necessary to satisfy either of the two real, fundamental wants. The trouble had been that he had had to sacrifice not one of these side issues but one of the two fundamental wants in order to feed the other. It had cost so much to make Hilda happy that he had not been able to save any money.

Poverty, especially poverty in old age, was a hideous nightmare to David. He had seen it, as a boy, in his own home; and he knew how all human pleasure, and even a little of human decency, withers under it. He had no business genius; there were times when he admitted the likelihood that he would always have to work on a salary. At no time could he see any actual, definite way of safeguarding Hilda and himself from poverty and dependence in

their old age except the old-fashioned way of saving out of what he earned.

This, apparently, they could not do. They had expected to at the beginning. Hilda had amazed David at the smallness of the amount with which she had managed the two-room-and-kitchen-privileges on One Hundred and Twenty-second Street—managed it comfortably and well too. Hilda had always been a wonderful manager. Dave had not blamed her for becoming discontented with that place; no capable, systematic woman likes to share a kitchen. But it took most of what they had saved on One Hundred and Twenty-second Street to furnish the two rooms and kitchen they took on Ninety-eighth.

It took all of what they saved on Ninety-eighth to usher David, Junior, into the world and to equip the three-room apartment that David, Junior, made imperative. Peter, roly-poly, adorable, arriving just a year later, set them back again. The expenses of David, Junior, and Peter were inevitable; the moves that they had occasioned inevitable too. David, Senior, could shrug his shoulders over those three years.

But in the seven following years of their marriage he and Hilda had moved six times; each time to a larger place or an airier one or one on a better street. Each place Hilda had done wonders with silk tapestry effects made of cotton cretonnes, and an eye for color. And each place, just when it began to seem homelike to Dave, began to cease to satisfy Hilda. Having done all she could within its limiting walls, she began to sigh for new flats to conquer.

Dave had had several raises since the two-rooms-with-kitchen-privileges period; but right now every dollar he had in the world beyond his salary was their pitifully small equity in the Cloverdale house and the fifteen hundred he had saved before he was married. And deep in Dave's subconscious mind—held down by such conscious preoccupations as working like the devil days and keeping his spare time filled with bridge and golf and his wife and his two little sons—deep down there was the knowledge that in seven years he would be forty; in ten he would be having to send the boys to college; by the time Peter was through college Dave would be fifty.

Dave knew men who seemed mysteriously able to leap into twenty-thousand-dollar jobs, to clean up thirty thousand on this deal and that. But no thirty-thousand-dollar deals ever came his way—perhaps, he admitted guiltily, he just didn't know enough to recognize a deal when he saw one; but the result was the same—no firm had tried to hire him away from Broughton & Broughton, architects, at even a slight increase, to say nothing of twenty thousand. And he knew men who began to slip back at forty—men who were out of a job altogether at fifty.

Little wonder that the idea of giving up bridge and golf made David Birch unhappy. It was removing two of the preoccupations that stood between him and the stark realities, the unanswerable likelihoods of his own life.

Making Hilda happy was infinitely more difficult than he had dreamed it would be, and, though David would still not admit this to himself, perhaps just the slightest shade less satisfying. Dave never faced that kind of facts. He did not face, for instance, the fact that there isn't much kick in giving your wife an eight-fifty string of amber beads when you know that what she really wants is a baby-grand piano. The fun he had had, back in the kitchen-privilege days, bringing home a forty-nine-cent box of candy! Hilda's "Dave, what is that box? It is not letter paper! Let me see. Oh, marshmallow chocolates! You bad, extravagant darling!"

But that was ten years ago. Dave couldn't feel indulgent, lavish, extravagant now on eight-fifty as he had then on forty-nine cents. And some way all life lay on him a bit dull and heavy, like the amber beads in his pocket.

As the commuter train flashed past the cluttered dinginess of Harlem and toward the country, though, the dull heaviness lifted somewhat. David was a born suburbanite; coming home at night always did lighten his spirits a little. To find Hilda and the boys waiting at the station in their flivver sedan, time for a little spin along spring avenues, white and yellow with dogwood and forsythia, then a brisk, bracing shower in the house's one white-tiled bathroom before a well-cooked, daintily served dinner—every commuter's evening David found depression of the spirit lightening to these gratifications of the flesh.

He had fought against the Cloverdale house as the supreme extravagance; but once he had been coaxed and moved into it, he found himself enjoying it guiltily, almost reluctantly. There was, he had to admit to Hilda, a hominess about a house that no apartment ever had; a hominess about having a back porch and a garage where he could keep a few tools; the one apple tree in the corner of the yard had been planted when all Cloverdale was a farm and the Birch yard just a scrap of the orchard. If he could only see a way of getting it paid for! Only now and then, as in this coming-home hour, did David's pleasure in his home override his worry about it.

"You'll know our place from the station," he and Hilda were always quoting brazenly; "the little house with the big mortgage."

"Hello, Dave!" Betty Vance waved to him from the Vances' big sedan drawn up beside the Birches' little one. "Van, you bad boy, if you've forgotten those bridge scores again tonight, you can walk right back to New York and get them! Oh, dear, Hilda, what would you do with this bad, naughty husband of mine?"

Betty was a determinedly youthful blonde. Because she was small and thin she thought she still looked a flapper, and she affected round-toed, low-heeled white slippers, little-girl round plain hats and baby manners. Dave looked from her to Hilda tonight, as he always did, with relief and pride. Hilda, with her immaculate linen, her glossy black hair, her slender, eager hands—there was no kittenish mock youth about Hilda. She was really young—young in enthusiasm and in laughter, fresh-skinned, clear-eyed, the hint of latent vigor in her slightest lazy movement.

She had not brought the boys tonight, so as Dave swung their little car away from the direct route home and toward a brief spin along the country roads of home, he gave her his birthday present.

"Dave, you dear! How do you always know exactly what I want? These are lovely!"

She clasped the beads around her neck and their rich color made her skin unbelievably white, her hair startlingly black, her brown eyes themselves pure amber. Dave glanced at her from the wheel.

"Gosh, Hilda," he exclaimed, "but you're a knock-out!" And then a little sheepishly, "Those beads don't go so bad, do they?"

"So bad? They're beauties!"

They were in a quiet back road, and Dave suddenly leaned across and kissed her. No indefinite sense of depression, no vague discontent with life of David's ever lasted long in Hilda's presence. They could not stand against the vivid charm which even after ten years of marriage she still held for him.

But as they passed the second turn toward home without taking it a feeling of apprehension began to mingle with the charm. It usually meant when Hilda met him at the train without either of the boys that she had something on her mind, some plan she wanted to discuss with him. David had come to meet all of Hilda's plans halfway with apprehension. They were always practical, well thought out, always undeniably an improvement. But always, ultimately if indirectly, they led to the spending of more money, to the pushing of their scale of living an incredible degree nearer the breaking point.

"Listen, Dave!" The apprehension became definite. That was the way Hilda always began. "Listen! Betty Vance's sister would like to rent our house for this summer."

"Fat chance!"

David laughed scornfully. But it was an uneasy bluff at scorn. What was Hilda going to want now?

"Her son's going to the Columbia summer school, and she'd like to be near New York and yet in the country too," Hilda continued.

"I'll bet she would. Did you tell her we liked that combination ourselves?"

Hilda passed over the question.

"She'd pay two hundred a month for the house," she said.

"Gosh!" David was impressed. "I didn't realize we were living on a two-hundred-rent scale."

"It's the way it's been fixed up, the terrace and everything," said Hilda with pardonable pride. "No other house in Cloverdale with only one bathroom would bring that."

"You've certainly done wonders with the place," David admitted.

They drove on for a few minutes in silence. It was pregnant silence and Dave found himself growing uneasy.

"You don't want to rent our place, do you?" he asked.

"Well, I ——" Hilda's considering tone was enough. A husband who had lived with her for ten years would have been stupid indeed not to have realized that was exactly what Hilda did want. "It would be nice to be getting all that rent if—if we did want to go away for the summer."

"Away for the summer?" David echoed blankly. "I thought that was our main reason for coming here in the first place, because it would be such a good place for the kids in summer."

"Yes, it was," Hilda admitted. "I didn't know Cloverdale was just a winter suburb. Everybody goes away in the summer—for July and August at least."

"What earthly difference does that make? We were here last summer and it was cool and comfortable, wasn't it?"

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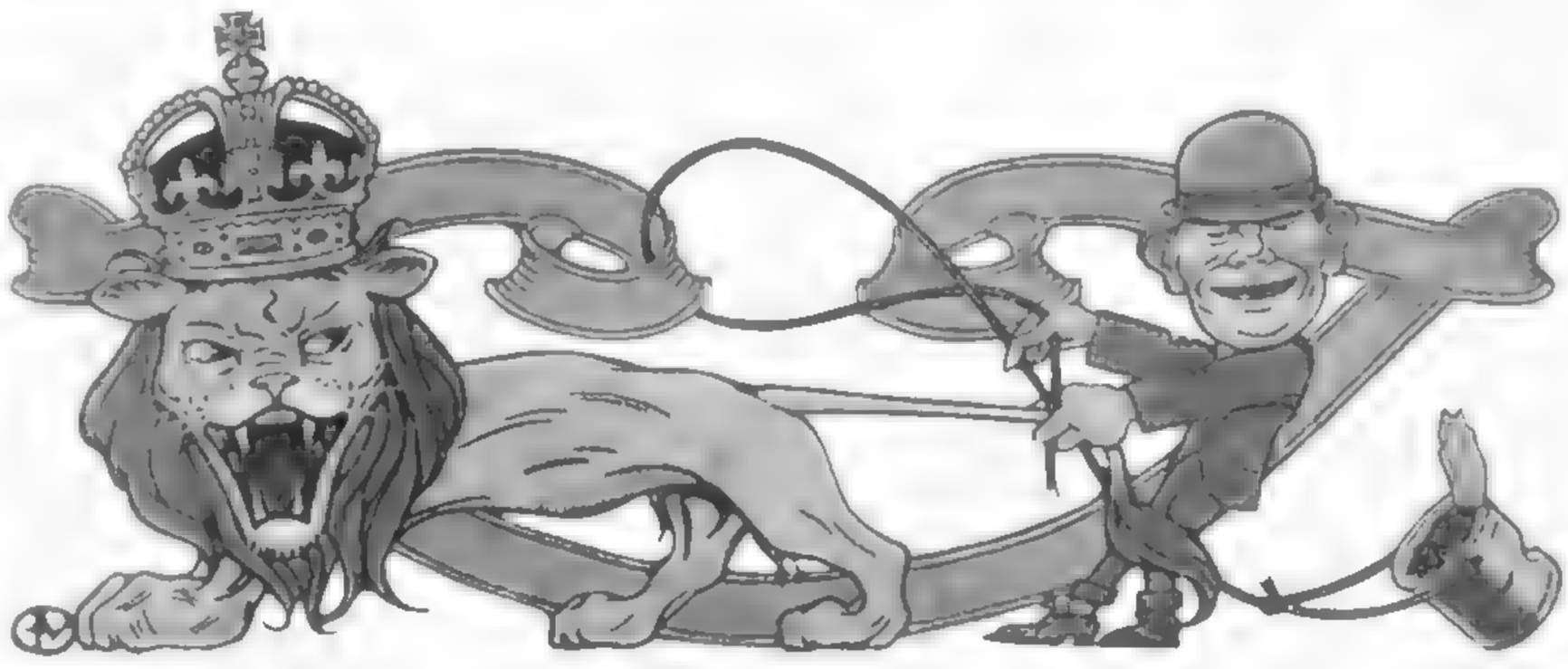
It Was Strangely Like a Honeymoon, Those Two Months in the Little Cretan Farmhouse—a Honeymoon With Two Sturdy Little Sons

WILL LABOR RULE BRITAIN?

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY GUERNSEY MOORE



WHATEVER their differences, the two great parties which for 250 years have alternately governed Great Britain, stood and still stand upon a common fundamental basis. Both accept, as an unquestioned axiom, the individual ownership of property. Neither pretends to any higher purpose than the well-being of the British Empire. But since November 15, 1922, for the first time in its history, Great Britain has contemplated, as an imminent probability, the prospect of being under a government returned for the specific purpose of revolutionizing, if not by one dramatic stroke at least as swiftly as possible, the entire system upon which its prosperity has been built up—and loftily proclaiming that it has international ideals to which the mere conservation of the British Empire is subordinate. Should such a government eventuate, its reactions must be world-wide and quite incalculable.

Its advent has approached out of the region of the merely fantastically possible into that of the seriously probable. For, as a result of the general election held on that November 15, 1922, the Labor Party reentered the British House of Commons with 142 members, on a total vote of 4,235,457 electors, second only to the Conservative return of 344 members, elected, as the figures show, for the most part from the less densely populated constituencies on a total vote of 5,383,896. The two Liberal parties, Asquithian and Lloyd-Georgian, hopelessly at loggerheads in a bitter personal-faction fight, polled respectively only 2,508,480 and 1,678,088, with a representation of 60 and 57, so that even if, most improbably, they could have coalesced they would still have been in a minority below both Conservative and Labor. Consequently, in accordance with constitutional parliamentary precedent, the British Labor Party, hitherto the undersized Ishmael of British politics, found itself acknowledged as His Majesty's official opposition and, by undisputed implication, as an alternative government should the occasion arise.

For the past five years Englishmen have been anxiously discussing the problem Is Labor fit to govern? Labor now maintains that that discussion has fallen out of date. It is no longer a question of Is Labor fit? Labor is about to govern. It has some reason for its confidence. The British Parliamentary Labor Party was born in 1900. Here are the figures of its growth:

GEN. ELECTION	SEATS CONTESTED	MEMBERS RETURNED	LABOR VOTE
1900	15	2	62,698
1906	50	29	323,195
1910 (Jan.)	78	40	505,690
1910 (Dec.)*	56	42	371,802
1918	361	57	2,244,945
1922	414	142	4,235,457

*Being the second election in one year, fewer candidates were run by all parties whose polls were all reduced.

It is a growth that shows no sign of check. At the various by-elections of 1923, the Labor Party has so far lost no seats, but it has captured two, and it has increased its vote heavily in those already held. One-half the progress made between 1918 and 1922 will at the next general election automatically put it in command of the British Empire.

Sent to Smash Things

WHAT will it do with that command? The visitor who for the first time looks down from the gallery to the historic debating chamber of the House of Commons upon some ordinary occasion, after the excited buzz of question time has subsided and the normal business of the day has begun, is curiously disappointed. The chamber seems absurdly small after his imagination of it, and surely those half dozen men, listless, and here and there asleep upon the benches while another member perorates drearily and interminably, cannot be serious legislators for the great British Empire? It is a mockery which he resents. This is a make-believe display of talk. No real business can be effected here. So felt the inexperienced members of the Labor Party when they took their newly won seats after the last election. "We have not come here to imbibe parliamentary atmosphere!" they shouted defiantly. "We have been sent here to smash things!"

Vivid in those men was the sense of the million and a half unemployed, of those other millions whose wages in many great industries—the mining industry, for example—have been forced down by economic pressure to a point scarcely above starvation level. Vivid in them was the sense of such a widespread distress as England has not known since the close of the Napoleonic Wars. They had come in a mood of revolt, sent by men and women in revolt, with cut-and-dried infallible theories for the instant dissipation of that distress. The potentialities of the House of Commons seemed to them ridiculously inadequate for their great purpose—and they jeered, as they have jeered since, savagely and ironically.

Lions of the Labor Party

THE little group of Labor leaders, newly constituted as the opposition—Ramsay Macdonald, Arthur Henderson, J. R. Clynes, Philip Snowden, and that silent scraggly bearded figure whose flash of inspiration in the early days of the Fabian Society had made this penultimate triumph possible, Sidney Webb—sat quietly in their seats. They did not chide their turbulent followers for their ill manners—it is dangerous for Labor leaders to chide their rank and file—but they smiled. They knew that in the British House of Commons they had, could they but seize it, a lever which could move the world. And, consequently, they have become adepts in that parliamentary manner which their followers scorn. The Fabian Society taught them long ago that permeation and not the red-flagged barricade was the one and only way to establish socialism in England. Before all things, the country must not take fright. The lions of the Labor Party roar with two voices—thrillingly formidable when they address their supporters outside, as gently as any sucking dove when they speak in the House of Commons. Surely, these courteous moderate men are more than fit to govern!

In pursuance of this principle, although in the important Socialism-versus-Capitalism debate initiated by Mr. Philip Snowden in the House of Commons on March 20, 1923, that spokesman for the Labor Party consistently referred to the Socialist Party as "we," and although when addressing its own adherents the Labor Party emphatically proclaims that identity, the Labor Party's election manifesto to the country in November, 1922, does not so much as mention the word "socialism." It is a long document, containing many far-reaching proposals, which concludes with the words, "This is Labor's alternative to reaction and revolution."

The Communist Party's election address, however, scorned these tactful blandishments: "We call on the revolutionary workers," it said, "not to hesitate to give the most active support to every Labor candidate. Whatever our criticisms among ourselves, in all action against the capitalists we present a common front." That is substantially the truth, implicitly indorsed by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the parliamentary leader of the Labor Party, when in the House of Commons on July 16, 1923, he said, "There are only two parties in politics today—the Capitalist Party and the Labor and Socialist Party." And the immediate aim of the British Labor Party, in the words of Mr. Philip Snowden's motion debated on March twentieth, is "the gradual supersession of the capitalist system by an industrial and social order based on the public ownership and democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution." All sections of the Labor Party are agreed upon the necessity of the "supersession"; they fight among themselves over the qualifying "gradual." There is, however, much virtue in that "gradual." It lulls a British public that might otherwise take fright. "Gradual" sounds a long way off.

It is not my business in this article to demonstrate either the worth or the fallacy of socialism. No one will deny that the present condition of society over a large part of the civilized world is profoundly unsatisfactory. But whether an amelioration is likely to be induced by removing all selfishly individual incentive, and subjecting society to the altruism of an immense bureaucracy, is another matter. Personally, I think it is an illusion. My purpose is merely to elucidate, from a standpoint of dispassionate detachment, what the British Socialist-Labor Party really wants to do, what chance it has of doing it, and what effects would be likely to ensue.

Those who imagine that socialism, in England or elsewhere, is merely a political shibboleth, more or less insincerely shouted by a political party not fundamentally different from any of our familiar political parties secretly pledged in advance to compromise, make a grave mistake. When Mr. Philip Snowden, in the debate already mentioned, said that the ideas of socialism "are held with almost religious fervor by millions of people in the world," he spoke nothing less than the truth. Socialism is only secondarily a theory of economics and a scheme of government; it is primarily a religion, a religion that does not make the less appeal because its rewards are promised here and now and not in a hereafter. Its phenomenal spread in the last generation is comparable only to those great religious movements and antagonisms which swept over the world in former times, and its psychological basis is the same. The soul of man, bewildered by the difficulties and uncertainties of existence, craves ever for some indisputable dogma to simplify the riddle; and every now and then, when those difficulties are accentuated, the principle of mass suggestion, the contagion of the crowd, comes into play and some particular dogma is caught up to sweep with tremendous force across the world as "*La Allah il Allah* and Mahomet is His Prophet!" once swept from desert Arabia to the farthest confines of India on the one hand and almost to the gates of Paris on the other.

The Menace of Unemployment

THE dogmatic belief of the Saracen was as independent of reason or experience as is the dogmatic belief of the modern socialist; it energizes him from a plane which is not that of reason but of an emotional certainty that the way has been revealed to him. This aspect of socialism, as of other world movements past and present, has come to be generally recognized by psychologists, and even, here and there, by statesmen. But, theology apart, it may safely be said that no religion, true or false, ever became a dynamic force without some unsatisfactory sociological condition from which it was a reaction, such as, for example, was the demoralized slavery-maintained pagan Roman social system which Christianity abolished.

The sociological fact which dominates Great Britain today is that there are a million and a half unemployed

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THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN—By Felix Isman

Buying a House? Or Making a Home?

IT WAS Rosenbaum's first trip as a salesman. In the Pullman smoker he heard two men talking about a Pomeranian. One offered the other a good Pomeranian for a hundred dollars.

"Mister, I'll sell you a fine Pomeranian for sixty," said Rosenbaum, butting in.

"If it's a good one I'll take it," agreed the purchaser.

Rosenbaum hurried to the telegraph office when he reached his destination and wired his partner: "Have sold for sixty dollars a Pomeranian. What is it?"

I don't pretend that this story is new, but it aptly illustrates the attitude of many people in buying a house. As a buyer and seller of houses, singly and wholesale, I long ago discovered that nine persons in ten have only the vaguest ideas about what a house ought to be, and that they are still more vague about buying a home—which is very different from a house, as we shall see.

A house should be bought, first of all, for its home qualities. That means many different things inside and out. Inside there should be livability in the size and arrangement of the rooms, the conveniences and decorations. Outside there should be a homelike setting, a good neighborhood, accessibility to school, church, shops, transportation, and the like. A house should also be bought for its location, the value of the real estate, the honesty and economy of construction, the trend of the community.

But alas! if you should undertake to make your living selling houses and try to sell them on these fundamental values, you would either go broke in a very short time or do as men of experience do in this field of real estate—put into your houses the superficial things by which most people judge them, and go with the vast popular ignorance about "What is a house?" instead of trying to teach your customers better.

The Right Way to Buy

IN BIG real-estate operations, like the assembling of a site for a department store, the building of an office structure, a hotel, a theater or an apartment house, there is so large an investment involved that people who are putting their money into such enterprises utilize the knowledge and experience of the real-estate man. In many cases the latter takes the initiative, bringing to one of his investing clients a project carefully studied and planned. Such an enterprise is large enough to yield him a just profit.

But in the location, building and sale of a single house the investment is too small to yield a living wage. I am speaking of houses that sell for six to twelve thousand dollars, upon which the real-estate operator's commission may be comparatively low.

In the Philadelphia office where I first worked, the average commission for selling a house was so small that we had to make a rule setting twenty-five dollars as the minimum. We got 1 per cent, which was then the general commission. In those days there were fifteen-hundred-dollar houses. At the usual commission we got fifteen dollars for selling a house! Hence the rule that made twenty-five the minimum—and how people who had a fifteen-hundred-dollar house to sell did hate to part with that extra ten!

The real-estate man cannot afford to spend much time educating his customer in the solid values that make this piece of property an excellent investment and another piece a poor purchase. Particularly he cannot spend time educating women customers. Men can be taught values in the mass, but every woman purchaser is a fresh pupil who must be taught individually. And even should he succeed in imparting to his customers some sense of real values they would not follow his advice once in a hundred times!

These things being so, real-estate men deal in houses along two general lines. First, they build and sell them new by the dozen, in subdivision enterprises; or the big operator, developing a residence section, turns the building job over to a builder and the selling to a broker. And second, they list old houses singly as brokers, show them to prospective purchasers with as little trouble as possible, and take their small commissions as sales are closed. The law of averages works for them. The broker's commission on a given house may be one hundred dollars. It costs, say, one dollar each time the property is shown. Somewhere between the twentieth and the fiftieth showing a purchaser will be found; and if the broker has enough properties of that kind on his books one or another is being sold every few days, bringing him a living wage.

Now, homes should not be bought or sold in either way. Fifteen years ago I came so definitely to this conclusion that I abandoned my business in houses and nowadays touch a deal of that kind only occasionally, as an accommodation to a friend or a customer in other branches of realty.

I have strong convictions about how a home should be bought, but nobody has yet adopted my plan. It may be that the reader will see its advantages and strike out a new path, buying a home as I believe it should be bought.

The capable real-estate man has experience, knowledge, acquaintance and the sense of values that enable him to render real service to the prospective purchaser of a home, telling him what to do and, even more important, what not to do. The bigger an operator the more service he can render. But it is not possible to give this service on commission in the average home-buying transaction—six to twelve thousand dollars. And the home seeker, for his part, feels that he cannot afford to retain the real-estate man on a straight-fee basis of, say, five hundred or one thousand dollars. That seems a waste of the hard-earned dollars he is putting into his home.

But in this I believe he is mistaken. For expert assistance in choosing his site and building his house, or finding a suitable home already built, would save him more than enough on the initial outlay to afford a fee satisfactory to the real-estate man, and more than repay him in the future value of his property.

Let me illustrate with a recent experience:

Some months ago a friend asked me to buy for him in a certain suburban section of New York City a house costing not more than ten-thousand dollars. Nothing that I could find for that price was honest value. A lively boom had got under way in this section, building costs were high, building material and workers scarce, and every house I inspected for several weeks was scamped in material and construction. For example, knotty and badly seasoned lumber had been used where the price asked warranted the best quality, and houses were hammered together without proper ventilation between outer and inner walls; so they would be damp, paint and wall stains would blotch, wall paper come off, and the house itself soon begin decaying.

The Fable of the Bungalow

BUT eventually I found an honestly built house. Not only were the material and workmanship good, but the builder had added little things commonly overlooked by home seekers, such as copper eaves troughs and gutters instead of galvanized iron. Moreover, the general effect of the house and its setting made the whole place say "Home." And it was offered at fifteen hundred dollars under my friend's limit. In fact, it was worth fifteen hundred dollars more, and I frankly told the builder so after our bargain had been closed.

"I know it," he said. "That is just what I ought to get, although the price you are paying will yield me a satisfactory profit."

Now why did this builder part with a house for less than its real market value?

The best way to explain that is with another story, The Fable of the Bungalow, told by Richard S. Childs, the housing expert:

"There is a fable told of a man who, choosing between two rural bungalow plots at five hundred dollars each, decided to take both, and tendered the owner one thousand dollars. But the price of the two, he was informed, was eleven hundred dollars. For the bungalow he was to erect on one lot would enhance the value of the other lot to six hundred dollars. If there had been a thousand such lots on sale at five hundred dollars each, the price of them all—with a certainty that a thousand bungalows were to be erected—would not be five hundred thousand dollars, but something nearer to one million dollars. The early comers would pay five hundred dollars, the late comers entering a neighborhood whose development had become assured would pay six hundred, eight hundred, one thousand dollars and more for lots that were not a whit different or better. Then the tax assessor would value them all, quite properly, at the standard set by the latest sales. So later the people who could pay five hundred dollars a lot, but

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THE JOY DODGERS

VIII

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

TO THE intensely urban Teddy Kane, Dorsham, New Hampshire, was mildly amusing for the first few hours, after which he was frankly bored. He had grinned at the absurdly fat policeman lounging against a baggage truck on the station platform; at the dinky, one-man trolley car waiting for East Dorsham passengers; at the bustling officiousness of the darky porter who had tried to abduct them as guests of the Dorsham Inn and who had been noisily kidded by the bestarred minion of the law when the effort failed. He had smiled as Mr. Dowse pointed out, with some pride, the squatty edifice of the First National Bank, the marble-fronted post office and the Harold-Lloyd-decorated façade of the Dorsham Opera House. It was all so unlike New York. Might have been a back drop for some hick vaudeville act. And as they drove out River Street under the arched branches of tall elms, bare and black and rain-soaked, and began to pass little white cottages cowering lonesome behind white picket fences, Teddy shrugged his shoulders. What a place to live in!

Nor had his first view of the Dowse home helped to lift the depression which he felt settling about him. A dingy, white, low-roofed, many-dormered affair it was, with a kitchen wing, and woodshed and other additions rambling back towards a cupolaed stable-garage in the rear. Opposite a brick walk lined with gloomy cedars that made a tunnel up to a side entrance, Dowse stopped the car, and after he had shouted "Zeke! Hey you, Zeke!" several times, a roly-poly youth wearing mud-splashed rubber boots slouched out from somewhere and inexpertly unloaded the suitcases, hat box and kit bags with which the Kanes had been surrounded.

"Well, here we are, folks!" announced Dowse, leading the way into a long, narrow hall where an unshaded electric bulb revealed a combination hatrack, settee and umbrella stand which bore a bumper crop of old coats, sweaters, caps, rubbers and straw hats. "Now make yourself right to home. Here's Loline. She'll show you your room."

But all Loline's former shyness had once more gripped her. She gave them a faint, timid greeting, shook hands limply, and mumbled something about being glad to see them again.

"Ma's out back, seeing to supper," she explained; "but I can show you up. Zeke will bring your things, I guess. I'll tell him now. Zeke! Zeke!"

Puffingly, and with labored grunts, Zeke did, refusing scornfully the dollar which Teddy had offered before Cynthia could stop him. Then with much the same dazed look that a stray immigrant from Czecho-Slovakia might show on emerging from the Ellis Island ferry, Teddy stared about the big, low-ceilinged, dormer-windowed room; at the archipelago of hooked rugs strewn over the shiny hardwood floor; at the bird's-eye maple dresser; at the mahogany four-poster with the elaborately embroidered pillow shams; at the red-brick fireplace where birch logs blazed on quaint iron firedogs; and finally at the engraving of Thoroughbreds hanging above the mantel.

"Some joint, eh?" he commented.

"You weren't expecting a white-and-gold suite, I hope," reproved Cynthia. "And instead of wandering about like a lost soul, you might be unstrapping those bags."

Subdued by this rebuff, Teddy risked no further remarks. There was something he wanted to ask about too. Hearing the heavy tread of Mr. Dowse on the stairs, Teddy slipped out while Cinnie was hanging things in a closet, and hailed his host.

"I say, old man, do we—er—dress for dinner, you know?"

"Eh? You mean put on dress suits? Lord, no! You ain't goin' to start that here, are you? Not yet, anyhow. Supper'll be ready soon as you've washed up."

"Ah, quite so."

At which Teddy dodged back and bulletined his discovery to Cynthia.

"You didn't ask, did you?" she demanded. "Simpleton!"

So it was a thoughtful, silent Teddy who trailed Cynthia downstairs and was briskly shooed into the oak-paneled dining room, where a motherly, pleasant-faced woman waited behind a huge silver tea urn. Mrs. Dowse, of course. She was attired to receive company and was using her company manners. She told the Kanes that she was pleased to meet them, asked Teddy to sit at her right beside Loline, stranded Cynthia in the middle of the long table at her left, and tinkled a silver table bell. Immediately there burst through a swing door behind her, as if answering a fire alarm, an amazingly ruddy-faced maid in a stiffly starched white dress that crackled like burning brush as she loped along. Swooping over Teddy's head, she dexterously planted before Mrs. Dowse a silver platter heaped high with fried chicken. Having achieved this, she rustled two steps to the rear and waited, watching her mistress with nervous alertness. Obviously there had been a rehearsal, and the ruddy-faced one was putting into her part the new business in which she had been coached.

But the stage management was flawless. Again Mrs. Dowse tinkled the bell, and through the swing door shot another white-starched maid, this time a pallid, angular one, with a sharp nose and anxious eyes. She balanced in one hand a silver dish foamy with mashed potatoes, in the other hand a silver plate piled with delicately browned biscuits; altogether a dazzlingly argent display. Mrs. Dowse speared a white-meat section of fried chicken and placed it on the topmost plate of the stack before her. The ruddy one whisked it away and slid it in front of Cynthia. Promptly the pallid one followed with her offerings. A drill of West Pointers could have been executed with no more precision. The Lima beans, the crab-apple jelly, the creamed Brussels sprouts, the celery stalks, the blanched almonds, all followed with orderly alacrity. No cues were missed, no false moves made. If Mrs. Dowse did any prompting, it was merely by rolling her eyes or by an imperceptible nod.

Teddy Kane was fascinated. The perfect, silent service of a first and second butler was no novelty to him; or that of the soft-footed, obsequious waiters in good hotels and clubs of the first class. He had even roughed it in shooting camps where a single butler carried the whole load. He was accustomed to the tray-juggling feats of dining-car waiters and steamer stewards. But this exposition of Mrs. Dowse's ideal of a company supper was new to him. He felt a vague impulse to applaud or something.

Judged from a gastronomic standpoint, it was an excellent meal; as a social function, however, it was hardly successful. Too many of those twenty-minutes-after pauses out of whose deadening silences Cynthia dragged the stifled conversation by main strength. Mrs. Dowse made apologies for the weather, which needed them; and for the biscuits, which did not; and then she was through. She gave mystic signals to the superstarched maids, who promptly urged more chicken, more mashed potato, more everything else on the guests. Loline contributed only a few brief replies to direct questions, blushing faintly at each effort. Teddy, still subdued, spoke not at all. Mr. Dowse, though fully at ease, appeared to hold that at table one should absorb nourishment. He concentrated on fried chicken. Only Cynthia continued to sparkle brightly but intermittently, and she was relieved when Mr. Dowse finished his second helping of lemon-meringue pie and pushed back his chair.

Wonderful Eyes Had Mrs. Blanding. For the First Time in Many Years Mr. Dowse Felt Romantic

When they had all drifted into the big living room there came a change. It was a homy, comfortable sort of room, with a certain coziness about it in spite of the odd mixture of furniture and the surplus thereof. It was precisely the kind of room that would make an arty interior decorator writhe with anguish. The collection of chairs, for example; a mission morris, a goose-neck mahogany rocker, a red-leather library chair much sagged in the seat, a green-stained willow affair with faded cretonne cushions, two comb-backed, wooden-bottomed rockers, some Hancock cane-seated side chairs, and a patent rocker of the early-McKinley-Grand-Rapids period. The arrangement was casual, producing much of the effect of a just-before-the-auction scene. Cluttery. The dull-red Bokhara clashed with the yellow silk window hangings, and the pink shade on the tall electrolier added no harmony to the general effect. The brazenly new ivory-enameled grand piano jeered insolently at the old-rosewood melodeon.

But in the low, wide-mouthed fireplace four-foot hickory logs glowed mellowly, the wide antique davenport before it was inviting, and nearly all the chairs were comfortable. Cynthia curled up in one corner of the davenport and lured Loline into the other. Ma Dowse disappeared, having forgotten to tell the maids something about the silver platters. Mr. Dowse, failing to persuade Teddy to accept a long plutocratic cigar from a silver-topped humidor, lighted one of his own favorite J.R.H.'s, domestic, and sank into the yielding depths of the red-leather chair.

"Might play us something, Loline," he suggested, nodding towards the piano.

Loline ducked her chin and declined. Nor would she put a record on the phonograph. So Mr. Dowse, somewhat stimulated by food and two cups of tea, talked. He expressed emphatic opinions on various subjects—the iniquity of the excess-profits tax, the folly of this Ruhr hold-up by the French, the silliness of movie plays, and what the Government ought to do about that rum fleet off Sandy Hook. Only the last topic got a rise out of Teddy. "Might tow it in and give us all a chance, eh?" he suggested.

"Better turn a couple of battleships loose and sink every boat," declared Dowse.

For the next half hour the shoe-button king discoursed on the drink evil from an employer's viewpoint; and then, as Teddy offered nothing in rebuttal, Mr. Dowse succumbed to the digestive processes, his chin on his necktie, the cigar stump dangling between limp fingers. Presently he snored. Meanwhile Mrs. Dowse had returned, drawn a Martha Washington work table under a floor lamp, and, after suitable apologies, had renewed her attack on a sheet-hemstitching job. Cynthia, in low tones, was trying to tap again that confidential streak which Loline had displayed at the Lady Louise on the day of the interview. It was not tapped. At 10:15 Teddy Kane climbed into his side of the four-poster and lay listening to the drum of rain on the shingle roof as he watched Cynthia arranging her dark hair for the night before the oval mirror of the dressing table.

"Soggy proposition, eh, old girl?" he ventured. "The Dowse family, I mean."

The exquisite shoulders responded with a slight shrug.

"Too soon to judge, Teddy."

"But how do we start the giddy old course?"

"I must know them better before I can begin to plan anything. Let's take two or three days."

"Gosh!" groaned Teddy. "I could write a book on Dowse now. He's a dollar hound, that's all, and no sandpaper was ever made that would smooth his neck. Loline's all wood above the beads, and ma is 100 per cent housekeeper. She ought to be running a hotel. What you can do with a trio like that is by me."

"They do seem rather hopeless," admitted Cynthia, and for the first time the reflected stare of her brown eyes was dull and wavering.

Sleep, however, knits up the raveled sleeve of care, and it was a brave-eyed Cynthia once more who managed to get Teddy down for an 8:30 breakfast. Mr. Dowse had long since gone to the shoe-button factory; Ma Dowse was busy somewhere upstairs; but Loline was waiting for them. She said that papa had thought they might like to be shown the new house and be taken over to the country club for a look about. The Kanes accepted the program. The cold blue clouds were thinning and the storm was about to blow itself out on a crisp breeze from the northwest. Zeke, minus the rubber boots, but plus a plaid Mackinaw jacket, drove them into town and up Dorsham Heights.

"'Swhere all th' swells live," he volunteered

Along the rising, elm-lined street, Cynthia noted many comfortable-looking homes; some as modern as the half-brick, half-stucco, shingle-thatched type; some dating back to the jig-saw-decoration era; some modest, some pretentious. And, lifting its raw bulk on the very crest of the hill, was this glaring red-brick affair with the red-tiled roof, the staring plate-glass windows and the imposing colonial portico.

"They've been all summer working on the inside trim and doing the painting and tiling the bathrooms," explained Loline. "Now the plumber says something's wrong about the hot-water heating system and he's changing that. Papa says it'll be spring before we can move in. But we think it's going to be just dandy when it's all done."

Although it was Loline's favorite adjective, "dandy" was hardly the exact word to suggest the obtrusive magnificence of the new Dowse mansion. Even when Cynthia had been shown the water-color sketches of the Boston expert whose firm was to do the decorating and furnishing, she could not picture the Dowses as really seeming at home in these great, high-ceilinged rooms. However, she exclaimed "Wonderful!" and "Stunning!" several times during the tour and let it go at that.

"Papa says he guesses we'll show these Heights folks a thing or two when we get to living here," said Loline. "But I don't know as we will."

"Oh, you're bound to," was Cynthia's somewhat cryptic reply.

Then they drove back to the Dorsham Country Club, which was just across the river and hardly half a mile from the Dowse home, and there Cynthia could express genuine enthusiasm for the clever manner in which a substantial old farmhouse had been revised and adapted to clubby needs. She noted that Loline found it necessary to explain to the steward that she was a member, and that she was hardly familiar enough with the building to show them about without getting lost.

"I've been here only a few times," she apologized.

"Why not often?" demanded Cynthia.

"Slow Back, Stiff Wrist, With the Left Knee Bent in, and Throw the Club From You as You Come Through. Jump it With the Wrists as You Meet the Ball"

"Oh, I don't know. You see, I don't play golf, and I don't go around with the young crowd."

"But what do you do?"

"Why, I—I stay home with ma."

Meanwhile Teddy, who had been exploring the men's locker room and golf shop, had made an exciting discovery.

"I say, Cinnie, who do you suppose I ran across just now? Little Nipper McCloud! You remember? He was assistant pro at Whispering Pines last winter, and got me to doing that chip-and-run shot so well when my game had gone blooey. He's running the shop here, and is greens keeper, pro and the whole works. Wants me to go a round with him and see the layout. I wonder if we couldn't dash back and get my clubs?"

"By all means," agreed Cynthia. "Go two rounds, if you like, and stay for luncheon. I suppose Loline can make out a guest card for you."

So for Teddy the day passed normally, almost thrillingly. He so reported as he was changing for supper at the Dowse home late in the afternoon.

"Honest, Cinnie, they've got the slickest nine-hole proposition here I ever shot over. Say, it's as full of tricks as anything on the Engineers' or old Wykagil. And by another year they'll have nine more holes ready, making a regular sixty-two-hundred-yard course. Ought to see those fairways—turf like velvet. Used to be a stock farm, Nipper tells me. Not so many traps, but enough natural hazards to keep you busy. Now take that first: You gotta carry a hundred and fifty yards across a rocky ravine to place your drive where you can play a stiff mid-iron over a creek to the green. If I hadn't hooked a bit I'd had a par four, but I came out of the rough too strong and collected a six. Then the second's an elbow affair, with a blind hole that you pitch to over a ridge. Say, I placed one just right there and rimmed the cup for a three. The next is a full mashie to the top of a round knoll, and you gotta ——"

He was in full swing, giving her a detailed account of how he played every hole, when Cynthia managed to head him off with: "Did you have just a twosome, you and Mr. McCloud?"

"No, the Nipper dug up two more chaps and we had a regular four-handed battle of it; five-dollar Denver, with quarter skins and a putting pool. Nipper and I nicked 'em two ways on the foursome. But say, one of the chaps was Berk Stover. You know—we met him on the West Coast last February."

"The one who played around so much with those Chicago twins?"

"Sure! Busy Berk, we used to call him. Well, he's on here for the week-end with the Maddens, who live on the Heights. Sam Madden was the other. And what do you think, Cinnie? At the fifth Sam asked me where I was staying, and when I told him we were guests of the Dowses he simply stared. 'Not the button Dowses?' says he. 'Absolutely,' says I. 'How odd!' says he, and then foozles his drive. Hardly had a word to say to me after that. So you see what you're up against, old girl."

"I'm seeing," said Cynthia.

During supper—the Dowses still adhering to that form of evening meal—Teddy was eloquent as to the many virtues of the golf course.

"Didn't notice your name on the handicap list," he said to Dowse. "Don't you go in for tournaments?"

"Me?" said Dowse. "No, I ain't much good at golf."

He gave the final letters their full value, as the "lp" in "scalp."

"Ought to go out and brush up your game; get in the Saturday and Sunday push with the old foursome and work out the kinks," advised Teddy.

Dowse shook his head.

"None of that country-club bunch has any use for me, except when they got some improvement bonds to unload. Five thousand was all they touched me for last trip. But if I went around lookin' for a game they wouldn't see me. I used to dub around a few holes by myself, but somehow I been too busy lately. Kind of a foolish way to spend the time, anyway."

At that heresy Teddy all but shuddered visibly, and mentally washed his hands of the attempt to make anything human out of the shoe-button king. He was sorry for Cinnie too. She didn't seem to be getting anywhere with ma and Loline.

IX

BUT Cynthia Kane was neither discouraged nor beaten. She was making her social survey of Dorsham folks in general and the Dowses in particular. She took a full week for it, and when she was through she had come to several definite conclusions and had mapped out just what she thought should be done. Not until then did she discuss the outlook with Teddy.

"We can't do anything for the Dowses here," she announced.

"I knew that all along," said Teddy.

Cynthia smiled.

"Of course you did. But you wouldn't tell me why we couldn't, so I had to find out for myself. Dorsham has simply made up its mind that the Dowses don't count, and Dorsham is right; they don't. They are in the town, but not of it. They are marooned—marooned by their money."

"Eh?" said Teddy.

"It's their money that has cut them off from their old friends, and not knowing how to use it that prevents them from making new ones. They are isolated, shut off, banished; and it's just as real a tragedy for them to be newly rich as it was for us to find ourselves about to become poor."

"I say, Cinnie, you don't want me to shed tears for the Dowses, do you?"

"It wouldn't hurt either of us to feel a little sympathy for someone besides ourselves now and then. We seldom do, you know. And if we are really to earn that ten thousand, we shall need to have a sympathetic understanding of just what is the matter with the Dowses."

"All right, Cinnie, I'll match tear for tear. Spiel away."

"I'll not ask you to cry over Mr. Dowse," went on Cynthia. "Personally, he isn't having such a poor time. His button business is a game to him, one which he understands thoroughly and plays well. He could get along without any outside interests. But with Ma Dowse and Loline it is different. They see or talk to hardly anyone but each other and the servants. Mrs. Dowse has tried to edge into some of the social activities of her church by making liberal contributions to this and that; but the more she gives the plainer the poorer members show their resentment, and the more the wealthy ones snub her as a social climber. Besides, she is a born executive and has a natural tendency to run things. The church women see to it that she doesn't. So she has given up. She fritters away her energy in managing her house and her maids. Did you ever see such an immaculate home? Probably you haven't noticed, but it's in a constant state of being scrubbed and cleaned and polished and dusted. And her linen closets! Dozens and dozens of sheets and pillowcases and towels and napkins, all hand-hemstitched and embroidered and initialed—her work. And down in the cellar are rows and rows of shelves loaded with preserves and jams and pickles that she has put up herself; enough to last for years. But she keeps on, because she has to have something to do. She's a kindly, sociable soul too. She's hungry for companionship, for friends, for something new to do."

"When did you hear all that, Cinnie?"

"I didn't need to hear it. I saw. And Loline's case is still more pathetic. She is a true joy dodger and knows it. She realizes that they ought to be living differently, that she should be going around with young people and enjoying her youth. She's lonely and wretched."

"But she's such a stick of a girl. And anyway, the young set at country clubs always are frightful snobs. They were at Roaring Rock, you know."

"No more so than the older ones. They all drift into little cliques. It's human. They take in the ones who do the things they do. The others they leave out. You can't blame the Heights people for ignoring the Dowses. Most of those folks up there have known each other for years. They have about the same standard of living, the same ideas of culture, similar tastes, and so on. They have organized a little aristocracy of their own; and the Dowses, as they are now, wouldn't fit in. It will be no different when they are in their new house. They'll be ignored, and that will make them more wretched than ever."

"Well, what's the answer, old girl?" asked Teddy.

"There are plenty of Dowses in the world. They must find their own kind. Our job is to take them where they will find them and see that they do."

"Travel!" gasped Teddy. "With the Dowses!"

"You'll like it a lot better than spending the winter in Dorsham, Teddy dear; so cheer up, and tomorrow I'll break it to them."

She did it after the Sunday-morning baked beans and fish cakes, when Pa Dowse had indulged in a second doughnut and an extra cup of coffee as his traditional preparation for an idle day. He was pacing heavily up and down the living room, now and then stopping to stare scornfully at hardy golfers in leather jackets who drove by to brave the keen breeze sweeping the black frostbitten fairways.

Loline, in a particularly atrocious house dress whose henna-toned color scheme gave her a cheeselike complexion, was reading the social notes in the Saturday edition of the Dorsham Evening Register.

"What do you think, ma? Lulu Blake's engaged again! It was announced at a dinner party Thursday night. To a Boston man, a Mr. Knowles."

"Well, maybe this time she'll stick to it. He's the third, isn't he?"

Loline nodded and found another item.

"Mrs. William R. Pemberton—that's Julia Biddle, you know—gave a linen shower Tuesday in honor of Miss Theresa Doty, whose wedding occurs December nineteenth. Ten alumnæ of the class of '21, Dorsham High School, were present."

"Your class," commented Mrs. Dowse.

Loline hurried down the column.

"They're going to have a big time at the club night before Thanksgiving. Dinner dance with special music and elaborate decorations. Nearly one hundred and fifty reservations so far."

Which Cynthia Kane seized upon as her cue.

"May I have the paper a moment, Loline?" she asked. "Thanks. There was something there—ah, here it is. 'Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Dowse and daughter, Miss Loline Dowse, have closed their home for the winter and are in New York for a few weeks of shopping and theatergoing. It is understood they will visit several Southern resorts and will not return to Dorsham until spring.'"

"Why, Mrs. Kane!" protested Loline. "That's not in there!"

"No, but it will be next Saturday. I shall write the notice myself."

Loline stared. So did Mrs. Dowse. Pa Dowse, after a few thoughtful puffs at his cigar, demanded, "So that's your program, is it?"

"Yes," said Cynthia. "I can tell you why I think it a good one, if necessary."

"You needn't; I can guess; and I expect it's all right. That is, so far as ma and Loline are concerned. Take 'em along. Give 'em a good time. But I'll have to ask you to leave me out."

"Why, papa! What fun would it be without you?" said Loline.

"Nathaniel Dowse," came in Mrs. Dowse, "what do you think you'd do here alone all winter?"

"Oh, I'd get along fine. With Zeke to tend the furnace and his mother to do the cookin', I'd be all right. You two just go ahead."

"And leave you alone here evenings and Sundays!" said Ma Dowse. "No, I'll not go a step, Nat Dowse, unless you come too!"

The debate lasted less than ten minutes and the decision was of Mr. Dowse's making, for though he was as a rule a rather gentle domestic autocrat, he was nevertheless a firm one. The rôle of family lawgiver was one which he never quite abdicated. So while the starchy maids were still clearing away the breakfast table, the sudden hegira of the female Dowses had been settled upon.

Privately, and somewhat tearfully to Cynthia, Mrs. Dowse continued to protest that she didn't see how she could ever do it. She should worry every minute about Mr. Dowse. Unless she was there to tell old Maria, he wouldn't get the right things to eat, and he'd have more of those bad indigestion attacks. Maria wouldn't keep the house clean, either. And Zeke had to be looked after or else he'd let the furnace fire out and all the pipes would freeze. Besides, she never could live in hotels that long, among total strangers. She wouldn't know what to do with herself. Cynthia smiled confidently.

"You're to leave all that to me, you know. I will guarantee to keep you busier than you've ever been before. And as for Mr. Dowse, he is going to change his mind before long. Which reminds me—tell me the name of your family physician."

By the middle of the afternoon Loline and Ma Dowse were packing trunks.

X

"SEVEN bamboo," said Mrs. Dowse, discarding a piece hesitatingly.

"Pung and mah jongg!" exclaimed Loline triumphantly, adding the tile to the row before her on the little table. "And I'm east wind, so you all pay me double, don't you?"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Dowse. "I have hardly any count at all, except a sequence of circles and three green dragons."

"Remember what I told you about dogging your hand," warned Cynthia. "Well, Loline, let's hear you figure your total."

Loline did it with only one appeal to Teddy, and collected gleefully from each of the others her due in ivory counters. Then she announced that it was nearly eight o'clock and time to be going down for dinner. And Dorsham, New Hampshire, was barely two hundred and fifty miles away and only two weeks in the past!

The scene of her victorious punging was the sitting room of the Dowse suite in one of the better but not the newest or the most magnificent of Manhattan's many hostelries. Through a half-opened window and past the old-rose draperies came the muffled roar of traffic, twelve stories below. As Loline stepped over for a breath of the crisp December air, she gazed exultingly up the long ribbon of light that was Fifth Avenue, and then out across the dark reaches of the park, where mazes of lighted driveways and footpaths wound in and out among the black masses of bare trees. She stood with her chin up and her shoulders well back, letting her eyes roam over a view which she had come to know and enjoy. During her former visits in New York, two brief overnight stops, she had disliked the city most cordially. Its bulk and noise and momentum had frightened her. She couldn't imagine why anyone should want to live in such a human maelstrom; how they could live there. Now she knew that in the midst of it all were calm, quiet eddies, where one could find luxurious comfort, and from which one could sally forth on thrilling and exciting expeditions. A lot more she had learned from Cynthia Kane in a fortnight of crowded days and gay evenings. Subconsciously she was summing up

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OUR FOREIGN FARMERS

By Elizabeth Frazer

Dr. Lipman, a Successful Jewish Farmer

THE human mind—or what optimistically passes for such—is a fearful and wonderful faker. It is the greatest little old mountebank, all-around con man, fake medium, court jester, gold-brick artist and master magician ever successfully maintained in captivity. It can kid the very elect, and the more elect the easier to kid. It is the finest game in the world just to stand on your own mental sidelines and watch this colossal gold-brick artist perform his tricks. Almost the first thing you discover is that he is a master mason and architect. Without bricks, without straw, without mortar, without a single honest timber of reality or a single sustaining girder of fact, this arch faker, out of the merest rags, tags and tatters of ignorance, hearsay, prejudice, racial heritages or hates, will construct a splendid airy edifice with shining cupolas, spires and minarets, complete down to the final detail; and over its phony gold-brick battlements he will hang out a banner with a strange device: Soviet Russia, League of Nations, Internationalism, Eugenics, The White Man's Burden—any old device will do—and straightway you kid yourself into believing that you believe it tremendously, and you tear off to enroll yourself under its banner, aggressively prepared to shed your last red corpuscle, to quarrel with the wife of your bosom, or even to shell out cold cash in its defense. Do you know anything about the proposition you're so frantically defending? Not a single blessed fact. That makes no difference. The more you don't know about a thing the more solemnly and sacredly you believe it, and that proposition holds good with irrational humans whether the unknown object be a social creed or a man or a maid.

Nix on the Farm

WE ALL have these little gold-brick fakers in our midst and we hug to our breasts our bonny soapsuds castles of illusion. One of the most popular and persistent of these is the fondly cherished belief that if we could once get our foreign immigrants in America away from the wicked man-made cities and wicked man-made industry and out upon the glorious God-made land, all would forthwith be well and the golden age would begin to register immediately if not sooner. If you will raise your binoculars and study the proud banner floating above those hazy hot-air battlements in your own mind, you can perhaps make out the legend thereon: "Back to the Farm!" Exactly! That's it! That's the little slogan. Believe it? Sure! Of course you do. We all do. I did myself at the start-off—implicitly—without reservation. It's the very sort of stuff you do believe implicitly, without reservation. It was only some time later, after I had come into possession of considerable first-hand data about farming and about immigrants, that I began to suspect that my little gold-brick artist had once more framed me and that the real slogan on that banner read not simply Back to the Farm! but Back to the Farm? Nix! But the latter half was invisible save by the sober light of fact. And it is that slogan, as an indivisible whole, read by the sober light of facts, which furnishes the subject of this article.

It was during the months that I went about the big industrial centers of America, examining into the living and working and social conditions of the immigrants from Central and Southeastern Europe who live in the crowded foreign quarters of our great cities and constitute the bulk of common labor in our mining and manufacturing establishments, that I began, more or less unconsciously, to construct one of those elaborate, airy estates of the mind and quietly placed all my bets thereon. Thus, when I came upon the congestion and filth prevalent in those teeming colonies, with their inevitable concomitants, disease and vice, something inside of me said softly, "Yes, but you wouldn't get that in the country. Put these poor people back upon farms and then see ——"

And when I marked the complete isolation of these foreign colonies from American influences, the utter ignorance within their borders of this great republic's ideals, institutions, laws, I said to myself, "Yes, but that wouldn't happen on the farms. We're essentially a country of pioneers; these people need to come at citizenship by way of the soil."

And when I found the children, the second generation of the immigrants, impregnated from infancy with the vicious life of the streets, growing up into criminals and gangsters and toughs, crowding our reformatories, insane asylums and jails, the high percentage of human wastage appalled me; the criminal and health statistics for these second-generation boys and girls appalled me; they were brutal fact figures I could not dodge; they were desolating figures, revealing not only the wholesale moral damage inflicted upon the individuals involved but also upon the whole nation in a general debasing of its standards and ideals.

And I said, perusing these dismal figures of staggering dimensions and somber import, "Yes, but that wouldn't happen on the farms. Put these people on the farms and their children would grow up healthy, uncontaminated, strong; they'd come at citizenship from the right angle, with a proper love and admiration for what this nation is trying to demonstrate to the world in the way of education and opportunity for the common people."

Back to the farm! Yes, that was the big answer. In short, the entire problem was simply one of organization and distribution. Warming enthusiastically to my subject, I decided that what these foreign immigrants needed was a stake in the land. Very well; that was simple; if a stake was what they needed, a stake they should have; why not? Present each family with a farm—say, a forty-acre lot, to be moderate. Not an outright gift, of course, but with a thirty-year mortgage and easy terms; another chattel loan for the necessary equipment and farm machinery. Then leave them alone and watch them dig in and turn into 100 per cent Americans whose children would rise up and call them blessed

A Sicilian Grandmother on a Vineland Farm

That's the way I rosily visualized it; all the crooked ways made straight and the desert made to blossom like the rose. And I should still be an ardent proponent of this scheme, prepared to lecture before large and appreciative audiences who knew as little about the topic as I did, had I not been forced to subject it to the acid test of reality namely, to go forth and investigate at first hand actual concrete colonies of foreign immigrants who had come over to America and fulfilled exactly my idealistic prescription of settling down on the land.

Jewish Children in a Public School of the Farming Districts. Above—Where the Rural Delivery Ends Near a Group of Italian Farms

Facts Versus Theories

IT WAS just at this juncture of affairs that the foundations of my elaborate hot-air palace began to wabble and slip Before then I had argued my case somewhat in this fashion: Industrial life seems bad for these immigrants, hence farming must be good. It's the kind of *non-sequitur* logic with which the average citizen registers his disapproval at the polls, reasoning that, as Jones is a bad performer, therefore let's vote for Smith—without ever looking up Smith's record to see if he is fit for the job. In like manner I had elected the farms as a perfect remedy, not because I knew anything about them, but because I disapproved of certain conditions in industry. The last time I looked at my romantic fine-spun scheme, which was just before I started forth on an investigating tour among the immigrant farmers, it seemed in excellent shape; the next time I looked for it, which was upon my return, I could not even discover where its fake foundation had stood; the entire edifice had been wiped off the map, obliterated, sunk without a trace by facts and realities

Just what those facts are I shall indicate more in detail below; but right here I wish to state briefly the conclusions of that realistic expedition. First of all, to the question, Will the settling upon farms of the European immigrants already in America or hastening by tens of thousands to our shores solve the acute problem of the congestion, vice, ill health, lawlessness and crime, together with the debasing of social and economic standards which are coincident with their present mode of crowded existence in the worst quarters of our great industrial cities? the answer must be unequivocally no. The farm is not the solution. It is not the solution for several very human and practical reasons. Reason number one: The immigrants themselves, the overwhelming majority of them now coming over, do not want to go on the farms. They would run like startled deer from any such proposition. The financial turnover is too slow, the work too laborious, the rewards too intangible. Ninety-nine out of a hundred frankly prefer industry, with their crowded communal life and their straight forty cents an hour.

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PLAIN BLACK ON WHITE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

EPHRIUM TRASK was a small, dark man entirely surrounded by winter. He stood forth upon the snowy landscape like a quarter note that had lost its way. He was completely cold and uncompromisingly miserable as he lowered from his shoulder the heavy tripod and blew mournfully upon his gelid hands.

That morning the first and only snow of the winter had settled softly upon Birmingham. It had been greeted with vociferous acclaim by the younger generation, black and white. Adults whose occupations made it possible for them to view the spotless grandeur of the scene from well-heated offices or houses were interested and tolerant. But to a certain portion of the city's two hundred thousand population, the downy blanket of frigidity was the signal for no hosannas.

Ephrium Trask was a prominent member of that certain portion. His place of business was the great outdoors, and Mr. Trask prayed fervently and frequently for the climatic miracle which would make all seasons summer and all summers torrid. He hated cold weather as passionately as he hated an installment collector, and regarded snow as a direct personal affront.

But with it all, Mr. Trask found some trifling measure of leaven in the bread of his misery. By profession he was an itinerant photographer whose ornate card invited one and all to Let Me Take Your Picture and Show You What You Look Like, and the presence of this exotic and feathery whiteness unfolded artistic prospects. Mr. Trask's thoughts became focused upon the diminutive figure of an extremely dusky child of perhaps seven years who disported merrily against the spotless background. The contrast between her Stygian complexion and the unusual color of the surrounding terrain smote Ephrium's practiced eye. He unslung his camera, stabilized his tripod and addressed the child, who now stood regarding him with an admixture of terror and interest.

"What yo' name is, li'l' gal?"

Down went the dark head and between two pouting lips a grimy finger was inserted.

"Ain't you gwine tell me what yo' name is?"

Obviously she wasn't. The situation was saved for the moment by a long, lean gentleman who strolled somewhat shakily up the alley and stood lounging against a fence which marked the intersection of that unattractive thoroughfare with Eighteenth Street.

"Tell the gemmun what yo' name is," commanded the stranger.

The youngster looked up and appeared to derive immediate courage from the presence of the other negro.

"Claribella Wick," she uttered.

"Claribella Wick, huh? How 'bout lettin' me take yo' pitcher, Claribella?"

The little girl flashed a dumb appeal to the stranger and received his nod of approval. Instantly her diffidence vanished and she became an eager and willing subject.

Ephrium worked rapidly, despite the cold. He arranged his client so that the whitest portion of the background set off to most startling advantage the ebony hue of her face. Then requesting that she gaze upon the little birdie, he buried his head under the mysterious black cloth beneath which photographers hide their shame, and emerged, grasping a large bulb in his hand.

"Right heah! Look right at me an' smile."

Requesting That She Gaze Upon the Little Birdie, He Buried His Head Under the Mysterious Black Cloth Beneath Which Photographers Hide Their Shame

The task was evidently not difficult, for a broad and beatific grin appeared on the countenance of little Claribella. But just as the shutter clicked the interested stranger strolled across the field of the picture. Ephrium shook his head annoyedly.

"Shuh! You went an' spoiled that plate."

"Says which?"

"You went an' spoiled that plate."

The other man did not appear to relish the insinuation.

"How come?"

"You walked right into the pitcher."

"Huh! I reckon that didn't spoil nothin'."

A voice from one of the half dozen unpainted cottages which lined the alley was wafted down the breeze. It was inclined to be strident, and it demanded, in no uncertain terms, the immediate presence of Claribella Wick. That young lady departed with visible reluctance.

Ephrium was minded to follow her. But he reconsidered. His business was an extremely doubtful one. It consisted of snapping pictures wherever opportunity offered and trusting to luck and such salesmanship as he possessed to secure orders later upon the appeal of the proofs which he would duly present. Because of the well-known fondness of parents for their offspring, children formed a large percentage of his subjects. But even with them he dared not make too great an investment, and it appealed to him as bad business to waste an additional plate upon Claribella at the present moment.

Slowly and carefully he dismounted his camera, made an entry in his notebook, stamped his feet to assist circulation, and prepared to move on. He paused to thank the lugubrious stranger; but the words of gratitude did not pass his lips, for he found himself gazing upon a very strange play of facial emotion.

The pose of the stranger had lost all semblance of lethargy. There appeared to be transpiring beneath the battle-scarred overcoat an inexplicable tumescence of physical activity. Too, the man's face had lost its languidness. The lantern jaw was drooping, the eyes were popped open, the head was rolling from side to side.

Ephrium's first thought was that the man was about to fling a fit. But before he could become convinced of that and remove himself from the vicinity so that the labor of bestowing first aid would not devolve upon him, a second stage was reached. This was even more puzzling and a great deal more violent than the first.

The body came to life, the jaw snapped shut, the figure pivoted; and with a flurry of snow flung from broad and active feet the man spurned the earth in a wild dash for one of the cottages in the alley.

He negotiated the first hundred yards in ten seconds less than the world's record and clipped a bit off that in the second hundred. The fourth cottage from the corner swallowed him utterly.

Ephrium stood in motionless amazement. It was all quite beyond his powers of comprehension, and he possessed a disquieting sensation that all was not as it should be. The expression of the other's face had reflected stark terror, and if there was anything in the neighborhood to beget such an emotion, then Mr. Trask believed it incumbent upon himself to be elsewhere. Hastily he picked up his tripod, but just as he would have moved away a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder at which Ephrium emitted a howl of fear.

He whirled to gaze into the eager and rather light-complexioned face of a colored gentleman well known and heartily disliked in Darktown. But the fear of the unknown was yet with Mr. Trask, and he remained decidedly ill at ease.

"Take yo' hand offen me!" he yelled.

The offending hand was removed.

"What's the matter with you?" queried the newcomer.

"Don't matter what the matter with me is." He inspected the other closely, took note of the perspiration and the heaving chest. "Who's been runnin' after you?"

"Nobody ain't runnin' after me."

"Well"—Ephrium started off—"I don't like the looks of none of this. If an accident is snoopin' around heah waitin' to happen to somebody, it ain't gwine be me."

The other restrained him.

"Wait a minute, Brother Trask."

"I done waited too many minutes a'ready."

"I craves to make talk with you. Does you know me?"

"Uh-huh. But I ain't boastin' about it."

"Who is I?"

"You," anathematized Mr. Trask, "is Mistuh Georgie Muck, president of the Muck Mutual Benefits Insu'ance Sassiety, Litted."

Mr. Muck beamed with pardonable pride.

"You is imminently correc', Brother Trask. Now I aims to obtain a favor offen you."

"Yo' aim is rotten. A favor fum me is the wontest thing you is gwine git."

Georgie's voice expressed deep injury.

"What you is got against me, Brother Trask? You don't hahdly know me."

"Mebbe I don't hahdly know who you is, but I sho'ly does know what you is—an' what you is ain't no kind of a pusson which I craves to do favors for."

"This ain't so much of a favor. All I want you to do is answer me two questions."

"Ain't no use ——"

Georgie Muck came straight to the point.

"Did you see a cullud gemmun standin' behime that li'l' gal which you just took a pitcher of?"

"Mebbe."

"Did you see him run away?"

"I seen him run, but I didn't know was it away or not."

"Who was that feller's name?"

"I dunno"

"You mean you dunno, or you ain't gwine tell?"

"I mean I dunno."

"Well"—desperately—"which house did he run into?"

"I ain't studyin' 'bout which house cullud men runs into."

"Was it the fo'th house on that hand side of the alley?"

"I dunno."

"But Ise askin' you ——"

"You might as well quit askin' me, Mistuh Georgie Muck, because you is simply th'owin' good breff after bad."

Georgie was becoming peeved.

"Seems like to me that when a feller asts you a few polite 'terrogations ——"

"I ain't got no time fo' yo' fumadiddles, Mistuh Muck, an' the sooner you ain't where I is the happier I is gwine be."

The taller and lighter man moved regretfully down the alley. "Seems like you hates me," he commented bitterly.

"Well," commented Ephrium candidly, "you ain't the fondest thing I is of."

Once again Ephrium hoisted tripod to shoulder and trudged down the street, his largely dimensioned feet kicking tiny puffs of snow with each step. The forehead of Mr. Trask was corrugated in thought. The episode mystified him, and from it all he extracted only one single definite idea, which was that he thoroughly despised Mr. Georgie Muck

Nor was Mr. Trask alone in his dislike of Mr. Muck. Georgie had been unfortunate in the selection of a profession. His first error had been committed years before, when he accepted the job of installment collector for an insurance agency. This was construed as rank treason, for there is ever an open warfare between the companies which insure the health of the colored community and the community itself.

Too, Mr. Muck's job as collector was the most obnoxious of all positions the insurance company had to offer, and it was one of the few times in Birmingham's history that a gentleman of dusky hue had descended to the level of acting as collector for a Caucasian company. And, to cap the climax, Georgie had been as faithful and inexorable in the discharge of his duty as any blond gentleman.

Georgie's company operated in precisely the same manner as all other companies of its type. For the small and insignificant sum of twenty-five cents a week it indemnified the health of any colored gentleman to the extent of five dollars a week, the joker in the policy being that the illness was required to last a full week or multiple thereof. Let the insured be ill for six days and twenty-three hours, and then arise and walk, and he would be entitled to not one nickel of benefits. It was a case of seven days or nothing, and those seven days must be spent in bed. The same sort of policy was in force among the members of the feminine gender at the slightly advanced rate of thirty-five cents a week.

The most important factor in the insurance company's business is, of necessity, the collector who visits the home of each insured individual once a week and gathers in the harvest of quarters and dimes. He is about as unpopular as a doctor's bill after one has become entirely well. He meets at each door a severe hostility. This antagonism is traditional, and in consequence the job of the collector has become one in which tact plays a considerably less important rôle than it should. But insurance of the sort flourishes even as a grove of emerald bay trees because of the weekly payment plan. The most impecunious dusky gentleman or lady would feel hopelessly lost without the sense of safety imparted by the knowledge that in case of illness he will not be forced to starve entirely to death.

And so, as a collector, Georgie Muck had wormed his way into the hearty ill will of his colored brethren. And, realizing that he was hopelessly *déclassé*, he permitted his agile brain to function overtime and eventually evolve an idea which had thus far proved lucrative if somewhat troublesome. In brief, he had organized, some several months since, the Muck Mutual Benefits Insurance Society, Ltd. The title of the organization was, in part at least, a decided misnomer. So far as colored society had as yet discovered, the benefits were far from mutual, although the liability of the company was decidedly limited. But the Muck society flourished because its insurance was cheap, and most of the premium payers did not pause to reflect upon the wherefores of that cheapness.

Mr. Muck had come to realize that there was a reason for the enormous profits piled up by the organizations for which he had previously worked as a collector, and that the reason lay in the ill-for-one-week-or-no-pay clause in their policies.

Therefore he carried that idea several better. Upon payment by gentlemen of two bits a week, and by ladies of ten cents more than that, he promised an illness payment of seven dollars and fifty cents a week. But whereas in the white folks' companies one must be ill for only one week in order to collect, in the Muck Mutual Benefits Insurance Society, Ltd., the policyholders were forced to remain in their beds for fortnightly periods. For instance, an illness of thirteen days brought the policyholder much sympathy, but no cash. A three weeks' illness was paid upon a two weeks' basis.

But, after all was said and done, Mr. Muck offered potential safety at the lowest price, and success crowned his efforts.

Until the sun sank low in the heavens, Mr. Ephrium Trask continued to tramp the streets of Birmingham's Darktown, snapping whosoever appeared likely to be possessed of parents who would order pictures when the unsolicited proofs should be shown. And at four o'clock in the afternoon he returned to his modest room in a Twenty-third Street boarding house, where he found awaiting him a scrawly note:

He Declared Passionately That He Was the Victim of a Frame-Up

dere mr trask I am much obliged will you come to house wich the feller you think you seen standing in the alley ran into and oblige

yrs resptvely ADRIAN STAMP

Ephrium read and reread the letter. That the affair had something to do with health insurance he knew, but it contained an element of doubt that mystified him completely. Still, it was a part of his philosophy to leave well enough alone and permit others to handle their own affairs. Ephrium knew of Adrian Stamp as a fairly substantial citizen with an uncanny ability to secure jobs that paid more money than the jobs anyone else could secure—and hold them for shorter periods of time. He did not entertain any particular feeling toward Mr. Stamp; neither one of ill will nor one of friendship.

As a consequence of this indifference it behooved him, as a man of sound judgment and unerring discretion, to ignore Mr. Stamp's invitation; and so the matter would in all probability have been closed as far as he was concerned had not a visitor appeared.

Ephrium was not at all elated at again seeing Georgie Muck. He had already seen too much of the insurance magnate, and the smiling countenance of the colorado-maduro-complexioned gentleman seemed to include Ephrium in a fraternity of understanding. Ephrium resented the intrusion.

"Well, well, well, Mistuh Trask," started Georgie with sirupy unctuousness, "heah I is again."

Ephrium favored his guest with a chilly stare.

"Is you?"

"Uh-huh. Jes' me, myse'f."

"Tha's one cullud man too many."

"But, Mistuh Trask ——"

"Don't you but me; an' the sooner you goes out the quicker I'll be alone."

"Ise goin' right away."

"You keep on promisin', but you never makes good."

"What I has really come for is to ask you a favor."

"Huh! Askin' me favors seems to be the one thing you don't do nothin' else but."

Georgie smiled blandly.

"You is the sarcasticest feller. . . . Now Ise astin' you does you remember the feller which run down the alley just when I come up to you this afternoon? Does you recall what his face looked like?"

"I ain't sayin' I don't."

"Is you sayin' you does?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin'."

"Well, I asts you does you does or does you don't?"

Ephrium scratched his head

"Maybe."

"A-a-ah!" Mr. Muck was pleased by this mite of progress. "An' would you reckernuze him was you to see him again?"

"I reckon so."

"Good! Fine! All I wants you to do is to come along with me to where he lives at an' tell me is he the feller which was in the alley this afternoon."

Ephrium's eyes narrowed.

"Tha's all you want?"

"Uh-huh, tha's the on'iest thing."

"Well, all I has got to say, Mistuh Muck, is that you wants one thing you ain't gwine git."

And the wildest torrent of Georgie's most persuasive oratory failed

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"You Ain't Feelin' as Good as You Was This Afternoon, is You, Mistuh Stamp?"

MY CRYSTAL BALL

By Elisabeth Marbury

ONCE more I turn my crystal ball, to see reflected therein a French villa set in the midst of green, shaded by venerable trees, dropped between park and plain, silent and inclosed. It is the Villa Trianon, in Versailles, as Elsie de Wolfe and I first peered at it between iron grilles. This place has a history. The land was given originally to the daughters of Louis XV, known in their day as Mesdames de France. There they rested, descending from their heavy carriages as they covered the rough road between Versailles and Marly. There they built a little *pavilion* in the corner after the style of a *rendez-vous de chasse*, where they partook of such refreshments as were at that time considered palatable. They called it *goûter*. It was equivalent to our five-o'clock tea.

Later, when the next sovereign mounted the throne, the present house was built for the surgeon of Marie Antoinette, and still another *pavilion* added, which was modeled in every detail after the farm buildings in the park of the Trianon composing the *hameau* of Marie Antoinette where she played at rusticity and milked her cows with gilded horns into pails designed and made at the royal factory of Sèvres. One can find all these landmarks clearly indicated on the old maps of the period.

At the time when Miss de Wolfe and I lived in the English cottage previously described, we were practically next door to this property. We looked at it admiringly and wondered why it remained neglected and deserted. Suddenly one day we noticed great yellow placards announcing its forthcoming sale at public auction.

It had been the home for years of the Duc de Nemours and his children. There were twenty-five people all told forming his household, who were lodged, heaven knows how, in the limited space of the Villa Trianon, for it was never a very commodious dwelling. There was then only one bathroom, which served generally, but which at the time was doubtless regarded as the last note of modern luxury.

After the disintegration of this royal family the property passed through several hands until it was thrown into the market by one of the victims of the famous Madame Humbert. He was a jeweler who had speculated heavily under her guidance until he was ruined.

As we gazed at this beautiful place we began to crave its possession. We had decided that Versailles was the one spot on earth where we desired to locate. We had lived there so long in rented houses that if we bought anywhere it would naturally be in this paradise of our choosing. Our fortunes, however, were only mounting slowly. We were far from being in affluent circumstances. I was doing fairly well in my business and Miss de Wolfe was earning a good salary in the theater, yet to have a sufficient total enabling us to purchase a house and land was a serious matter.

Memories of Mr. Morgan

SARDOU, our friend and neighbor—this corner of Versailles was only four miles from his estate at Marly—came over at our request to inspect the place. He studied it carefully, then thumping his heavy walking stick upon the stone terrace said, "My children, I advise you to buy this property if you can get it for a reasonable sum. It will prove a good investment."

How little our old friend realized that in the years ahead it was to bring us a happiness which no investment could equal.

At last came the auction, when the place was bought in for eighty-three thousand francs. Several months passed and we learned that the owner, who lived in Troyes, and who had accepted this property in part payment of the jeweler's bad debts, was thoroughly disgusted and determined to resell at almost any price.

We discussed this opportunity from every angle until we mustered enough courage to make an offer of sixty thousand francs. Our proposition was spurned as ridiculous. We could do nothing more. We thought of our loss and bemoaned our fate, until one day a letter reached us of an encouraging nature. We were told by the real-estate agent that if we would add five thousand francs to our first offer he thought the sale might go through. We acted upon his advice and became the proud purchasers of the Villa Trianon, of its two *pavillons*, the outbuildings and the ten thousand square yards of land, all this for about twelve thousand American dollars.

Our French neighbors, especially the curator of the Musée de Versailles, Pierre de Nolhac, were fearful of the changes we proposed. They connected the trend of modernism with American enterprise and could not imagine us capable of reverence and of reserve. Their surprise was very great, therefore, when they found us restoring the past while recognizing the importance of hygiene and the necessity of present-day convenience. The work moved slowly and we counted the months until at last the place was turned over to us as our future habitation.

PHOTO FROM [illegible]

Cécile Sorel, Famous French Comédienne

PHOTO BY W. B. VAN DER WEYDE NEW YORK CITY

F. Marion Crawford

One of our first visitors was Anne Morgan, the daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, whom I had grown to know fairly well. She was many years my junior and unusually young for her age. She had often come to our little house in New York. There was something pathetic about this splendid girl, full of vitality and eagerness, yet who, as the youngest of a large family, had never been allowed to grow up. Her environment had always been one that was ultra-conservative. Those with whom she had been thrown were thoroughly admirable members of that society in which they moved, but the great army of individualists was practically unknown to Anne Morgan when first I met her. The people about whom she had read and whom also she wanted to meet were wholly off of her line of march.

Her mind was ready for the spark plugs to be adjusted, her moment of mental expansion had dawned, the power of her personality was to be set in motion. In other words, she was about to discover herself, to learn through successive experiences her own potentialities.

Probably no two people were ever more alike in fundamentals of character than were Anne Morgan and her father, who was a man of marvelous energy, of infinite courage and of concentrated opinions. Once he believed in anyone or in any cause, no outside influence would have the slightest effect upon him. He could not be sidetracked. Though these qualities drove him into leadership, as he grew older it was evident that he suffered from their very defects. To acknowledge defeat was foreign to his temperament. He was always loyal to his mistakes.

When his feet stumbled there was no recovery of equilibrium. Brilliant in vision, dauntless in self-confidence, there was probably no figure of his century who was more meteoric than J. Pierpont Morgan in his journey across the world of finance, in which for years his ability to reign was uncontested. Mr. Morgan was patriarchal in his views. The emancipated woman enjoyed no favor in his eyes. As his daughter grew up she queried more and more as to the reason of his arbitrary rulings, and when to her recurrent demand for explanation she was told "That I say so is sufficient," she determined that she must think and act for herself. After that first visit to us at Versailles she fell under the spell of its broadening atmosphere. She began to liberate her mind from the bogies with which it had been filled. She commenced to draw her own conclusions, to develop her own opinions, to select her own interests; in other words, to stand on her own feet.

To watch this expanding of her mentality was a privilege. A friendship was thus established, until her visits each summer grew in length. The Villa Trianon became her playground and her pastime. Miss de Wolfe and I were obliged to combine our respective businesses with our pleasures, but it all seemed to dovetail.

Miss Morgan and I were fond of purposeless motoring, so we gadded about sight-seeing over a very large area and under conditions of self-indulgent comfort. Our last motor trip together of any consequence was in 1914 at the breaking out of the war, when we drove from Savoie to Biarritz, where we joined Miss de Wolfe, who had been in Spain. We traveled through a line of barrier bayonets and past hundreds of buoyant poilus preparing for the unknown conflict.

Between Chambéry and Bayonne we were forced to show our papers of identity and our passports some seventy times. It was the beginning of the reign of terror which made everyone a suspect, but which in its confusion frequently harbored an enemy as a cherished friend.

The New Wing

MISS DE WOLFE cares for motoring only when there is something objective at the other end. She never shared my sheer joy of settling myself in a car, of riding along aimlessly, feeling a symphony in its whir, of looking through green branches at a background of blue sky, of watching valley and mountain with the indolence of a vagrant mind, of taking a vast sensuous pleasure out of the vibrations of the engine, and of experiencing a sense of relaxation such as nothing else in the world can give. It is this and more which an automobile has always meant to me.

In 1912 it was decided that a new addition to the villa should be made so that we could have further guest rooms. We laughingly called this the Morgan wing, for its construction was her contribution to the general investment. Architecturally it stands against the original house frankly inspired by utility and not as a pretentious effort to any furtherance of beauty.

Towards the close of the war I realized that my time must be more and more devoted to interests in my own country, that my work here must be made paramount, and that I could no longer be free to absent myself for so many months in every year. My legitimate business had been ruthlessly disrupted, as was the case with so many. Therefore, due to the aftermath, I gradually drifted away from my transatlantic moorings. Miss de Wolfe and Miss Morgan generously relieved me of my share of the Villa Trianon and assumed it between themselves, so that my financial responsibilities in France were lifted from my shoulders. From time to time I have returned to this land of enchantment, for I shall never cease to regard it as my first love.

I gave up France as a residence, but never as the most alluring playground of the whole world. During the years from 1914 to 1919 there were, however, many causes productive of internal friction, for nothing is a more unlovely spectacle than the sight of one's compatriots in a foreign land so disloyal to their own country as to throw the balance of their influence against it. During the Great War

the traitors to the United States were not only to be found in the enemy's camps but also in some of the most luxurious drawing-rooms of the American colony in Paris.

At the moment when our soldiers were shedding their blood upon the battlefields, sent over by the Administration then in control, when our Chief Executive was struggling with problems even greater than those of military strategy, when, whether right or wrong, we should have stood for solidarity in the eyes of the world, our home Government was too often made the target of American criticism, and its shortcomings were loudly described and derided by our compatriots who were the loudest in proclaiming their allegiance to the Allies.

It was a sorry spectacle, to say the least, and one which forced upon one's mind the tragedy of that man or of that woman who stands literally without a country.

Many were the civic movements promoted by Anne Morgan during the early years of her activity. The list of them would be too long to enumerate. Her absorption in French interests since the war has consequently been a source of regret to those who had previously been her coworkers here.

We had, together with Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and others, established the first social club for our sex in New York City. Our efforts met with success, and the Colony Club, at 122 Madison Avenue, designed by Stanford White and decorated and furnished by Elsie de Wolfe, became the forerunner of similar centers throughout the country.

Clubs of women with restaurant, lounge, swimming pool and gymnasium have now become so common that they cease to arouse even passing surprise. Personally I belong to four such organizations in New York alone, although I have lived to realize that no club can ever replace a home.

Lions and Lambs in Friendly Converse

NOT only were Anne Morgan and I officers of the Colony Club, but for seven years, and even after its removal to its more spacious but less attractive building at 564 Park Avenue, I was the chairman of the house committee; no easy task, especially as every system in the running had to be established. We had to build our machinery in advance, hoping that when put in place it would function. To a great extent we were not disappointed, and many of the original ideas still obtain.

It was little wonder that Anne Morgan enjoyed to the utmost the atmosphere of the Villa Trianon, for its popularity was always increasing. The Sunday-afternoon receptions drew the most interesting people together from all corners of the globe. Incongruities of acquaintance seemed there to fall into proper pigeonholes. Racial and religious prejudices became extinct. The lions and the lambs were thrown into each other's society with every external evidence of mutual enjoyment. Kings and potentates walked hand in hand. I remember receiving on one occasion the powerful French Cardinal Mathé, whose coming had been officially announced. Suddenly we saw him crossing the lawn in animated conversation with Jean Richepin and the famous writer Gyp, whose real name was the Comtesse de Martel. She was a direct descendant of the Comte de Mirabeau, that famous citizen of revolutionary days.

I also recall a very extraordinary visit I once paid to this brilliant woman, whose books, Nos Bons Normands and Petit Bob, had made such a sensation. Her house was well situated in Auteuil. Her love of animals was widely known, but I was wholly unprepared for the species which at that time absorbed her attention. She had become a passionate lover of monkeys and had surrounded herself with them

As I sat in her drawing-room I suddenly became conscious that I was not alone. I was made aware of other living occupants. In an instant something had dropped upon my shoulder. I raised my eyes and discovered crawling down from the ceiling on silken cords half a dozen little animated beings, chattering and confusing, tiny creatures of every color and variety, and all as friendly as they were garrulous.

When Gyp entered she exclaimed, "Ah, mademoiselle, I see you have made friends with my family!"

We were all deeply interested at Versailles in the stories which were exchanged through the sales of objects of art when transferred to the great collectors. There were many purchasers in the field in those days, and the rivalry in acquisition was very keen. Prices soared accordingly and it even took a man like Sardou a long while to realize "Other times, other habits."

W. Bourke Cockran

When that series of decorative panels by Fragonard became familiar in two continents, Sardou was amazed beyond expression, especially because he was one of the few really familiar with the history of these lovely eighteenth-century pictures. What is generally known is that they were originally a royal command given by King Louis XV and destined to adorn the walls of Madame du Barry's *pavillon* at Louveciennes. When Fragonard, who was then a young and struggling artist, had completed the order the canvases were taken there and set in place, as their respective sizes corresponded with the mural spaces which had been left empty to receive them

When Madame du Barry saw the pictures, however, she imagined that the subjects were in illustration of her relations with the king, and it was the fifth panel, representing the heroine leaning disconsolate and deserted against the marble column, which came as a hideous warning of her approaching abandonment by her royal lover. She was so incensed that she had the pictures torn down. They were removed instantly from her sight. Fragonard rolled them up, disgusted with his fair patron, but still more disgusted with the ignorance and caprice of that world upon which his fortune and his reputation so largely depended. He decided that he would turn his back on it all, return to the South of France near Grasse, where he was born, paint merely as a pastime, and earn his bread literally by the sweat of his brow while tilling the soil.

He lived thereafter happily, although frugally, amassed a considerable competence, married and became the father of several children, and finally died in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, leaving quite an estate, which was then administered by a cousin of Victorien Sardou's, one Blaize Sardou, notary, who was many years his senior

What everyone does not know is that in the settlement of this estate these decorative panels played a very conspicuous part. They had been thrown into an attic by the artist, together with dozens of his other drawings, while Fragonard became more and more absorbed with the raising of cows and pigs. In the living rooms were the usual pieces of simple furniture, and in the kitchen hung the familiar array of shining copper pots and pans so dear to the hearts of French housewives

It was decided that justice demanded an equal division of these articles among the three heirs, one a girl and the two others boys. All went smoothly under the tactful administration of Blaize Sardou until it came to the division of the culinary utensils. Then the trouble really began. The sister, who was about to marry, insisted that the brothers should resign all claim to these precious treasures, as it was more appropriate for her to inherit them. She would even give up the farm implements if only she might keep the pots and pans.

After many sessions, when feeling ran high, the notary suddenly remembered the paintings in the attic. He asked "What about them?" They were at once carefully examined and appraised, with the result that the two young men said that they would allow the kitchen utensils to become their sister's sole property provided that she on her side would relinquish all rights to the paintings.

She looked these over, agreed to the bargain, and for many years told the story to her neighbors, chuckling with glee over the ignorance and stupidity of her brothers.

The Baron and His Find

YEARS passed until one day some tourist reported to the Princess Mathilde in Paris that he had discovered in the old French homestead this series of panels. The eighteenth century school of artists was then rapidly coming into vogue. Emissaries were at once sent to Grasse to investigate the truth of the traveler's statement, which was amply verified. An offer to purchase was immediately made, the sum proposed being forty thousand francs. Young Fragonard, who was the grandson of the painter, felt that if anyone wanted his pictures enough to pay this amount for them, by holding them a while the value would increase. His reasoning proved correct, for eventually these famous Fragonards of Grasse were sold to a dealer in Paris for one hundred thousand francs, which at the time represented approximately nineteen thousand dollars.

They passed subsequently through several hands until purchased in England by J. P. Morgan. They were for a long while in his house in London, where they were seen at an unfortunate disadvantage owing to the crowded wall space of the room where they hung The panels were afterwards brought to this country and exhibited for many months in the Metropolitan Museum, where they attracted much attention and publicity. Ultimately the executors of Mr. Morgan's estate in turn sold them to the late H. C. Frick, who had a room especially prepared for their reception. There they hang now after having traveled many miles through many years, from the *pavillon* of Madame du Barry at Louveciennes to rest in a modern New York residence.

One of the gems in the collection of the Musée de Chantilly is an exquisite statuette in bronze of the sixteenth century, which stands in a case in the center of the rotunda. Every connoisseur who has visited Chantilly will doubtless recall it. The circumstances under which it came into the possession of the Duc d'Aumale are interesting.

Early in the nineteenth century there was one Baron de Pourtalès who was a great

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A Section of the Garden at Villa Trianon, Versailles

MY BOOK AND HEART

This Master Photographer Could Not Change the Eyes, But He Made Them Count. Scorn and Wisdom Looked From Them

VII

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

A CERTAIN writer who had produced many doubtful novels once told me that the only way to dramatize a wedding was to break it up. The same thing may be said of a dutiful life. If you live for forty years in your own yard, attend strictly to your own business, keep your church vows and bring up your sons and daughters in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, you may be an excellent woman, useful and trustworthy; but you will not be an interesting person. Your good works would produce dull copy. If you appeared in fiction it would be by contrast with the more exciting escapades of your sons and daughters, and I do not think you could get on the stage or screen at all. Ethel Barrymore might interpret you there, but she never will. She will stick to the rôle of some Tess of the D'Urbervilles type.

Maude Adams used to come precious near taking you off sometimes in a good little play. I remember seeing her do it. But she was a beseeching young widow in a beautiful flower basket of a house. Her children were dressed within an inch of their lives, and behaved perfectly. She had a lover at her beck and call, and the performance only lasted two hours—while yours has lasted forty years in the same old dingy house, with the same old husband who could no more become a lover than an old bearded oak could bloom. Your children were always soiling their clean clothes and only behaving perfectly for a few minutes now and then, and you were so busy you could never take the time to look like the heroine you really were. So the things you have done and the trials you endured in these forty years will never be dramatized—not the weary way you really looked and worked and prayed to accomplish them.

In the same sense, I have never been a thrilling character. It requires considerable talent now for me to hold your interest in this record by spoofing it up with the inside copy of my heart, which is always emotional and exciting no matter how commonplace your life appears to be.

During these first seven years in Nashville, while I was doing my duty at the rate of twelve hours' hard work every day, it seems to me that I was an ordinary person of no importance. Hard work never shows you off, anyway. It is success that turns the trick. How many thousands pass their whole lives in a voluntary sentence to hard labor without ever being noticed or praised! If by some fluke I had not landed inside the periphery of the literary world you would never have heard of me; and I am telling you it is no proof of worth to be able to write a great book, or to paint an immortal picture, or to sway the populace with noble eloquence; but only of genius or enough talent. Some of the worst people have done all these things. It is playing the game right that counts, taking your losses with courage and your winnings with meekness, being decent and honest and keeping faith. This is big doings and great living. But they do not bring distinction.

It is perfectly apparent that I do not belong to this class or I should not be writing so much copy about myself. But you will admit that it is human copy, and to be human is not only to err; it is sometimes to be more beloved and cherished than the terribly good and great ever are. I pray you therefore not to think of me as a promising young writer during these years, struggling to realize an ambition, but to do a good job with words, to earn what we needed to keep Faith supplied with the right work and happiness and to bring her forth with high wings and a clear mind. I thought a great deal about that, especially when I was very tired and must finish one of those articles on The Acts of the Apostles. But I had my lapses.

Nashville is probably the only city in the world that wears a rainbow fringe of larkspur around her edges in the spring. Sometimes when the day was entrancingly soft and bright I flung duty and conscience into the waste-basket, and went off with the morning beyond our end of the town to keep company with a certain hillside where the larkspur bent and waved stiffly like a crinkly silken flag of all the colors in the heavens. I would sit a long way off under some tree and remember the child I used to be on the hills at home where these flowers bloomed. It came back to me how I would hurry away early in the morning to make wreaths and wreaths of the little pink and white and blue blossoms as a woman feels obliged to get a certain stint of fancywork done that day.

But I made no wreaths now. When you have grown up and been changed by many joys and sorrows it is no use to plagiarize the child you have been, because what she was and what she felt will never come back to you. Still, I used to see her quite plainly at such times, moving about among the larkspur that grew on a certain slope of the avenue, not much taller than the spikes of blooms they made. She was the funny little round-bodied cocoon of a butterfly mind, wearing a long-sleeved sparrow-tailed apron, barefooted and bareheaded, blue eyes shining, very happy, making rainbow wreaths, never to be kept, merely to be thought out with her fingers and left to wither upon the grass. I used to long for her as you long for a dear companion who has passed away.

I do not seem to have performed a single outstanding deed during these earlier years in Nashville, nothing that would enhance me here

But if you go on dipping in and out of the world it changes you some. You are apt to get a beam in your eye at last.

I began to visit New York more frequently. I was still wearing my Methodist clothes, but seeing so many other women dressed differently and more fluently had its effect. Shortly after one of these pilgrimages I made up my mind to find out how I would look in an evening gown; not that I ever expected to wear such a thing, but I wanted to satisfy a vanity of my strictly feminine nature. It was like risking a doubtful adventure without consulting any good person about the propriety of doing it.

I went privily to the best photographer in Nashville and told him I wanted a worldly minded photograph made. This man was an ex-Frenchman. He regarded me for a moment with a fluttering, inquisitive stare. Then he exploded as such people do in frantic gestures.

"But, yes! I comprehend. Madame, décolleté!" he exclaimed, making a graceful semicircular flourish across his breast.

I nodded affirmatively.

"And when will madame sit? Tomorrow, perhaps?"

"No; now," I announced firmly.

I wanted to yield as quickly as possible to this temptation and have done with it, lest my courage should fail.

The man gave me a look so defining that I almost saw myself in it, buttoned to the neck as usual in a black dress and wearing a black hat with two black wings infolding the crown.

"But the gown, the costume, madame! You have it with you?" he exclaimed, casting an anxious glance at the black hand bag I carried.

I was obliged to explain that I had no such gown; but my impression was that photographers had materials for draperies, something classical. A bust picture would do.

Again he shot off into gestures, ecstatic this time. He comprehended perfectly now what madame wanted. It could be managed. He had the very thing, a mantilla, Spanish, white, flowing elegantly from the shoulders only he must have the shoulders, he warned, leading me off to be draped by the maid in this lace.

If you have done your duty and behaved yourself so long that you have acquired the very countenance of plain, patient goodness, you will understand my emotions when I received this photograph. The picture did not resemble me, because I had never had an opportunity to look like this in real life—a handsome, stately woman, apparently wearing a fine lace gown that left the arms and shoulders bare. Clothes certainly do make a difference, when they are made merely to accompany you and adorn you, not uprightly and outrightly to cover you. The anatomical meaning of my neck disappeared in a softly rounded throat. My chin was lifted pridefully. I was amazed at the elegance of my nose, which is a good nose, but rather commonplace. This master photographer could not change the eyes, but he made them count. Scorn and wisdom looked from them. But the lips were sweet and kind. I have thanked heaven since that he did not tune them to Mona Lisa's secret smile. This was the only mark the thing lacked of being the picture of a grand but doubtful dame.

Where was my piety? Not a trace of it in this face. Where were my many virtues? Well, they might have been inferred, but this lady was not proclaiming her virtues. She was proudly poised to smile, and barely missed smiling. I escaped the complete revelation of the woman I might have been by so narrow a margin as that! But Narcissus in his vainest moments never gazed with more satisfaction at his image in the pool than I felt staring at this worldly minded picture of myself. I have often wondered if some beautiful, powerful, unscrupulous woman with a record behind her of fierce victories of one sort and another would experience anything like the same pleasure if she saw a picture of herself made into a good dim little saint wearing a plain black frock buttoned primly to her neck. Would she sigh regretfully and say, "I might have been such a woman," or would she fling the thing in the fire?

Such questions have always puzzled me as I have gone along the way I have had to go through life. Would I change fates with such a woman? Not now, of course; but then—when I felt the throb and saw the shine of the world? Would she have changed rôles with me? Not then, perhaps; but later, when her beauty had faded and the jaundice after self-indulgence set in, I think she would be glad to settle down in my hard-earned virtues.

I have wondered about this, too—if the bad people in this world had been the good ones, what kind of good people would they have been? I have sometimes thought they might have been better than we are. There is a richness and a glory about so many of them, a sort of hearty humanity which we rarely have, being obliged to be so careful about keeping spotless from the world. I suppose it takes something out of us which they frequently keep to the last, even if they become as spotted as the leopard.

I had never had secrets from Lundy. Now, however, I debated whether I should show him this bedizened photograph of his wife with her head so high, her chin tilted, a silver cockade stuck in her hair and her bare shoulders rising out of a mere rill of fine white lace

Finally, one evening, being troubled in my conscience and also inspired by my vanity, I thrust the photograph between his eyes and the book he was reading, and stood afar off, meekly waiting for judgment. He regarded it carefully, turning it this way and that; then he gave me a look bright with a man's humor and praise for a woman.

"My dear," he said, "it is beautiful, like you, but not, not nearly so lovely as you are!"

He was the only saint I ever knew who was also a gallant and praiseful husband.

I have met many distinguished men and women of letters in my time. This is nothing to boast about. Anybody can

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But I Made No Wreaths Now. When You Have Grown Up and Been Changed by Many Joys and Sorrows it is No Use to Plagiarize the Child You Have Been

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 13, 1923

The Wisdom of the Simple

THE relief ships we have been speeding across the Pacific bore far more valuable testimony as to our real feelings toward Japan than all the flowers of after-dinner rhetoric and the jingo mutterings of the yellow press put together. Sympathy and desire to help, expressed in terms of food, grain and supplies, were the burden of the message they carried.

The Japanese cataclysm took us unawares, just as it did its victims. Our reaction to it was too swift to be otherwise than instinctive and spontaneous. Our hearts were our only dictators. The calamity was so sudden, the need for help so pressing, the call upon humanity so clear, that statesmen, international bankers, diplomatists, militarists and professional jingoes, whether in or out of politics, had no chance to tell us what to think or what to do. Without their help we thought quick and straight. We did the right thing and did it handsomely. Our latent and perhaps unsuspected good will stood out, revealed as by a flash of lightning.

Modern times afford no more clinching proof of man's instinctive humanity to man than was evidenced by the whole-hearted fashion in which most of the civilized world rallied round Japan in her hour of extremity. Just as we were almost persuaded that the world was bereft of all international good will except the bastard sort fathered by self-interest, we were confronted by this impressive revelation. Vast uninstructed populations, not deceived by propaganda nor misled by chicanery and appeals to their fears and prejudices, spoke for themselves in terms of dollars, francs and pounds sterling, unprompted by their habitual spokesmen.

If the history of international relations teaches us anything it is that the few mold the sentiments of the many; that they mold them for worse as often as for better; that their motives are rather commonly selfish; that the careers of a few statesmen, the fortunes of a political party or of a reigning house and the dictates of too grasping traders are the hinges upon which swing the destinies of nations. When the people speak, and speak from warm hearts rather than from minds inflamed by propaganda, they are more likely than their leaders to utter words of sympathy and good feeling. Thus have they spoken during the past five weeks. Thus they spoke two years ago when every casual group of men or women was demanding such a conference as Mr. Harding, in the face of stout opposition, had the courage to call.

Until the world is much more nobly governed than it is today the fortunes of the many will be safer in their own keeping than in the hands of the few. There is more virtue in the wisdom of the simple than in the folly of the strong.

Still Trade Hindrances Abroad

AFTER the Armistice every chicanery known to politicians, every ruthlessness known to national fanaticism was applied to harass interstate trade at the frontiers of many of the states of Continental Europe. Gradually sense replaced frenzy and many of the restrictions were removed. That more needs to be done, however, is made plainly manifest in a new trade order issued in Czecho-Slovakia in the direction of decontrol of interstate trade. That little country has every interest in freedom of trade, since she is an exporter of many finished goods, as well as of sugar and coal. From this new order it appears that trade falls into several classes. There is a free import list. Next there is a report import list, advance notice of otherwise unrestricted import being required. There is a class of import with customs duties; also a class of export, with taxes. Some currencies are imported only on license. Other currencies are free to import on advance notice of intention of import. In some cases the import charges on currencies are paid in the imported currency, in others in domestic currency. Export of domestic currency is also under control. Furthermore, there are regulations applying to states that enforce discrimination against Czecho-Slovakia different from those applying to states that use no such discriminations.

Then, to cap the climax, there are special trade treaties with several European countries. And this is in one of the most intelligent countries of Europe.

Our International Ledger

THE Harvard Economic Service has recently issued a report on the international balance of the United States, the result of investigations carried out in coöperation with the Department of Commerce and the Federal Reserve Board. Many things in this report deserve the interest and should hold the attention of a wide circle of readers. The topic is especially pertinent at the moment, because for several months during this year our export of goods has been less than our import.

The books of the national commerce do not balance at the end of a calendar year. The direction and the size of the out-of-balance are important. The year 1922 closed with a net debit balance of $585,000,000. This figure acquires a clear meaning best when it is compared with the balances of the past three years. At the close of 1918 a net unfunded balance of $882,000,000 was owed by the United States to foreign countries. In 1919 the net credit balance of the United States was $1,082,000,000; in 1920 it was $1,143,000,000. This was the result of selling goods abroad on unfunded credits. In 1921 the tide turned and the end of the year showed a net debit balance of $182,000,000. The debit balance for 1922 was $585,000,000. This all means that we entered 1923 with the unfunded credit balance due this country reduced to modest proportions. Apparently this will be closed out this year. This represents repayment, or refunding, by Europe largely, of short-term indebtedness to exporters and bankers of the United States, incurred during 1919 and 1920, corresponding to sales of American merchandise on credit. Our tradesmen are being paid their old accounts.

In 1921 the excess of exports of merchandise over imports was $1,976,000,000; in 1922 this positive excess was reduced to $754,000,000. Changes in price levels made some difference, but the reduction was due essentially to exports falling some $600,000,000 while imports rose some $500,000,000. This shift contributed much to the increase in the adverse balance of the total account.

The balance of imports of specie in 1921 was $678,000,000. The excess of import in 1922 was $246,000,000. This reduction was due principally to decline in import of gold, which fell from $691,000,000 in 1921 to $275,000,000 in 1922. The fall in gold import is less significant than the fact that so large a net balance of gold import as $238,000,000 was maintained in the face of a net debit balance of the total account of $585,000,000.

Clearly, gold import does not need to cease or gold export to predominate when the total account shows a net debit balance.

Very important is the item of export of capital. In 1921 we exported capital—that is, made investments abroad to the extent of $965,000,000, of which $665,000,000 was in the form of foreign securities issued in this country. In 1922 the corresponding investment of American capital abroad was $963,000,000, of which $637,000,000 was in the form of foreign bonds issued in this country. These figures prove that there is no unwillingness in this country to make good investments abroad. The foreign loans matured and paid off in 1921 were $255,000,000; in 1922 only $79,000,000.

Other items are important as illustrating the mobility of capital under private initiative. During the year we resold to foreigners foreign securities to the value of $189,000,000 and sold American securities to foreigners to the value of $61,000,000. While we were buying foreign bonds, shrewd European investors were picking up choice American investments and recalling others of their own that were in our hands. Largely British operations, we may be sure, since they are the only foreigners who have the money and nerve to do this. As a counter to the resale of foreign securities, during the year we repurchased American securities formerly held abroad to the value of $34,000,000. In this swap foreigners brought back to us $34,000,000 of American securities and took back $189,000,000 foreign securities, so that we were the creditor in the transaction.

The net government expenditure of $50,000,000 in 1921 was converted in 1922 into a net government receipt of $141,000,000. In this figure is included the British debt payment of $103,000,000. In 1921 the interest receivable on foreign investments was $180,000,000, the interest payable was $100,000,000. In 1922 the interest receivable was $227,000,000, the interest payable was $100,000,000. In these two items of net receivables, one governmental and one private, we see the evidences that we are become a creditor nation. Before the war the net interest payable was some $160,000,000 annually.

Lastly, we have the two very important items of immigrant remittances and tourist expenditures. In 1921 the former item was $500,000,000, the latter $200,000,000. In 1922 the immigrant remittances were $400,000,000, the tourist outlays rose to $300,000,000.

The fact that we still pay $100,000,000 interest annually on foreign capital invested in this country is evidence that the Europeans did not sell all their investments in this country in order to finance purchases here during the war. We may take it for granted that the holders of these securities abroad will cling to them, and when they mature and are paid off, reinvest the capital here. This item, together with others, suggests that we should be cautious in the use of the term "creditor nation" as applied to ourselves.

If all the invisible items of the account, outside of export and import of capital, are set in contrast, it will be found that we have a net debit in invisibles of $425,000,000. Therefore "this country, though a creditor on capital account, in that its aggregate capital invested abroad exceeds the amount of foreign capital here, is not yet a creditor country in the true sense of the term," because "total annual receipts from abroad on invisible account, exclusive of new capital movements within the year, do not at present exceed total annual payment."

The report is very cautious in dealing with the future course of trade and gold movement. It seems now clear that the export of capital this year will be small and the excess of export of goods small or extinguished. Monetary conditions in Europe do not invite export of gold there. Under these circumstances, for the immediate future it seems to be a race between capital export and gold export.

With this trend of our financial affairs, we can stand the repayment of the European war debts.

Borah and La Follette vs. the Supreme Court

By Charles Warren

Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, 1914-18

ATTACK upon the Supreme Court of the United States has been one of the most popular of political pastimes during our whole history. Periodically, when the court's decisions have been contrary to the views of some particular section, party or class in the community, the cry has arisen that the court's powers must be reformed or curtailed.

For the past few years some disappointed reformers, labor leaders and radical politicians—joined by a number of restless citizens who know little about the facts but are stirred by the outcry of others—have been demanding that the court's power to decide as to the constitutionality of Acts of Congress should be modified or abolished.

This demand is supported by citation of half a dozen cases—the Income Tax Case, the Child Labor Case and a few others—which they think the court has decided wrongly. The court's opponents spread the impression that these few cases are representative of a great mass of other similarly wrong decisions. Particularly savage do they become in talking of five-to-four decisions—meaning by this cases in which five judges have held a Federal statute unconstitutional, while four judges dissented. A radical newspaper has recently spoken of such decisions as an "oft-recurring scandal," and a counsel for the American Federation of Labor has written of these "numberless decisions . . . in which the most important state and national laws have been struck down by a vote of 5 to 4."

To cure this alleged serious and prevalent evil, two senators have recently sprung forward with plans to change profoundly the judicial power of the Supreme Court.

Senator Borah, last February, proposed a bill requiring that seven out of nine judges should be required to concur in pronouncing any Act of Congress unconstitutional.

La Follette's Proposal

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE proposes as follows: "I would amend the Constitution so as to provide (1) that no inferior Federal Judge shall set aside a law of Congress on the ground that it is unconstitutional; (2) that if the Supreme Court assumes to decide any law of Congress unconstitutional, or, by interpretation, undertakes to assert a public policy at variance with the statutory declaration of Congress—which alone under our system is authorized to determine the public policies of government—the Congress may, by reënacting the law, nullify the action of the court. Thereafter, the law would remain in full force and effect, precisely the same as though the court had never held it to be unconstitutional."

Each of these plans is based on the assumption of the existence of some very grave condition of injustice, produced by alarmingly large numbers of decisions by the court holding Acts of Congress unconstitutional.

The American public has been constantly fed with generalities on this subject. It is time that they learned the facts regarding this so-called evil.

Now, what are the actual facts? What is the actual extent of this alleged oft-recurring scandal, these so-called numberless decisions? Note that the proposed remedies deal only with decisions as to Acts of Congress, and not with decisions holding state statutes invalid.

The actual facts are these—and the American public will probably be amazed to learn—that during the entire course of the country's history from 1789 to 1923, a period of one hundred and thirty-four years, there have been exactly nine five-to-four cases, in which an Act of Congress has been held unconstitutional—one in 1867, involving the validity of a Test Oath Act passed in Reconstruction days, and eight between October, 1887, and June, 1923, a period of thirty-six years, making an average of one such five-to-four decision every four and a half years since 1887. The eight statutes so held invalid in this period were the Income Tax Law in 1895, the Stamp Tax Law on foreign bills of lading in 1901, the first Employers' Liability Act in 1908, the first Child Labor Law in 1918, the Workmen's Compensation in Admiralty Law in 1920, the Stock Dividend Tax in the Income Tax Law in 1920, the Federal Corrupt Practices Act in 1921, and the District of Columbia Minimum Wage Law in 1923—this last case being really a five-to-three decision, since Judge Brandeis did not sit.

Decision by Minority

IT IS these nine decisions which opponents of the court profess to term the oft-recurring scandal, the numberless decisions, and on which they base their demand for revolutionary changes in the functions of the court.

Moreover, in addition to these nine five-to-four decisions, there have been in our whole history only forty-one other decisions holding Acts of Congress unconstitutional, either by unanimous vote of the judges or with one to three dissenters. Yet as to these forty-one other cases, the most radical opponent of the court has never claimed that more than two or three were decided wrongly—the Dred Scott Case, in 1857; the Monongahela Navigation Company Case, in 1893, as to valuation of a

(Continued on Page 190)

BACK-SEAT DRIVERS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The National Game

GIUSEPPE SPALDONI
was hit by a brick
That someone unkindly had
hurled at his head.
Then the pompous old coroner
found that the foreigner,
Sad to relate, was decidedly dead.
So the mayor put it up to the dis-
trict attorney
To find out the way that Spal-
doni was struck.
For it's part of the pastime, the
jolly old pastime,
The national pastime of pass-
ing the buck.

The district attorney just smiled
and sat tight,
Then he passed it along to the
chief of police,
Who, with frightful invective, as-
signed a detective
To search out the cause of Spal-
doni's decease.
Then the sleuth gave the case to his
junior assistant,
Who said, "This here job I am
anxious to duck."
For it's part of the pastime, the
jolly old pastime,
Our national pastime of pass-
ing the buck.

If ever you chance to be injured or killed
And official assistance you feel that you need,
Do not bother and worry because they don't hurry,
The rules of the game don't permit them to speed.
Oh, they'll chase you around from the roof to the cellar,
If you land in the right place at all you're in luck,
But it's only the pastime, the jolly old pastime,
Our national pastime of passing the buck.

—*Newman Levy.*

"A Good, Tight Wave on This Side, Please. This Is the Side I Dance On"

How to Put an End to War

MR. EDWARD W. BOK,
Philadelphia.

DEAR MR. BOK: I see where you offer $100,000 for a way to put an end to war. Now I have given this matter a good deal of thought since I read of your offer, and you will be glad to hear that I have thought up a very good way to stop wars or at least make them much more enjoyable.

Congress will have to pass a law which runs like this:

1. Abolish all brass bands.

2. Add to all military uniforms a wide pink sash, with stiff starched bows behind. Frequent inspections will insure that the sashes be kept spotlessly clean. Any carelessness in starching to be punished by ten days in the guardhouse. Officers to be distinguished by a wide lace collar with an orange jabot.

3. The draft system to be rigidly enforced. The first draft to include all individuals who write warlike letters to the newspapers, all journalists who write about the Menace of Anything, all women novelists who write about the Glory of Trench Fighting, and inventors of poison gases. The second draft to include all manufacturers of raincoats, tanks, canned corn beef, canned salmon, shoddy overcoats and machine guns. The third draft to include all professional financiers, skilled shipyard workers, members of the Committee on Public Information, and the entire able-bodied population of Washington, D. C. These three drafts would be enough to run a very large war. If a still larger war is desired a foreign legion could be recruited in New York City.

The last war, as you may remember, was known as the War to End War. The result of that war from the day of the Armistice being to date between fifty and sixty second-class wars, the next first-class war would be termed the War to End Peace. The human race always seems to do things all wrong, so probably with this slogan it would settle down to permanent peace.

Now, Mr. Bok, I know what you will say. You will say that this is all very well, but how about the enemy? Won't they walk all over our army?

Now I have seen a good deal of our late enemy, what is left of them, and I can tell you that when you talk to the veterans of the last war in those countries about a new and a bigger and better war to throw off the foreign yoke they pound their crutches on the floor and say "*Lass George es thun.*" *Lass* means "let," in our language, *thun* means "do" and *es* means "it." *George* means "George."

So I tell you what you do, Mr. Bok. Offer $100,000 in each of those foreign countries for a practicable proposal to end war, and then I will come forward with this same proposal translated into the language of the country. Then you can pay me the money and my scheme will get enough publicity to convince the people and put the foreign armies on the same basis as ours. Perhaps this would be rather expensive for you, but I am just as public-spirited as anybody, so I would be willing to return $50,000 out of each $100,000 to you, but we could keep that dark between us.

As soon as you mail me a P. O. money order for $100,000 I will send you free a battle song I have written, to be sung by the armies of all nations. The beginning of the song is as follows: "While the Kaiser's health is good we'll take care of ours."

Yours truly,
MORRIS BISHOP.

"Taxi, Sir?"

Comment of a Country Editor

PRESCRIPTIONS for government are always interesting, if for the most part futile. It is a peculiarity of the popular uprising, or what is known in the vernacular as the grass-roots movement in politics, that nearly always its first concrete performance is that of gilding a bogus messiah. Follow any popular uprising through to its leadership, and the chances are that you will find a loud-talking individual of limited capability, intelligence and knowledge, whose sole gift is that of stirring the voters to hysteria, sitting in the seat of authority and directing the attack on the vested interests. The wisdom of the people is never so unimpressive as when they are moved personally to call a doctor to attend to their political and economic ills.

If you are ignorant and prejudiced, if you have a hatred of success, and if, in addition, you feel a contempt for the conventions and social decencies and are willing publicly to boast of it, the possibility that you may be called upon to lead the rescuing party on the point of setting out to save the people becomes a probability.

Nearly everybody has a favorite remedy. It is not the purpose here to question the potency of any healing balm. But probably the greatest need of the world is the cultivation and development of a sixth sense which will enable it to differentiate between the imitation and the genuine and separate the grain of truth from the chaff of misrepresentation. Not more than half of that which is known to a certainty is true. Most of the heroes are fictitious. For the most part people get their knowledge of affairs from the newspapers and periodicals. In great degree their attitude toward life and its activities is shaped by them. Editors wish to print the truth, and most of them attempt to do so. Because he deals constantly with news in a professional way, an editor, more nearly perhaps than anybody else, can tell what is fact and what is propaganda. His sixth sense is more highly cultivated than that of his nonprofessional brother. But nobody can say to a certainty whether a given item in the news is purple

(Continued on Page 66)

For Children

Here's just the body-building, muscle-making, wholesome food to give the growing child. Watch these beans disappear from the plate!

Slow-cooked

Digestible

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

RÔLES

By ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XXX

AUNT FANNIE loved dancing, as she had said. When they arrived at the Mobleys', the orchestra was playing Yes, We Have No Bananas, and Aunt Fannie's eyes began to shine. Her little feet were tapping with impatience before she was out of the car. She flung off her cloak and seized Oliver's arm.

"Dance with me first," she commanded. "Gwynne and Claire are young—they can find other men."

"That's a very left-handed compliment, Aunt Fannie," replied Oliver, laughing, and swinging off easily into the dance.

Unlike most despised and rejected husbands, Oliver danced extremely well. And as Eva watched him move smoothly down the room with Aunt Fannie, like a large, serene steamer with a lively little tug, she felt as forlorn as if her ship were sailing away and she was left on shore.

"Oh!" said Claire, pouting. "I didn't know it was a costume dance."

Then Eva, looking around clearly for the first time—for, in her fright, everything had appeared as only a dizzy blur of lights and color and moving figures—saw that all the dancers were masked.

"How stupid!" Claire complained.

But Eva's heart gave a bound of relief. Since Gwynne's friends were masked, she would have an excuse for not recognizing them. If only she could get Oliver away before the unmasking began—how much she felt like Cinderella! The stroke of twelve—and the Prince would see her in rags.

"What time is it?" fretted Claire. "Haven't they had supper yet? Surely they aren't going to keep on those silly masks all evening. I never heard of anything so utterly stupid. It's just like the Mobleys, don't you think so? They give such tiresome parties—where one has to do things! Like costumes or charades or something equally strenuous and provincial. Really, when I'm a guest I want to be entertained—not to have to furnish the entertainment! Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Mobley?" she cried enthusiastically, as a large lady in Puritan costume bore down upon them. "How perfectly sweet of you to let us come to your charming party. I was just asking Gwynne if she didn't think you always gave the most dreadfully clever parties!"

Mrs. Mobley pushed up the black velvet mask from her mild moon face and the round, good-natured eyes, which blinked in distress without their accustomed glasses

"Why, how did you know me?" she asked, with her childlike smile. "I've never worn this costume before. I didn't think anyone would know me."

"You are simply unmistakable, Mrs. Mobley—always."

"Oh, really? How nice of you. That's quite a compliment, isn't it? How are you, Gwynne dear?" She kissed Eva. "I am so glad to see you. I'm so glad you could come. Are you feeling better now, dear? I can't tell you how everyone's missed you. It was so sweet of you to come to me first. And to bring Mrs. Armitage too. But why aren't you dancing?"

"Because no one has asked us," said Claire pathetically. "Can't you make some of those simply horrible young men who are standing over there in a row—with dreadful masculine self-sufficiency—can't you make them come over and ask us?"

"But I'm sure I shan't have to make them," cried Mrs. Mobley, "once they know you are here. They can't have seen you."

"I am sure they have seen us perfectly. But I don't care whether they are forced to dance with me or not, just so I may dance. Do go and force them, dear Mrs. Mobley. You are such a perfect hostess."

"Please don't get anyone to dance with me, Mrs. Mobley," said Eva quickly. "I think I shall just go and sit down somewhere, quietly, all by myself—if I may—if you don't mind ——"

She raised appealing blue eyes to Mrs. Mobley.

"Why, you poor child!" exclaimed the motherly, good-natured hostess. "You are looking quite pale. I hope you haven't ventured out too soon after your illness. Perhaps you'd better go upstairs and lie down. Just run along up to my room, Gwynne; you know the way."

Eva hesitated. And while she wavered—longing to seek the safe retreat offered her, but nonplused at being supposed to know her own way about the large, rambling house—a tall, thin young man in cavalier costume swooped down upon her, literally snatched her up in his arms and sailed away with her, like a hawk with a chicken, dancing much too fast, and throwing Eva completely out of step with his rapid and intricate motions.

"Oh, do please stop a minute!" she panted, tripping over his feet.

He stopped abruptly against a wall, and pushing up his mask, glared at her. He was very young.

"Be yourself, Gwynne!" he commanded sternly. "Have you forgotten everything I taught you last Christmas? Good night! You better look out, or pretty soon you'll be dancing like a married woman."

"You started off too fast. And I don't feel like dancing," faltered Eva.

"You don't feel like dancing!" he crowed. "That's a good one."

"I've been ill, you know."

"Be Yourself, Gwynne!" He Commanded Sternly. "Have You Forgotten Everything I Taught You Last Christmas?"

He gave her a skeptical smile.

"Is that your new line, Gwynne?" he asked sarcastically. "I've heard about it. But I must say it doesn't make a hit with me. Health's the note today, me girl. Fainting heroines went out last century. What are you trying to do—make yourself old-fashioned enough for Oliver?"

"It's awfully hot and crowded in here," she replied. "And we're in everyone's way. Don't you think we'd better sit down?"

"Sweet papa! I don't come to a dance to rest my feet."

"Then dance with someone else, won't you? And let me ——"

"Look here, Gwynne! I'm about fed up with the way you're treating me!" he exclaimed angrily. "First you break a date with me in New York, when you knew I came down from college just to see you—and the Follies. And now I'm home for a few days, I think you might ——"

"If we are going to talk, let's go outside," said Eva, choosing what she thought the lesser danger.

"Let's!" he agreed enthusiastically. "Gosh, Gwynne, I feel sentimental seeing you again, old girl! Come on. The Mobleys ought to have a lover's lane tucked away somewhere. Let's prowl around and find it."

"Oh, I didn't mean ——"

"No, come on!" he ordered, taking her arm in a firm grip. "You started something. You've got to finish it."

He marched her out of the room.

"Where's Gwynne going?" asked Oliver, observing Eva's departure.

"Gwynne?" replied Aunt Fannie carelessly, without stopping in her nimble dance steps. "Whom do you mean, Oliver?"

"Whom do I mean?" he asked, perplexed, swinging Aunt Fannie smoothly around a corner. "Why, Gwynne! She just went out of that door."

Aunt Fannie turned her head, still dancing seriously, and watched Eva and her escort as they went down the hall. Then she turned her face up to Oliver.

"That girl is not Gwynne," said Aunt Fannie.

"Not Gwynne!" cried Oliver, stopping short in the middle of the floor. "Don't be ridiculous, Aunt Fannie. How could it be anyone but Gwynne?"

"I know it's ridiculous," replied Aunt Fannie calmly. "And of course I know it couldn't be. But it isn't, just the same."

XXXI

AFTER half an hour, Oliver found Eva on the stairs behind a large palm, innocently engaged in eating lemon sherbet; while her fierce young companion was devouring a chocolate ice and a lady finger with childlike pleasure.

"Hello, Oliver," said the young man. "The Mobleys have a perfectly beastly house. This is the best lover's lane we could find. And an awfully thin palm at that. Gosh! Wouldn't you think people would think about those things when they're building?"

"Probably they didn't have you in mind when they planned their house," said Oliver pleasantly. "As that was years before you were born, my boy."

"Nasty remark, I calls that. But just remember that Gwynne belongs to my generation, not yours."

"And this dance belongs to me, and not to you," replied Oliver. "Doesn't it, Gwynne?"

Eva smiled at him.

"You didn't ask me for a dance."

"Of course I did. At Aunt Fannie's."

"Oh!" said Eva, blushing. "I—remember."

The young man stared at them in amazement.

"Say, Oliver, you've got a nerve—butting in like this. And you a mere husband."

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There is a double satisfaction in the purchase of a *whole* Premium Ham—that of getting ham assuredly fine and tender—and getting it at a lower price per pound.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Make sure it's Premium

(Continued from Page 34)

"You'll outgrow it, son," said Oliver kindly. "Cynicism always attacks us in college."

He held out his hand to Eva. She took it, and he pulled her to her feet, and as she wavered a little on the stairs, his arm went out to steady her.

"What rotten bad taste!" snorted the boy.

"Come on, Gwynne," said Oliver. "They're playing a waltz for us—by request."

"Ye gods—a waltz! How middle-aged. Are you really going to leave me cold, Gwynne?"

Eva smiled at the boy over her shoulder, as she went down the stairs.

"I'm sorry," she said softly, "but you see I must obey—my husband."

"I'm through with you forever!" he shouted melodramatically, and plunged again into his chocolate ice.

Oliver looked at Eva curiously, as his arm went round her, and they began to dance. Not for a moment had he taken Aunt Fannie's assertion seriously, nor did he even think that she meant it seriously—he regarded it only as Aunt Fannie's emphatic way of saying that she disapproved of the great change that had come over Gwynne. Yet the suggestion that this soft, shy, yielding girl in his arms was not his wife held a curious piquancy which troubled and surprised Oliver.

He had always loved Gwynne, never been seriously interested in any other woman; it was only Gwynne he wanted to love him—why, for years he had done everything in his power to make her love him!—and yet to imagine that this girl was not Gwynne gave him a curious pleasure, a strange sense of adventure.

He remembered the remark of a very happily married woman—that the success of her marriage was due entirely to the strength of her imagination.

And now it seemed to Oliver that he understood what she meant.

He knew the inalienable, ineradicable preference of all his tastes for Gwynne—so absurdly strong a prejudice in her favor that he could not think dark women pretty, nor short women graceful, nor of fat women at all without a shudder. So just because this girl was really Gwynne, he could find a romantic pleasure in pretending that she was someone else. And aiding his imagination in this self-deception was her new personality, the self that had blossomed out shyly and sweetly in the last few weeks, as if at last Gwynne—the real Gwynne—were answering his long need of her, becoming what he had for so long wanted her to be; miraculously changing, and yet miraculously remaining the same.

He had waited and hoped so long, been so patient; was Gwynne falling in love with him at last? At the thought his heart quickened a beat, and his arm involuntarily tightened about Eva; and he looked down at her quickly, hoping to surprise that something fugitive in her expression which had just escaped him for the past few days. But, to his disappointment, the lids were lowered over her eyes, and her whole face was so calm that he could not believe she was thinking of him at all.

And as they glided smoothly to the slow strains of the waltz, dancing beautifully together, and not speaking at all, anyone watching them might have thought that they were bored.

"Shall we go home after this dance, Gwynne?" asked Oliver in a low tone.

Then she looked up at him for the first time, and there was something frightened in her eyes. And the little hand that he held in his own was cold.

"No! I—I think—I'd rather—stay," she whispered.

And a slow flush came up steadily into her cheeks.

And then a young man from the stag line broke in and bore Gwynne off in triumph, while Oliver watched, perplexed and angry. Claire came running up to him.

"What do you think!" she bubbled, all sparkling and elated. "My beau's here! Isn't that too lucky? He can take me home. So you needn't bother. Aren't you glad? Thanks so much for bringing me, Oliver dear, or I shouldn't have seen him at all this evening. Wasn't he a naughty boy, though, not to tell me he'd been invited? I'd have come much earlier if I'd only known."

She ran away, seeking him.

Oliver went outside. The moon had gone down. And the sky looked dreary.

"Is everyone on earth hopelessly in love?" thought Oliver bitterly.

What a fool he had been to imagine that Gwynne could ever learn to care for him! As big a fool as Claire with her youthful beau. "Gwynne belongs to my generation." The boy's words stung him. That was why she wanted to stay and dance with those asinine young men! Was it only a matter of time until her utter indifference to him would change into love for someone else? The very thought filled Oliver with such black despair and rage that he wanted to lay violent hands on something, tear something fine and delicate, destroy something that was precious to him. For the first time in his life he hated Gwynne. And it gave him great pleasure.

She Handed the Telegram to Oliver. "It Must be a Mistake," He Said. "They Must Have Sent You Someone Else's Message"

XXXII

DAY was breaking when the last guests left the Mobleys', and Eva and Oliver drove away the very last, and apparently most reluctant, of all the revelers. Eva leaned back against the cushions, looking rather pale and tired, but still extremely pretty and tremendously happy.

"I never had such a good time in my life," she sighed contentedly.

"So I observed," remarked Oliver dryly. "You were quite the belle of the ball."

He sat stiffly upright in his corner. Eva looked at him in astonishment. Then she stole a quick glance in the mirror, and hastily powdered her nose, and coaxed a loose strand of hair back into place.

"I look perfectly awful," she murmured apologetically.

"On the contrary," he replied, without relaxing his pose.

They drove a little way in silence. Oliver stared rigidly through the glass at his chauffeur's correct back. Eva stole shy glances at Oliver.

"Are you—are you angry about anything, Oliver?" she asked finally, in a very low voice.

He gave her a coldly surprised stare.

"Angry? Why should I be angry?"

"I—don't know. I just thought you might be—maybe."

"What a ridiculous idea."

"Well—I'm glad you're—not."

"I didn't know you minded making me angry, Gwynne."

"Oh, but I do! I would. I mean—if you were angry."

"Really, Gwynne?"

"Yes."

"You never have minded, before."

"Oh—but I—I don't want you to be angry—with me—now, Oliver."

"Why have you changed?"

"I haven't!"

"Sometimes I think that you have. And then you disappoint me again."

"Disappoint you?"

"Yes. Why did you want to stay?"

"To stay?"

"Tonight? Why did you want to dance with all those young men?"

"But you—you didn't ask me to dance again."

"I know—but you—I thought—I wanted to be alone with you!" he burst out miserably. "I didn't want you there in that crowd. And you wanted to stay."

He was close to her, his face fierce and imperative. She swayed toward him weakly, and a sudden lurch of the car threw them in each other's arms.

"Oh! You mustn't," said Eva faintly. "You must let me go."

But she clung to him.

"I love you. I love you so much," he whispered. "And you wanted to stay and dance with those idiots!"

The car stopped. They drew away from each other.

"Sorry, sir, about that jolt," apologized Tomkins, opening the door. "The workmen or someone must have dropped a big stone on the road ——"

"Never mind," said Oliver, smiling. He looked at Eva as she got out of the car. She was pale and breathing very quickly, and would not look at him.

"Don't let's go inside just yet," said Oliver gently, as the car rolled away from them down the drive. "Come into the rose garden for a moment. The roses never smell so nice as in the very early morning."

"Oh, yes," said Eva. "I know."

"You know?" He smiled down at her in surprise. "When were you ever up early enough to find out?"

(Continued on Page 104)

SUPERIOR performance had made the Hupmobile especially conspicuous among motor cars, even before the coming of this new series.

Performance in the new Hupmobile is distinctly and materially improved, so that the car is even quicker in get-away and pick-up, even steadier in straight going, and decidedly more powerful in its entire speed range.

This definite enhancement of Hupmobile value is big enough and important enough to engage the serious attention of every motor car buyer this fall.

Hupmobile designers recognize that winter comfort in a touring car or roadster is almost entirely dependent on the side curtains, and they have gone great lengths to provide maximum comfort.

The curtains of the new Hupmobile do far more than open with the doors. They fit so perfectly, and are held in place so firmly, that one is hardly conscious of the cold, raw wind outside.

The curtains are metal-framed and are always taut and trim—completely assembled, with no rods to select or adjust, and always ready for attachment at a moment's notice. They are stowed flat—never rolled—in a special pocket at the back of the front seat, so that the lights are not scratched or broken.

All their fastenings are so arranged that the curtains can always be put in place without the driver or any passenger leaving the car.

But even such comfort and convenience are of small consequence unless accompanied by the staunch reliability and the much finer performance of the new Hupmobile.

Our engineers have increased not only the power but the economy of the famous Hupmobile engine. They have given fine performance a new and higher meaning, and they have built longer years of life into the sturdy chassis.

If you are sincerely desirous of getting the most for your money—if you have not yet seen the longer, larger, more beautiful new Hupmobile—we urge you to inspect it closely and ride in it before you buy any car.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Man of Affairs

AFTER Andrew W. Mellon, of Pennsylvania, had been in the cabinet of President Harding as Secretary of the Treasury for a few months it began to dawn on his chief, his cabinet colleagues, and those who otherwise came in official contact with him that here was a man of affairs; indeed, that here was a man of an astonishing multitude of affairs and an amazing diversity.

It had been known that Mr. Mellon was a great banker in Pittsburgh before he went into the Treasury, but there were few who suspected, aside from those intimately associated with him or of equal magnitude elsewhere in his own line of business, how great a Pittsburgh banker he was. Further, there were none who learned of the details from anything Mr. Mellon said on the subject. Newspapers printed sketches of him and his picture now and then, but the fact that he was a leading Pittsburgh banker when he accepted Mr. Harding's offer of the Treasury portfolio was about the gist of it all.

And after he arrived in Washington there were no blurbs, no trumpeting of publicity men, none of the usual blah-blah. A slight, shy, silent man dropped in at the Treasury on the afternoon of March 4, 1921, sat down at a desk and began to work. Having said nothing previous to his arrival, or upon his arrival, he continued along those nonconversational lines and said nothing after his arrival. To be known as a Pittsburgh banker suited him perfectly. He let it ride.

Somebody may have told President Harding of the extent and ramifications and variety of Mr. Mellon's interests before he shed them to go into the cabinet. Doubtless the President had an idea of it all, but that neither Mr. Harding nor the other cabinet members had even an approximation of the truth of it was shown by their increasing amazement when day after day new angles of the activities and participations of the modest Secretary of the Treasury developed. Because of our war loans and war financing; because of the ever-increasing demands of all the nations of the earth; because of the fierce determination of all peoples to consider this country the Lady Bountiful of the universe; because every governmental palm in every nation was stretched out to us; because we had the money and the rest of the world wanted it, hungered for it, schemed for it, pleaded for it or tried to requisition it; because the war and its aftermath left us entangled in one way or another in all sorts of international finance, and because, therefore, this brought us not only into governmental finance that was international in its scope but also into international business finance, there was rarely a day when some question touching the money end of either one or another of these situations did not come before the Administration. To say nothing of our own domestic financial problems, which were then, and are now, of sufficient bulk to be classed as colossal.

A Great Banker But No Politician

AS THE questions came up and it came the turn of the Secretary of the Treasury to speak of them it was discovered that there were few of the important ones he did not know about, first-hand, and by reason of having been a participant in them through his Pittsburgh banking activities, and his far-flung capacities as an investor and a director. It came to be a commonplace with the President and the cabinet that Mr. Mellon had been in everything before he took service with the state.

Two or three of the cabinet members were talking about this extraordinary spread of Mr. Mellon's operations, and they wondered if he was universal, as he seemed to be. One day, at a cabinet meeting, a question involving the Chinese Eastern Railway came up.

The rights of and ownerships of several nations were involved. The President leaned over to Attorney General Daugherty and whispered, "Now we've got him. Surely he wasn't in this.

"I don't suppose, Mellon," said President Harding, winking at Daugherty, and assuming a most casual manner, "that you were interested in the Chinese Eastern Railway, were you?

"Oh, yes," Mr. Mellon replied placidly; "we had a million or a million and a half of the bonds." And he told the cabinet all about the road; all about it—not part—all.

"It's no use," said the President, "no use. He's the ubiquitous financier of the universe."

As has been pointed out—a man of affairs.

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Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury

More than that, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, Andrew W. Mellon is the greatest Secretary of the Treasury the United States has had. If you examine a list of Secretaries of the Treasury since 1789, when Alexander Hamilton organized the department, you will find a list of almost fifty men who have held the place, and among these some financiers, but more politicians. If you make a more careful study you will find that even the financiers, in most instances, were fully as political as they were financial.

There are men on the list that were noted in their day: Gallatin, Dallas, Taney, Ewing, Corwin, Dix, Chase, Fessenden, McCulloch, John Sherman, Windom, Gresham, Carlisle, not to trench upon those of the living who have held the place. Admitting the genius of Hamilton and the value of his constructive work on our rudimentary governmental financial system at the birth of the republic, there is none of these who was so completely the master of finance as Mellon. Nor any, of course, who had problems one-tenth the size and complexity of his problems since 1921. These, and the others who held the place, were men of varied capabilities and of various achievements. Some are now classed as statesmen. Some were merely professional officeholders. Some were theorists. Some were practical bankers. But, with few exceptions, they were political in their origins, and partisan in their executions.

Mellon is none of these, save a practical banker. He is a financier, nothing else, and rather fittingly, too, in as much as he is at the head of the greatest financial institution in the world. His part has not been the spectacular borrowing of the billions to fight the war, but the enormous, exhausting, slogging labor of finding means to pay those billions back. He has had no excited patriotism, no frenzy of sentiment, no lure of propaganda, no blare of trumpets and trappings of war to aid him. His has been the drudgery of the cheerless days when the excitement has died, the taxes are to pay and the people are resentful of their imposts. The glory of the war to preserve the world from the imperialistic clutches of Germany has faded to the dismal rowen of a crucial international financial situation which all nations look to the United States to compose.

Not that the enormous work of raising the money to finance the war was not skillfully done by Mr. McAdoo and his aids; but it is one thing, and an exhilarating and an easy thing, to borrow thirty billions of dollars from a rich and patriotic and impassioned people, and to loan a third of those billions to a band of allies with the grand gesture of inexhaustibility; but quite another thing, and a disagreeable and resented and difficult thing, to find the ways and means not only to repay the people who loaned the money but to induce the nations who had this vast participation in our resources to consider their borrowings as debts rather than gifts, and to refund those obligations so as to make payment even remotely possible.

The most extensive description Mr. Mellon ever gave of himself is that he is a banker by profession. That was beguiled from him by the compilers of the official biographies of the cabinet members that are printed in the Congressional Directory. It took time, but they got it. One business of a banker is to lend money. And the other business of a banker is to see that that money is paid back when it is due. The Secretary of the Treasury is the banker of the republic. Now Secretary Mellon is entirely in accord with his predecessors as to the policy of lending the world our ten billions of dollars during and after the war. That was imperative, and good banking in view of the circumstances.

Guardian of National Interests

BUT he is not in accord with some of the borrowers, and with many of his countrymen, some sentimental about it and some selfish about it, that this money need not be repaid; that it would be good policy to write off the debts, wash them out and start fresh. Not at all. Being a banker, and a great one, he holds that borrowed money is borrowed money, whether for use in a world war or for buying an automobile, and that the proper businesslike procedure for borrowers is to repay their borrowings, and with reasonable interest. It is a business proposition with him. Our Government borrowed that money from our people, and pledged itself to pay back that money, with use. The principal should be repaid when it is due, and the interest is regularly remitted. Wherefore, as the foreign governments borrowed internationally from our domestic borrowings, and as, in the last analysis, the people must repay themselves through the impost of taxes, why tax the American people again for the benefit of others, who, sooner or later, will be able to pay? Well, why?

No reason at all that Andrew W. Mellon can see. He is perfectly willing to go a long way in refunding, in making the burden as easy as it can be made; but his country, the country for which he is banker, lent the money, and he intends to see to it, so far as he is able, that his country gets that money back. That's banking. That's business. That's sense. And more than that, it is the American idea of the equities of the case. The borrowers do not look at it in that light. They call us money grabbers; they artfully appeal to our exalted spiritual sides; they exhibit their wounds; they say we are rich and can afford to lose the money; they condemn us as selfish, miserly materialists, and not altruists and idealists like themselves; they scorn us, and they cajole us; they revile us, and they flatter us. With the notable and honorable exception of Great Britain and one or two of the smaller nations, who are living straightforwardly up to their obligations, they do everything but repay us.

This Secretary of our Treasury is a quiet man, and a modest one. He gives the impression of a slender, self-effacing person who deprecates disturbance, loves tranquillity and does not care to assert himself. He seems almost deprecatory. But if, by chance, you are looking for a person in whom appearances are so deceptive as to be chimerical you may conclude your search when you reach Mellon. You may stop right there and be assured that there isn't a single one of these appearances that isn't bogus, save his modesty and his quiet. Andrew W. Mellon doesn't efface himself a quarter of an inch when he has a policy to set forth, a condition to meet, a problem to solve or an emergency to be tackled. He is not deprecatory to the extent of one "Excuse me" when he goes after something that is needed by the country. He doesn't give a hoot about tranquillity when he makes a statement to Congress. He hands that body the facts and his conclusions thereupon, and if Congress does not like what he has said Congress is out of luck. He's a slight, slender man, all right, but so is a steel shaft—slight and slender, but with considerable tensile strength—considerable.

When President Harding appointed Mr. Mellon to the Treasury portfolio there were two loud, distinct and

(Continued on Page 56)

Six-Cylinder Sport Touring
The Standard of Comparison

SIXES

Five Passenger Touring	$1295
Two Passenger Roadster	1275
Five Passenger Sedan	2095
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A MASTERPIECE of beauty, artistry and luxurious completeness, the 1924 six-cylinder Buick Sport Touring is unique in the distinctiveness and originality of its design. Its appearance, power and equipment make it an ideal and distinguished outing companion. Its automatically lubricated 70 H. P. valve-in-head engine provides a speed of sixty to seventy miles an hour. A new type of carburetor contributes greater smoothness and extraordinary acceleration. And so perfectly is the car controlled by its sturdy four-wheel brakes that safety, too, is one of its distinguishing features.

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
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Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

THE CLASS OF ONE

(Continued from Page 7)

the principle's the same, but you might as well get it right."

She laughed.

"Anyway, I'd give the whole world to live here," she says.

"That's easy," I told her. "Take up a claim. You could put up a little shack and preëmpt if you didn't want to homestead. The catawampuses ain't nearly so bad as they used to be, and it's been a year or two since anybody was attackted by a brimstinger in this section."

"I'm used to them," she said. "We call them foo-foos and grimblechecks in Iowa. But quit fooling, Mr. Stegg, and tell me about preëmptions. Isn't that a house—that little dot in the—gulch, isn't it?"

"It looks like a claim shack," I told her. "There's water up that gulch and it opens into a park the Hash Knife outfit cuts for hay once in a while. They probably got one of their boys to take up the claim and bought him out after he had proved up. As to preëmptions ——"

I told her all about preëmptions.

One fine, elegant day about the last of July, Billy Triblow of the Hash Knife came jogging into town all by his lonesome and slipped out of his saddle at my barn. I thought a heap of Billy for several reasons, the main one being that I just naturally took to him. He wasn't what you'd call winsome in his looks, being thin faced, with high cheek bones, and a bony nose that curved from the bridge outward, and farther outward than most noses, which gave him somewhat the aspects of a hard citizen. His eyes was blue, with the upper lids sort of drooped at the corners, and his mouth set tight and serious under a little tow-colored mustache and over a pointed chin. Most generally a fair-complected person tans red, similar to a beet or a blush rose; but Billy was burned about the color of an Indian to half an inch above his eyebrows. Then when he took his hat off you saw an extra-high, straight-up forehead that was as white as the rest of his face was black, and on top a crop of light, short, tight, curling hair. Broad shouldered, cat-hammed and long legged—that was Billy. Mighty little to say and you'd have thought he had mighty little to do—when he wasn't doing nothing.

That wasn't often, though, and when he was in action he reminded a person strongly of one of these here humdingers that you hear tell of.

One time I was talking to Jim Hamilton, the Hash Knife foreman, about him.

"If there's anything Billy don't savvy, I'd like right well for somebody to tell me what it is and I'd thank 'em kindly," says Hamilton; "because," says he, "it would give me a chance to post up on whatever it was beforehand and then act superior to him. He can ride better than a Monterey greaser and follow a trail and read sign better than an Indian; he could stand you sideways and snip the buttons off your vest, shooting offhand, in the dark and with his eyes shut—if you'd stand still. Yes, sir, he could. He can do more things with a rope than a sailor, and handle an ax like a lumberjack. Give that boy a deck of cards and a silver dollar to start him off and he could bust up any sink of iniquity, gilted or plain, that ever run a poker game. But he won't! No, sir. It wouldn't be no fun for him with no chance of losing, and it sure wouldn't be no fun for the other fellow. That's the way he looks at it. He's crazy of course. Sometime I look for him to give a loud yelp and start foaming at the mouth and snapping at people."

"Crazy like an old dog fox," I remarks. "Simple as Solomon."

"If you don't think so lemme tell you something else," says Jim. "This is on the dead too—between me and you. When Watts come down from Omaha last spring and let Stevens out of the job I'm at present ornamenting and holding down, he offered that same job to Billy first. And Billy turned it down cold—at a hundred a month! Yes, sir. Why? Sensiblest kind of a reason. He just allowed he didn't want to boss nobody. Why, suffering catastrophes! He bosses everybody on the ranch, including me! Not in a bossy way, but we all take his advice. Now why wouldn't he take that job?" He looks at me solemn and impressive and taps me on the chest. "Why?" he repeats. "Why refuse a clear gift of sixty dollars per month and a padded chair and pump and power? Well, I wouldn't say this to nobody but you, because you're a friend of his and I'm a friend of his; but my idee is that Billy's right name is prob'bly the Duke of Sumpun and he run away from his ancestral home when young enough to learn to speak United States. You put a pair of these here baggy pants on Billy and stick an eyeglass in his eye—well, then it's either that or he's wanted where he come from and he's a-shunning the fierce white light that beats about a big cow outfit's foreman. Not that I care, and I'd do my best to throw any sheriff off his track—or else he's crazy like I said. You tell me why, then."

I couldn't tell him then. It wasn't no use asking Billy himself how come, anyway. I'm mentioning all this about Billy Triblow because I want you to understand the kind of person he was. When he come into my stable that day I was kind of surprised when I seen, by signs and tokens that nobody else wouldn't maybe have noticed, that Billy had something on his mind besides his business. I reckoned he had, anyway; still, after he'd helped me put up his horse and we had gone to Ma Frush's for a firm foundation for a couple of drinks at Mike Moran's, and had got them down and I had got back to the barn, I wondered if I hadn't been mistaken for once in my life; because while we had gassed easy and sociable as usual it was only about this and that, with no illusions or references to t'other. It wasn't until he come back to the barn and saddled up and turned his stirrup to climb his horse that the milk comes out of the coconut.

"Who's the new schoolma'am?" he asks me.

"What new schoolma'am?" I asked him.

"Cedar Cañon," says he, taking his foot out of the stirrup. "As I come a-past the schoolhouse, seemed to me that there was a lady in there I never seen before, and she appeared to be instructing of the scholars as near as I could make out."

"Pretty hard to tell with the schoolhouse a quarter of a mile off the trail and the door shut," I says. "Maybe you was in error, Billy."

"I rode up and sort of looked in through the window," he says, untying his slicker and beginning to tie it up again.

"Oh!" says I. "Sure! Yes, that was probably Miss Mattie Witherspoon, a particular friend of mine. So you sort of looked in. Didn't kind of walk in and address the scholars in a few well-chosen words, did you?"

"I sure didn't," he replied. "What do you take me for?"

"I thought maybe you took a sort of interest as a citizen and a poll-tax payer in the way the school affairs was being run and conducted," I told him. "Like Melville Woburn does, for instance. Visitors is always welcome and Miss Mattie would have given you a chair up by her desk."

"Like hell she would!" says Billy. He looped the bridle over his arm and started to roll a cigarette. "Seemed like a real smart lady," he says, "with them eyeglasses. I reckon she knows a heap more than a, b, abs. I judge she would. She knows enough to learn them kids reading and writing and arithmetic all they want, I'll bet a horse on that."

"You win," I says. "She could teach 'em history and geography and gastronomy and entymology and chronology all they want—and a heap more. I wouldn't put anything past her."

"I judged so," says Billy. He drew in a couple of lungfuls from his cigarette and let them out in a long smoky sigh. "And she's a friend of yours?" he says.

"Ours is a warm, close friendship," I answers him. "It's one of these ideal blameless and beautiful friendships based on mutual respect and forbearance, and strengthened by us not meeting real frequent."

"I reckon that would strengthen it some," says Billy. "I reckon —— Well, tell me about her."

I told him all I knew, good measure.

"You'd better maybe take the bridle off your cayuse and let him be eating," I suggests to him presently.

"No," says he, "I'll be hitting the breeze. Be good—and say, I'll take it as a favor if you wouldn't mention me listen—being outside there this morning. She might think it a liberty."

"A herd of wild horses won't drag it out of me," I told him.

"I don't mind you confidin' it to no horses so long as you keep your mouth shut when folks is around," says he.

I reckon it was a couple of weeks after that Miss Mattie comes to me and tells me that there's a catawampus or a brimstinger, she don't know which, a-lurking and prowling around the schoolhouse sort of surreptitious while she is a-fulfilling of her duties; and was it a close season on brimstingers, or could a person whang away at 'em with a person's trusty pearl-handled twenty-two without incurring the pains and penalties of the law in them cases made and provided?

She was laughing, but I could see she was some worried, and I asked her to give me specifications and particulars.

"It's like this," says she: "I don't like to tell Simmy or Lucia about it, because Lucia'd make a fuss and Simmy'd maybe do something murderous and brutal, and it might end up by me having to quit my job. And then I've filed on my preëmption claim, and the hut—the shack, isn't it?—well, that's nearly finished, and I don't want them telling me I can't go out and stay there, because I'm going to, brimstingers or no brimstingers. You see how it is, don't you?"

"Partly," I says. "I'm with you so far, but you've got quite a piece of a way to go yet."

"Oh, yes," says she. "Well, one morning I happened to look up at the window and I seen something outside that kind of ducked down out of sight. It sort of puzzled me for a moment, but I concluded maybe I'd fancied it, and didn't think no more about it. Then a day or two later it happened again, and I got up and went to the door. I didn't see a single solitary thing, but I heard rocks a-rolling down in that little dry gulch—you know. I went back to my desk and after a little I thought I heard a horse a-galloping off."

"That's what it was," I told her. "Horses is mighty inquisitive. They like to know what's a-going on, and at the same time they're shy. Schoolhouses is particular interesting to 'em too. One horse I paid two bits to see in Omaha had been a-prowling around schoolhouses so much he'd got able to pick out the letters of the alphabet with his near front hoof. A sort of a dapple-gray he was, with a white mane. Was what you seen a dapple-gray color, sort of?"

"No," says she; "I got a pretty good look at him yesterday, and he was a sort of a kind of a light bay where he wasn't red. He was a-walking right hurried in a direction spang away from me on his hind legs, which was arrayed in these here décolleté leather—er—trousers that seems to be fashionable for the gentlemen here to wear a-riding. His mane was a sort of a yellowish white, though—roached—where it showed under his hat."

"You mean to say he was a human?" I asked her.

"Well, part human, anyway," she makes answer.

"Didn't seem to be grazing none?"

"Not him," says she. "No, it was a man, Mr. Stegg, and I know right well that he'd been peeking through the window twice before, anyway. He may be crazy. I ain't scary, myself, and he seemed to be scared of me, for that matter; still, it ain't pleasant to think of a crazy man poking and prying around. What would you do?"

I told her I thought she might be justified in turning loose with her deadly weapon, but I thought she wouldn't have to. I said I thought I knew who it was and I'd speak to him about it.

Of course she wanted to know who it was, and I told her I thought it must be Percival Powhatan Pinswallow of the Powderpuff Ranch, and he was a nice boy and no crazier than most folks, only he was extra fond of children and would ride miles out of his way to watch 'em a-sporting and a-playing. Mattie, she allowed that it was an awful funny name and might account for a good deal; but there was one of her little scholars, Luther Green, who always carried a carbine to school with his lunch; and little Luther, who loved his teacher dearly, would doubtless be glad to help out her twenty-two with his own armament if so requested; wherefore, she hoped that Mr. Pinswallow would be persuaded to keep away.

Well, we left it so. A day or two after that Dad Adams took sick, and I drove the mail out to Seminole for him, carrying Miss Mattie along and dumping her at Cedar Cañon schoolhouse. I'd just got out onto the flat when I seen one of these here solitary horsemen jogging along towards me. He seen me about the same time, and right away he left the trail and headed north in a considerable of a hurry. I pulled up my team and let out a whoop or two that checked him, and, following that by distress signals, I brought him up close enough to converse with.

"I allowed I'd warn you that you're a-courting a violent and bloody death if you don't keep away from the schoolhouse down the cañon," I told him.

"Is that so?" says he. He tried to say it easy, but it took him most too sudden. "I'll keep it in mind if ever I take a notion to ride that way, which ain't at all likely," he said. "I done indulged my curiosity once," says he. "I told you about that, didn't I?"

"Sure," I makes reply. "It was them succeeding fifteen times you indulged it that you didn't tell me about."

"Them whiskers of yours is all that prevents you from being a bare-faced liar," says he. "I ain't been there no fifteen times."

I said we'd make it twelve then—or, say, ten; but that was ten too many. Then I went on and told him what Miss Mattie had told me and what I'd told her. He seemed a heap grieved about it.

"You tell her that Mr. Pinswallow wouldn't have had it happened not for no money or other conducements or compensations," says he. "You can say that Mr. Pinswallow happened to be a-passing on genuine bona-fidy personal business connected with himself and his own honest-to-goodness private affairs, and he may have lingered, just sort of—just as a person might—but that it wouldn't happen again."

"What was this here private business of yours?" I asked him.

"Why, you bleary-eyed bat, what's the matter with you?" says he, smiling. "Ain't your vision equal to the discernment of the Hon. William Triblow's country residence looming up on his three-hundred-and-twenty-acre estate a mile west of the school section? Ain't a man got a right to visit his own property and see whether the head gardener is attending to the roses and the pop corn in good shape? Well, I reckon!"

"You mean to say that the cabin at the head of the draw is yours?" I asked him.

"That's whatever," he replies. "Didn't you know it? Best little old ranch in the foothills. Plenty of water and good grass."

"I didn't know it was yours," I says. "Anyway, if I was you, and my early education had been neglected, I wouldn't try to improve it by snooping around outside no schoolhouse window."

I stopped there, because Billy spurred his horse right up to the wheel of the buckboard, and from the blaze in his eyes and the red in his face I allowed that I'd have to give my undivided attention to ways and means of self-defense.

It was the quickest and ugliest change in a man I ever seen.

"What would you do?" he said in a choked sort of voice.

I happen to have quit packing a gun for some years excepting on special occasions, but I got a grip on the limber end of my loaded blacksnake and I figured that I could swing it about as quick as he could get his hand on his pistol butt.

"I'd get acquainted with a good-looking schoolma'am and coax her into taking a class of one," I says, holding his eyes tolerable watchful.

He kept up his glare a moment or two, and then all of a sudden, as quick as it had got angry, his face cleared and broke across in a grin.

"I reckon I'm a might sensitive on this here subject, Steggy," he says. "I feel I've been a heap to blame, scaring the lady, and I ain't never been no hand to snoop. It's something I despise, and I'd as soon you called me the worst you could lay your tongue to as a snooper. But I reckon you understand it was account of her that I—you understand, I didn't mean—of course, she's a mighty good-looking young lady and—and I reckon you understand."

"I reckon I understand," I says. "I'll tell you something else now: You're a-going to have a neighbor pretty soon."

(Continued on Page 42)

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It is your protection against imitations. Be sure to look for it when you buy.

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He got his neighbor within a couple of weeks. Lucia and Simmy went out with her for a couple of nights, but Miss Mattie wouldn't have that. She was going to be free and independent, s' far as a lady ought; and what she'd always hankered for and never got was her own exclusive society where she could commune with Nature, if she had a mind to, and go around in a loose wrapper any time in the day. She wasn't sugar nor salt, and nobody wasn't going to run off with her, and if they did they'd be mighty glad to let her drop when they seen what they'd got; and anyway, she had her pistol and could shoot it off now without shutting her eyes.

Well, it ended by Simmy getting her a dog for protection. He was part mastiff and part timber wolf, with a strain of hell-hound. They had him up to Pine Ridge when McGillicuddy was agent to protect the store, but they had to keep him on a log chain account of his appetite for red meat. He'd take as much as a couple of pounds at a bite, and most generally from some place where it would be badly missed, and a tomahawk never made a dent in his hide. He never ate off a white person, though, unless provoked, and he took a great notion to Miss Mattie, and her to him. She called him Fido. Most generally he had been called something that a lady couldn't be expected to call him. Stray visitors, or intending visitors, who approached the shack for a drink of water or the like, turned square around as soon as they got a glimpse of Fido, concluding that they wasn't so dry as they formerly thought they was.

So there she was, all fixed. Her and Nature and Fido, with twenty acres of soil ripped up for her to plant squaw corn on while she was resting. Dad Adams gave her a hail every morning and evening as he passed when she was staying out there, and she walked back and forth to the schoolhouse and had a whale of a time.

Once or twice I wondered if Billy Triblow had been paying her any neighborly calls after she got settled; but Jim Hamilton told me that he had sent him and Rodney Palmer to the Bellefourche after a bunch of Hash Knife horses that had strayed up that-a-way, and it was while he was gone that Sim and Lucia Broderick fixed it up to give this here function of theirs that started all the trouble.

Seemed like that excepting for a shindig over at Ike Webb's, on Calico Flat, there hadn't been no hop-light revelries since Mattie had come to town, and that one come off the same night as the Methodist ladies had their supper. I reckon that Lucia and Mattie both would sooner have took in the dance, but it would have made talk. As it was, Lucia's standing in the church hadn't been none too firm and solid since she had let Simmy take her out to one or two of the ranch swarries, where she had shook a conscience-struck foot in the Virginia Reel and even sunk as low as the Sicilian Circle. Anyway, Lucia allowed that Mattie ought to see a dance, whether or no, and that if Simmy and her gave a reception at the house and Mat Bingham happened to be there with his fiddle, and if some of the young folks wanted to take a little exercise while he played, why, she didn't see how it was anybody else's business; and as far as the school trustees was concerned, she knew one thing—that Mel Woburn wouldn't make no kick, and he was the whole board, come right down to it.

So the word was passed along—a general invite, and it was understood that it was going to be some doings. The day before it was pulled off Walt Knowlton done a land-office business in his gents' clothing and outfitting store; and Miss Druce, Robes, had been busy with all the sewing help she could get for a week or two, to say nothing of all the cutting and basting and fitting and trimming that was a-going on in every home that was adorned with one or more females not bedrid. Lucia and Mattie wasn't idle about that time, either. I heard Lucia's sewing machine a-going one night I was passing away after ten o'clock, and for the time being the squaw corn on the claim was plumb neglected. Last of all come the cooking, and when I tell you that there was darned near enough ham sandwiches and deviled eggs and angel cake and coffee and lemonade for the whole blamed crowd that come you can get some idea of the way them two women humped themselves and the grocery bills Simmy had to pay.

Well, as the fellow says, the fateful evening arrived. I'd been extra busy in the barn all afternoon, and my corral was plumb full of rigs and what horses I couldn't accommodate inside, so the doings at Simmy's had pretty well started by the time I got around to make my twilight. I'd cleaned myself good and got inside of my boiled shirt and other gladsome garments and was a-slicking my hair at the looking-glass in my private boudoir when I heard some son of a gun a-clumping into the barn. I hollered for him to turn his plug into the corral and help himself to hay, and went on with what I was a-doing. Pretty soon I seen from the mirror the form and features of Billy Triblow a-standing in the doorway.

"Oh, pretty, pretty!" he gurgles. "Ain't he sweet! And who is it, I wonder? Handsome stranger, can you tell me anything of the whereabouts and locality of a disreputatious looking person, name of Stegg, who misconducts this here establishment? I allowed I heard his voice just now, but—why, dog me if it ain't Stegg! Or is it? Can it be?"

He dodged the hairbrush I throwed at him—and I throwed it straight and hard and quick. It's my belief that he could have dodged a streak of lightning. Right celerious that boy was.

"You dropped your brush," says he, picking it up off the floor with a finger and thumb and looking at it like it was a curiosity. "Sure it is a brush and you've been a-using of it on what's left of your hair! Well, well! Tell me about it, Steggy. It ain't Ma Frush, is it? Well, there ain't nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. But you need a little powder on your nose, dearie. Noses ain't wore with a high polish no more in the best circles. What you want is a domestic finish on it, specially if you're a-contemplating domestic joys. Let me fix it for you."

He started to take liberties and finished up on the flat of his back, me having the assistance of the Castile soap I'd left on the floor and which he trod on as I wrastled him.

"Make any more breaks like that and I'll do more than waller you," I told him. "Get up now and tell me the reason why you ain't got no wedding garment on yourself."

"Why would I?" says he. "You didn't tell me nothing about your nuptials and I'm just in from the Bellefourche."

Well, he hadn't heard a word about Simmy's party. As soon as I told him he scraped up the soap off the floor and got him a bucket of water and shed his shirt.

"You don't mean to go the way you are," I says.

"Why, no," says he. "I'm disrobing so as to apply the soap and water to myself without no hindrance. I aim to put my shirt on again before I start out. Give me room if you don't want to get splashed."

Abe Walker, my deputy, come in just then to take charge; so, as I hadn't got no time to waste, I left Billy a-splashing and meandered over to the Broderick mansion, thinking as I went that if it wasn't for the proprieties and the sensation it would probably create the boy wouldn't 'a' cut no such a sorry figure with his shirt off. I often think what a boon and a blessing shirts and pants and sech is to most white men, and what a drawback they are to most Injuns—the Sioux, anyway.

It was a glittering and a dazzling sight at Simmy's. The only trouble was that the house was small for the crowd, and the main room was all of eighteen by thirty. Seemed to me I'd never seen so many pretty girls under one roof. There wasn't a single solitary lady that you wouldn't have said was right lovely and beautiful, unless you looked too darned close and critical at a few of them here and there—and they wasn't so worse. A man gets fooled every time that-a-way at dances and picnics. Them as ain't no spring chickens look like they might be right tender eating, anyway; the scrawny ones are a heap more plumped out if your eyes don't deceive you, and them as is fleshy ain't no more than reasonable proportioned and real light on their feet, considering, and the dresses they're wearing are mighty becoming. And you take just the sparkle in their eyes and the color in their cheeks, to say nothing of them pink and blue ribbons and that fluffy stuff and the green beads, and you're sure hard to please if you ain't suited. The boys, too—it's certainly surprising how different they look when they're slicked up. Simmy, for instance. You couldn't blame Lucia for looking proud of him, and I'll say there was some admiring glances throwed in my direction that I don't think was unjustified.

But you ought to have seen Miss Mattie Witherspoon. I grant you that she was wearing them nose glasses, but I'll be switched if somehow they didn't look well on her. Talk about bright eyes and rosy cheeks! Mamma! And her dress, while it wasn't what you'd call low neck, wasn't high neck, either. Not to hide her throat, which reminded me of Annie Laurie's, because it wasn't nothing like a swan's, being thicker and not so long, but just long and thick enough for a woman her size, and as white and smooth as white satin. As for the dress itself, all I can tell you is that it was white, too, but soft and frilly and a-plenty of lace onto it; right different from the starched shirt waist that she wore most of the time, so that she looked like another person. She acted like another person, too, smiling and laughing forty to the dozen; and the boys was hanging around her at various distances, like hornets round a honey pot, prominent among them buzzing being Mel Woburn. You couldn't say that she was an elegant dancer, this being her first dance, seemed like; and while Lucia's been teaching her all she knew, Lucia didn't know a heap herself, and Miss Mattie got mixed up a-considerable. Still and all she was pretty to watch, even when she got the worst tangled up—maybe some prettier.

I reckon I'd been there the best part of an hour before I seen Billy Triblow. He'd found my old razor somewheres and done surprising well with it; and, moreover, I reco'nized a blue flannel shirt of mine with real tasty pearl buttons that I was always sort of choice of, keeping it in my war sack for occasions that didn't exactly demand a b'iled garment but was still special. Another part of my wardrobe was a bright-blue silk necktie that hadn't been wore but once since a lady gave it to me for Christmas, and Billy had got that. His pants was total strangers to me; but wherever he stole them, they was a big improvement on what he'd been a-wearing, and they was belted in tight at the waist. His boots was his own; but being blacked and shined and as good, well-fitting boots as twenty-five dollars will put on a pair of high-arched slender feet, they wasn't no disgrace to the floor; and, taking him up and down, I'd say Billy looked right well.

I wasn't the only person that thought so, either. I could see that he was getting more than one invite to dance that was plainer than words, and pretty soon he let Pearl Whitman coax him up and slip the bridle on for a *paseur* in one of the two sets that was using up the last of the space in the kitchen. One more couple was wanted, so I hooked on to Vannie Streator and filled in opposite him and Pearl; and when we'd promenaded the ladies to their seats I took him off to one side and told him how sorry I was that we wasn't more of a size from the waist down.

"Don't apologize," he says, without so much as a blush. "Your poverty ain't no disgrace, and I couldn't take no more than what you got. Abe rustled these here nether garments for me. He got the coat, too, only I busted the shoulder seams trying to get it on.

"But that's neither here nor there," he goes on. "What I want of you is to give me a knock-down to that particular friend of yours, Miss Mattie Witherspoon. Any friend of yours had ought to be a friend of mine, and, knowing me like you do, it can't be nothing but a pleasure to you to make us acquainted."

"Knowing you like I do, I ain't so sure of that," I told him.

"I might have known you was lying," says he. "It don't stand to reason that a high-toned and elegant lady like her, with the education she's got, would demean herself by having any truck with a low-down multifarious old bunch of whiskers and wickedness like you. I just thought I'd call your bluff."

"Come along," says I, taking his arm; "but remember, you asked for whatever you get."

"Who's that tallow-faced, slab-sided caballero with the cute burnsides that's been making himself so numerous around her?" he asked me as we struggled through into the next room.

I told him.

"Don't you think Mr. Melville Woburn's nose sort of runs too much to a point?" he asks. "Ain't it your opinion that he ought to be grateful to a person who'd flatten it out some for him?"

"You can't never tell only by trying," I says. "He might be thankful if he realized the kindness of your motive, and it might be he'd knock his benefactor's block off. Now hush your mouth."

Miss Mattie was a-setting next to Lucia, and Mel Woburn was operating Miss Mattie's fan on the two of 'em real graceful and capable. Both of the ladies was a-considerable flushed up and it seemed like them ministrations was welcome, but I moved Brother Woburn a little to one side.

"Miss Mattie," I says, "permit me to have the honor and pleasure of introducing to your notice Mr. William Triblow, who is a heap desirous, if not deserving, of the same."

She gave me a radiant welcoming smile when I begun to speak, and I was sorry for that, because it made the change considerable more of a jolt when her eyeglasses focused on Mr. William Triblow. As het up as she was by her exertions she no sooner seen what I had brought along than she took on the aspect of a fashionable and stately iceberg from the Arctic Circle. All the fluffiness left her, and all the softness and the sweetness; she sat up stiff and the corners of her mouth turned down.

"I'm afraid Mr.—er—Triblow will have to excuse me," she says.

She didn't say that Mr. Triblow was dirt and scum and obstructing her view of the surroundings, but you gathered that without any trouble by the droop of her eyelids and the lift of her nose as well as her voice.

"Why, Mattie Witherspoon!" says Lucia.

Billy looked at her a moment, and then turned around and walked away as slow and deliberate as if she had called his attention to something at the other end of the room which didn't interest him particular but he'd just as soon as not get a closer look at it. I didn't glimpse his face as he turned, but he was a head and part of a neck taller than most of the folks in the room, and as much of that neck as I seen was almighty red. Before he got far Ella Britton grabbed him, and I reckoned she'd hold him for a spell while I sort of got the whys and wherefores of this here arrogance.

"Well, I must say!" says Lucia.

"I don't care," says Miss Mattie. "You may say what you like about my Iowa raising, but I hope it ain't being stuck up to think a person ought to finish dressing himself before you dance with him. You've got to draw the line somewhere, and I think a coat ——"

She broke off, seeing me looking at her.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stegg," she says.

"You don't need to be, Miss Witherspoon," I says, as kind and gentle as I knew how. "It was my mistake and my apologies is due to you. I was ignorant enough to think that if a man was clean and decent, and acted and behaved like a gentleman, that a real lady would make allowances for deficiencies."

"Mattie, I'd like to spank you," says Lucia.

I didn't wait to hear what Mattie said to that. I was plumb disgusted, and pretty soon after I quit and went back to the barn and got into overalls and eased my feet into a pair of moccasins, letting Abe go home. It wasn't no manner of use me going to bed to get routed out every fifteen minutes or so, so I cat-napped in my chair between pipes and dreams until about three o'clock, when the last report was that Mat Bingham had put his fiddle in its case and started up creek homeward. Close on to that, here comes Billy Triblow, looking, to outward seeming, as fresh as a daisy and as happy as a clam.

"The most elegant time I've had since I left old Alabama," says Billy. "Why ever didn't you stay? I've danced down thirty-two partners, more or less, and I'm plumb full of satisfaction and deviled eggs. A royal time was had by all. Simmy Broderick is one royal host and Mrs. Broderick is a royal hostess, and now I reckon you'll be wanting your shirt, so if you'll produce mine I'll make a lightning change. As a mark of esteem and appreciation I'm willing to pay for having it washed."

"You haven't been over to Simmy Broderick's all this time," I says, taking more particular notice of him.

"Not all this time," he admits, beginning to peel. "A part of the time I squandered at the Eagle Bird on the way over here. Mike Moran is one royal host and a royal time is being had by all now assembled there. Nevertheless, I only had a couple—or was it three?"

"It's hard to tell on you," I says. "I wouldn't blame you, though. Billy, I'm

(Continued on Page 45)

Mother is the Health Doctor

It is her worship of cleanliness which protects the health of her family from the danger of dirt.

To her influence must be credited the advance which science is making in fighting disease with soap. Women will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty neighborhoods, dirty homes. Because she has an abiding respect for good soap, Lifebuoy has become the most widely used toilet soap in the world.

Hands are Chief Spreaders of Contagion

WHEN your husband comes home after being in contact all day with hundreds of dangerously dirty things, is he always careful to *purify his hands?*

Germs are invisible. It isn't enough for hands to look clean on the surface.

If before touching you or the children, your husband will thoroughly wash and purify his hands and face with Lifebuoy Health Soap, there will be fewer colds in the family. You will all be protected from the many diseases so easy to introduce into any home.

Doctors have proved that almost all sickness is caused by germs passing from a "carrier" to some object which others touch, such as a car strap, door knob, money, books, car seats—anything which many handle. These germs are carried by hands to nose, mouth or food.

A "carrier" is a perfectly well person who formerly had a slight attack of some disease and never got rid of the germs, which multiplied by millions; harmless to the "carrier" but deadly to others. There are thousands of "carriers" moving about in every class of society.

Yet there is an almost perfect protection from this danger of dirt—scientific cleanliness. Fathers—*purify* hands and face with Lifebuoy. Protect your health and the health of those around you. Use Lifebuoy when you get up—before meals—when you return from office or factory.

You are sure to like Lifebuoy. Its rich, creamy lather of palm fruit oil and cocoanut oil keeps your skin in wonderful condition—free from blemishes, soft and vibrant with health.

The Health Element

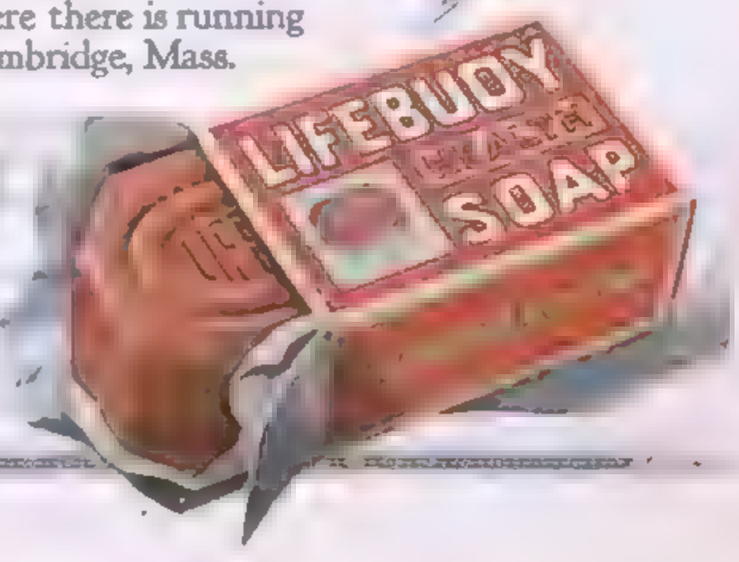
But it's the "Health Element" in Lifebuoy which combats the menace of disease germs. You know it by the clean, pungent odor. This odor vanishes, *but the protection remains.*

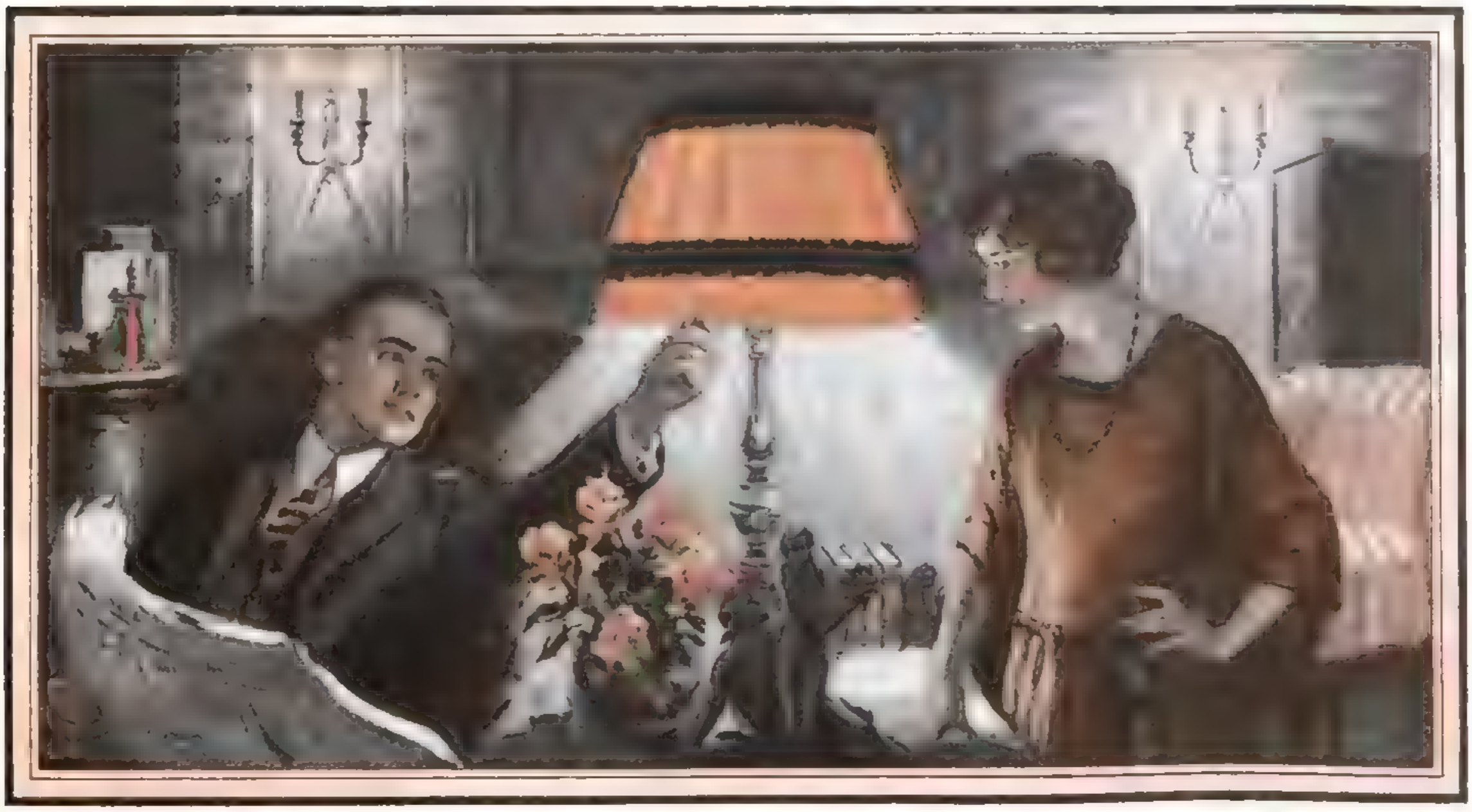
The "*Health Element*" goes down deep into every pore, cleansing—purifying—guarding your health and the health of those you love.

Mothers—you who are health doctors—for the protection of your family, place a cake of Lifebuoy at every place where there is running water. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To Keep Well

After being in a crowd or touching things which others handle, *purify* hands and face with Lifebuoy





CAN YOU light up the entire room evenly for a party?

This type of fixture, with 3 sockets, requires 50-watt White MAZDA C Lamps, 1 socket, a 100-watt MAZDA C Lamp.

CAN YOU play cards without casting a shadow on your hand?

This type of fixture requires 40-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps

CAN YOU play the piano without having a shadow on the music score?

A floor lamp with 2 sockets requires 50-watt White MAZDA Lamps; 3 sockets, 40-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps

Do you control the light— or does the light control you?

YOU FURNISH and heat your living room for your comfort and convenience. But the moment the sun goes down, chairs must be moved to suit the lighting arrangements. Glare and shadow distort the furnishings and strain the eye. You have to adjust yourself to the lights.

Yet how little it costs to have the *right* light for your living room. Begin merely by putting the *right* lamp in *every* socket of the fixtures you now have.

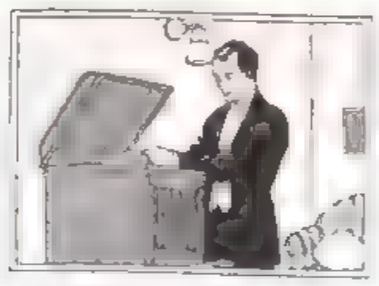
ON THIS PAGE are shown typical living room fixtures in most common use and the type and size of Edison MAZDA Lamp which gives each one the best lighting effect. Tonight make the tests suggested here; and note especially where your corresponding fixtures should have frosted or white lamps to eliminate glare or diffuse light evenly.

Then tomorrow go to the Edison MAZDA Lamp representative in your neighborhood and get the proper lamps, specifying type and size. He knows the right lamps for the rest of your fixtures and how you, at small cost, can make your lighting more flexible. For good Light is the least expensive home comfort; use it freely but use it *right*.

All-frosted MAZDA B Lamp

Round All-frosted MAZDA B Lamp

White MAZDA C Lamp



CAN YOU read phonograph records and adjust the needle with ease?

This type of fixture requires a 50-watt White MAZDA C Lamp

CAN YOU sit anywhere in the room without being annoyed by glaring lights?

This type of fixture requires 25-watt Round All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps

CAN YOU easily see to do fine sewing or read fine print?

A table lamp with 1 socket requires a 60-watt White MAZDA C Lamp, 2 sockets, 40-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps.

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 42)

right sorry for what happened tonight. All is, I was just as much took aback as you was. I give that young woman an inkling, sort of, of what I thought of her," I says.

"What young woman?" he asks. "Oh, yes, I know who you mean. You mean that close, warm friend of yours you introduced me to. I remember now. Teaches school, don't she? I seen her doing it once—or twice. That my coat you're usin' for a pillow? I reckon you've got it some crushed and wrinkled, but never mind. Yes, she teaches. She done taught me something. This here dollar is for Babe's board and lodging, and the five-spot is for Abe for his exertions and risks in procuring them pants, which I hereby leave in your charge. Babe and Abe. Ha-ha! Yes, she taught me something, that warm, close friend of yours did."

He smiled at me, but it wasn't exactly a sunny smile.

"She ain't even an acquaintance no more," I says. "I'm through with her."

"Why ever?" he wanted to know. "No lady couldn't have been more polite. 'I'm afraid Mr.—er—Triblow will have to excuse me,' says she. Now seems to me that was polite enough for anybody. If she had said, 'To hell with Mr. Triblow; I ain't dancing with no low-flung cow-punchers, thank you most to pieces,' I might have been sort of miffed; but she says, 'I'm afraid Mr.—er—Triblow will have to excuse me.' She may not have liked my looks, but she let me down gently, not wishing to hurt my feelings. I sort of shut off the breeze that Mr. Melville Woburn was creating too. Why, that was all right."

"It's all right for you if you think so," I says.

"Sure," says he, buckling on his spurs. "Well, I had an elegant time—a royal time—me and Mr. Woburn together. Tell me where you put my saddle and I'll go get it without troubling you. Yes, I done performed that operation on Woburn's nose that you were suggesting."

"Here, wait and tell me about that!" I hollered as he was starting off. "What was the trouble with you and Woburn?"

"No trouble at all—a pleasure," says Billy. "We got to talking real friendly, and he told me how it was account of me not wearing a coat that Miss Witherspoon was afraid that Mr.—er—Triblow would have to excuse her. All the time he was a-talking and a-smiling in the wrong places the wrong way, I was looking at that nose of his and wondering whether something couldn't be done about it; so after he got through, I lured him outdoors and put the proposition up to him. I told him he wouldn't really feel it except maybe for a day or two a little soreness, and for him to look at the improvement it couldn't help but be, whatever changes there was.

"Anyway, I flattened that unseemly nasal organ of hisn," says Billy. "I spread it out good, I think. I'll be sort of curious to see the results. Well, so long. See you soon again."

I'd just laid down my pipe and stretched myself out when he put his head in at the door again.

"'I'm afraid Mr.—er—Triblow will have to excuse me,'" he says, squeaking in his voice. "Te-he-he-he!"

About three o'clock of the succeeding afternoon Lem Garraway, who chored around Broderick's, brought me a note. It was addressed to me in the prettiest Spencerian hand of write you ever seen, up strokes thin and downstrokes thick—I never seen a prettier; and a flourish running out from the last *g* that was a work of art.

"She wants an answer," says Lem, grinning.

"Who does?" I asked him, still a-looking at the envelope.

"As if you didn't know!" says he, haw-hawing right out. "Gosh, if Ma Frush knowed that she was a-writing to you wouldn't there be hair flying! Why don't you open her up?"

"I was considering whether I wouldn't better open you up first," I says, reproving, 's I got out my knife.

Hows'ever, I done what he said, and unfolded the sheet of paper inside, which was signed Martha E. Witherspoon. I turned it over and it begun, "Dear friend," and went on to ask wouldn't I please come up to the house and see her. She wanted to tell me how ashamed she was about last night.

"You tell her I said I was afraid Miss Witherspoon would have to excuse me," I instructs the young man. "You say just them words," says I; "I'm afraid Miss Witherspoon will have to excuse me. You got that?"

"She wouldn't have to excuse me," says he, "but it's your funeral."

He went off whistling, and he wasn't scarcely out of sight before I began to feel sorry I'd been so brash. If she was ashamed of herself wasn't that all that was necessary? Then I thought of poor Billy and the back of his neck after he'd got it there. He wasn't no hand to express his feelings; but putting this and that together I was sure that they was all raw and bleeding and wouldn't heal easy. Them kind of injuries has a worse effect on a man sometimes than getting an ear chewed off or having a horse roll him out thin, similar to pie crust. I allowed that of the two, Brother Woburn was in a heap better shape than Billy, however his nose come out.

So I concluded I'd let it go as it lay, and I didn't see Miss Mattie for nearly a week when here she come walking into the barn.

"If the mountain won't come to Mohammed, there ain't but the one thing for Mohammed to do if he's wishful to see it," says she, mighty sweet, holding out her hand.

I reckoned that was prob'bly so, although not acquainted with the person mentioned. At the same time I apologized for not having my coat on. Her eyes kind of snapped.

"That's the second time today I've had that throwed in my face," says she. "You men are certainly the limit for holding a grudge. Seems to me that when a girl owns up she's made a fool of herself and is sorry, you might let up on her and be decent."

"I don't hold no grudge," I says. "But ——"

"But you won't hold my hand, either," says she.

I took it and it was soft and warm, and all my hard feelings went oozing out at the end of my fingers.

"That's long enough," says she, and pulled her hand away. "Now that you're nice again I'll tell you what I wanted to tell you when I wrote that note. I simply don't know what made me act so to your friend."

"Don't you?" says I. "I thought you explained what it was."

"It wasn't that—altogether," says she. "I can't explain what it was." Right there she flushed up as red as a peony; why, I couldn't think to save my neck. "Anyway, I'm sorry," says she.

There was even tears in her eyes, and she looked so little and forlorn I felt like taking her in my arms and petting her. She wasn't no more the starchy schoolma'am than she was the society belle of the night of the dance. It made my head whirl, the number of things that girl was, for the next minute she was laughing and looking almost sassy.

"I'll be afraid to take my hat off for fear my hair'll come off with it," she says.

I looked at that glossy brown hair of hers with the bangs sort of curling where her forehead was damp, and I couldn't get the connection; so I asked her to tell me what it was.

"I've had coals of fire heaped on my head this afternoon," says she. "It was Mr. Percival Pinswallow—I mean Mr. William Triblow that done the heaping," says she.

"Oh," says I. "Was Billy Triblow the catawampus you was telling me about? Well, well! And what did you say Billy done?"

"He saved my life this afternoon," says she. "I was walking back from the school to the shack and a whole lot of horrible cows got after me. They came up real close, and one cow began mooing at me in the most awful way I ever heard, and scraping up the ground with her hoofs, and the more I screamed the worse she acted; and she was just starting for me with her head down when Mr. Triblow rode up like a—like a whirlwind, and the next thing I knew the whole herd was running away from him just as hard as they could go. It was wonderful! And I felt so grateful—and presently he came back, and I tried to tell him so. Well!" She put a heap of stress on that "well." I said it after her, sort of inquiring.

"He's without exception the meanest, ugliest, most unmannerly, ungentlemanly thing I ever saw or heard of, and I told him so. I told him that if he came on my land again I'd set Fido on him. If I hadn't chained Fido up before I started out I'd have done it right then. But if Fido had been along he'd have kept the cows off, and no thanks to Mr. Triblow."

"What was it Billy said that you didn't like, my dear?" I asked.

"He started in by asking me if I didn't have a solitary grain of sense going a-foot in a cow country with a red pudding bag on my head. I was wearing my red tam. He didn't shout at me, mind! He looked at me as if—I can't tell you how he looked—as if I were nothing. And he spoke as if he wasn't mad, but just plain disgusted. I didn't lose my temper. I told him I hadn't noticed any cows around before I started, and hadn't seen many in the cañon at any time, and I didn't pretend to know much about Dakota cows and couldn't see why they should object to a person walking.

"'They're uneducated,' he said, 'and they don't like red pudding bags or red anything. They don't keep up with the Eastern fashions, you see. Maybe if I put on a red spiked-tail coat they'd object to that and hook me—probably would. It's all in the way they've been raised; but if I was you I'd take that into consideration when I got on their range.'

"I told him it wasn't a pudding bag, to begin with, and he said maybe not. He didn't know, and what was more he knew what he didn't know. I said then he must know that he didn't know how to behave to a lady, and he said that he had his doubts about that himself at times; but if it was as he feared he wasn't the only person within the sound of his voice that was lacking in manners; and anyway, he was afraid that Miss—er—Witherspoon would have to excuse him, and good afternoon. And then I told him what I told you I told him, and he laughed in the most hateful way and rode off."

"You'd ought to have made him shake hands with you," I said.

She laughed.

"He didn't give me a chance," she says, "and you wasn't going to, yourself. That's why I say you hold grudges. He's still mad about the other night. Think of him mocking me just the way you did, the very same words! I'd have thought he would have been big enough and smart enough not to have said that, anyway—a man like him."

"He's just a rough, common, ignorant cow-puncher," I says. "You must make allowances."

"He's not rough and he's not ignorant," says Miss Mattie. "I'm not so blind as not to see that. He's no more common and ordinary than he looks common and ordinary. I can tell. It isn't just that he dances so beautifully, but he isn't awkward about anything. He just seems to know and to be sure of himself. He may not use good grammar, but everybody here gets into a way of talking. Lucia's got that way, and I have, myself, some. But Mr. Triblow knows things, and all I'm surprised at is that he's nothing more than a cowboy."

"That's because it's his choice," says I, and before I thought of it, I'd let slip what Jim Hamilton told me about Billy refusing the job of bossing the outfit. I could see she was right interested in that, and I reelized that I had done betrayed a confidence, which ain't a habit of mine. So when she started asking questions, I told her I couldn't tell her no more because I didn't know why he done it, and couldn't even guess; also I hoped she wouldn't mention to nobody that I'd told her that much.

"I ain't likely to," says she. "He most likely did it to be mean and hateful. Anyway, it ain't nothing to me. I don't want to see or hear of him no more. Now I must go, Mr. Stegg. I'm glad I stopped in because it made me feel bad to think you were mad at me. You aren't mad now, are you?"

"Not any," I says. "We'll shake on it again." Which we did.

"Oh, I forgot," says she, turning back. "Why did he illtreat Mr. Woburn like he did?"

"He just didn't like Mr. Woburn's nose and tried to alter it," I told her.

"Was that it?" says she. "Well, to tell the truth, I never liked it myself."

Whatever compunctions and remorsefulness I'd had regarding that blabbing spell of mine was removed some by what Simmy Broderick told me one morning a while after that. I was inquiring after Miss Mattie, not having seen her for a week or two, account of being up to Rockford on a dicker for an old mining claim. Well, Simmy told me she was right peart and had been staying out at her shack off and on; but she was having trouble with a family out there, name of Kerfoot, account of her making the Kerfoot young ones wash before she let 'em in the schoolhouse. Old man Kerfoot had complained to the board and the trustees was acting ugly about it, and Mattie was afraid she was going to lose her school, although she didn't have no notion of giving in.

"I should think Brother Woburn would fix that for her," I said.

"Brother Woburn says he would like to, but he allows he's helpless with all the others agin him," says Simmy. "He's been helpless ever since Mattie told him that she couldn't be no more than a sister to him, if that."

"You don't tell me!" says I.

"Uh-huh," says Simmy. "It beats the band the way that girl has got of making herself unpleasant to young men that was naturally well disposed towards her in the first place—what with Brother Woburn and Billy Triblow!"

"What about Billy?" I asked him.

"Now there's a mighty curious thing," says Simmy. "First off there was that monkey business up at my house. Lucia gave that girl fits about the way she acted, and so did I, and she owns up that she was wrong. Then it seems like she and Billy had another spat out on her claim, and that time it was Billy done the calling down; but the next day after that, Mattie said she'd made friends with him. That was nigh onto two weeks ago, and I supposed it was all right; but yesterday evening here comes Billy to call on her and she won't see him. Locks herself into her room and sends down word by Lucia that she's afraid Mr. Triblow will have to excuse her again and keep right on excusing her from this time on. What do you think of that?"

I thought a considerable.

"What did Billy say?" I asked him.

"He says to Lucia, 'Don't she know I've got my coat on?' Lucia tells me he stayed and gassed for a while real pleasant and agreeable, but she seen that he wasn't none too well pleased.

"And I don't blame him," says Simmy. "And now," he goes on, "there's another knot in the tangle. Mel Woburn has been ribbing up our popular and efficient sheriff to find out what crime or crimes Billy done perpetrated in Texas or Alabama that makes him turn down the foremanship of the Hash Knife. Jim Hamilton told Brother Woburn confidential that that's what Billy done. It's a secret, and not more than fifteen hundred or two thousand people know it now, including you, so don't tell nobody."

I said I wouldn't; then I asked what steps had been took, if any.

"Dick Wade wouldn't act," says Simmy. "He allowed he had enough to keep him busy detecting crime in Minnekahta, and that Mel could make his own inquiries. I reckon Mel is making 'em. I reckon I'm going to have Mel's scalp a-drying in my tepee before long too. I ain't vindictive, myself, but anybody that is, and that shows it like Mel Woburn, I'll sure camp on such a person's trail until I've got his hair."

I indorsed them sentiments of Simmy and went away with a plenty to think about. It was a mix-up sure enough. As far as Woburn was concerned his actions wasn't hard to understand. No mysteriousness about him. He was a mean man and he wanted to play even with the girl who had mittened him and the man who had mauled him, in the meanest kind of a way. That was all right. But turn and twist the actions of them other two every which way I couldn't make them jibe with any kind of understandable motives. The question was, should I try to straighten the tangle out or just naturally leave it alone? I didn't even know whether there was two loving hearts to bring together—only what I surmised at times and which was plumb contrary to what I surmised other times. Anyway, I didn't get no chance to ask Mattie anything about it, because when I met her she sort of headed me off. When I led up to the subject I'd suddenly find myself against a hog-tight wire fence, and then she'd lead me along other conversational trails. Finally I caught Billy Triblow in town and bantered him for a game of pool, and we turned into Lew Gore's parlors, which was empty at the time. I took off my coat and vest and hung 'em up and Billy started to do the same.

"Seeing there ain't no ladies present," says he with a laugh.

He was just turning away when the loop on the collar of his coat busted and the coat fell off the hook; and when he picked it up his pocketbook fell out, and with it a letter.

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Haul on Goodyear Cords

Untouched photograph of Goodyear Cord Truck Tire in service of Way Sagless Springs Company

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—WAY SAGLESS SPRINGS COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minnesota

The Goodyear Cord Truck Tire today is the product of a thorough development that began with Goodyear's pioneer effort to build a real pneumatic for trucks. Its massive carcass is built up by the group-ply method—a Goodyear patent—for longer wear. Its tractive power comes from the famous All-Weather Tread. Long-lived, hard-gripping, active and buoyant, it gives you more miles at low tire cost.

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The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth-surfaced Solids also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

He grabbed 'em mighty quick and put 'em back, but not so quick that I didn't glimpse the hand o' write on the letter. A real elegant hand—Spencerian—upstrokes thin and down strokes thick—and the letter looked as if it had been handled a-plenty—and yet it hadn't been opened!

I took a cue down from the rack. I seen out of the corner of my eye that Billy was looking hard at me, but I was just interested in getting the right cue, hefting it careful and squinting along it to see was it straight. I reckon he was satisfied that I hadn't noticed nothing particular; anyway, we started playing, so to speak, which means I was mostly sitting on the chair and watching him do what he darned pleased with the balls. After a while he made a muss—a-purpose to give me a chance, I knew—but instead of starting in on one of my big runs I just changed my seat to the table.

"Billy," says I, "I want you to tell me the reason why you didn't take Watts up on his offer when he come down from Omaha and fired Stevens—the real reason, Billy."

Billy reddened up. Now why should that make him mad, I wondered.

"It's none of your damned business," he says without looking at me. "You going to play?"

"If there's one thing I admire about you it's your plain spokenness—when it ain't addressed to me," says I.

"I didn't mean no offense," says Billy. "I was just stating what seems to me to be a fact; but as you're a good friend of mine I'll give you the real reason. Just between you and me, it was because I didn't want the job. If somebody come along with a silver platter and says 'Mr. Triblow, here's the presidency of the United States, which I'm begging of you to accept,' I claim I'd have a right to say 'Thank you kindly, but I wouldn't wish any.'" He pointed with his cue to a sign on the wall. "What does that there say?" he asks me.

"It says, 'To trust is to bust and to bust is hell. No trust, no bust, and all is well'; but I don't see no special application of the same, unless you think I ain't right trustworthy."

Billy looked at me mighty cur'ous and thoughtful, fingering his mustache; then of a sudden he laughed and handed me the chalk.

"See if you can't figure it out," he says. "Let me know the next time you see me, and now we'll go on with the game."

I slid off the table and sighted the layout real careful from different points, and then I squared off and skillfully pocketed the cue ball. I throwed down the cue then and told Billy I was through and quit him cold. I was kind of mad. "That's what comes of butting in," I says to myself as I hotfooted back to the barn. "I'll bet Brother Woburn and Jim Hamilton was right, and Mr. Triblow is needed back where he come from to make an example and a warning of to all who might be tempted to do likewise."

I went about my round of toil for an hour in no good humor; so much so that when Dad Adams' buckboard went by, bringing Miss Mattie back from the cañon, and she waved her hand at me, I didn't even wave back. Hows'ever, soon after that Billy Triblow comes in, grinning like a Chessy cat and wanting to know if I've simmered down by this time.

"Because it's like this," says he, more serious: "I'd trust you any time anywheres and with anything I own, but—well, the reason I ain't telling you what you asked is I'm ashamed of it," he says, reddening up again. "I ain't afraid that you'd tell it around, but—it ain't nothing much, and maybe you wouldn't think none the worse of me, and yet—somehow —— I've made up my mind to tell you more than once, and maybe I'll get around to it in time, but ——"

"Say no more, son," says I. "I don't want to know nothing you ain't willing to tell me."

He fingered his mustache and looked at me the same way he had before—kind of doubtful and considering.

"I seen your neighbor going by here a while ago," I told him.

"I seen her the other day," says he, the grin back on his face. "She set her dog on me."

He went on to tell me about it. He had rode onto her land to make a short cut to the road, and when she seen him coming she told Fido to sick him. Fido was right willing, seemed like; but as soon as he had started in long lopes like a mountain lion and looking mighty like one, she had called him back, and as Fido didn't pay no attention she had commenced screaming bloody murder and running her best to overtake him.

"She'd 'a' made a mighty poor second," says Billy. "That dog was sure speedy, and he come at me like he was in plumb earnest. I calculated if ever he got them jaws closed up on a man it would be good-by, John."

He laughed.

"Did you shoot him?" I asked.

It seemed like a foolish question, because it was Billy himself, and no sorrowing witness that was a-telling of it.

"I done spoke to him when he got within ten yards of me," says Billy. "I never seen the dog yet who wouldn't make friends with me; and sure enough, he slacked up and stopped sort of dubersome, while I steadied the little horse. Then I called him and he come, a little slow at first and rumbling in his chest; but pretty soon his tail begun to wag, and when he got up to me he reared up and slobbered on my knee while I patted his bull head. As soon as he had stopped the schoolma'am had stopped, too, and quit screaming; and when the dog and me began loving each other she turned and walked back to the shack. I reckon she was plumb disgusted." He laughed again.

"I don't mind telling you I'm a-going to make friends with her some of these days," he says, and before I could say anything more he quit me and climbed into the Hash Knife wagon that had just drove up for him.

August went by and nothing happened out of the way. The weather, hot as it was, didn't thaw Miss Mattie out any as far as Billy was concerned; but she wasn't so frosty to one or two other of the boys, and didn't lack company. At one time it looked like Dave Ardmore, our popular young druggist, was a-going to crush competition, and another time it was Godfrey Turner. Mel Woburn didn't make no attempt to claim his privileges as a brother from her, so far as I seen, but he got the board of trustees to let up on the Kerfoot matter. Maybe a little talk Simmy had with him had something to do with that. Mel, seemingly, was just attending to business, and one or two pieces of business that he attended to didn't make him extra popular the way they was transacted. There was some talk in the Eagle Bird about lengths of rope and barrels of tar and fence rails and such in connection with the Joe Rayburn foreclosure and the way Mel had skinned Joe, and Joe's wife sick; but it petered out. After all, it was business.

So Mel sat in his office like he might have sat on the creek bank a-fishing, patient and watchful, oncet in a while pulling up his line to look at his bait, oncet in a while landing a tolerable-sized fish and putting on fresh bait, and some oftener jerking out a minnie; but never oncet throwing anything back account of its small size. Then one day he seen the bobber of a line he was real interested in moving around and dipping a little, and he jumped to where it was and begun handling it careful and easy. Finally he struck, and by gosh, he hooked what he was after.

Dick Wade brought me the news of it. I was finishing my supper at Ma Frush's when he come in and spoke it close to my ear.

"Sam," he says, "I've got a friend of yours up at the calaboose who'd like to see you. It's Billy Triblow."

"Billy Triblow!" says I. "What are you giving me?"

"Straight goods," says he; "only Ed Garvis is his right name, alias Alabama Bill, alias Handy-Andy Briggs, alias Billy Triblow. Wanted for forgery at Waco and at Fillmore; also wanted for murder at Algiers, across the river from New Orleans. He's bad medicine, I guess. That son of a gun Mel Woburn didn't tell me about the killing. I reckon he thought I'd be scared to make the arrest. He showed me the dodger offering the reward, with a picture of Billy that was got out in Waco—a thousand dollars—and it was sure Billy's picture. I got the news of the killing when the wire come from Waco to hold him. The Waco man will be here on tomorrow morning's stage to take him back."

"It's some mistake," I says.

"No mistake," says Dick. "They called him Handy-Andy when he worked for the Southern Cross—sort of handy about everything and a fancy shot with a six-gun. He had trouble with a man in that outfit and drilled him through the lung. He's a sharp at poker, too—cleaned up eighteen thousand in Austin one night. Oh, it's him! There's suspicious circumstances since he got here too. When Watts was down from Omaha last spring ——"

"I know all about that," I says; "but if Billy had been a killer you wouldn't never have made that arrest—or did he have his gun?"

"I didn't take no chances with him," says Dick. "I throwed down on him with a shotgun I had, in the Hash Knife bunk room. I told him I had a warrant for him in my pocket. 'Read it to me,' says he. 'That's what you're supposed to do, ain't it?' Well, I saw myself doing that and him plugging me! I had the warrant, though. I made Mel Woburn swear one out."

"It's some mistake," I said again; but I wasn't so sure of it that time.

Howsoever, I got up from the table and we went out.

On the way over I mentioned that Billy Triblow had friends, amongst who I was one, that wouldn't approve of harsh measures including noisy dungeons.

"Strictly speaking," says Dick, "he ain't in the calaboose, only technically. He allowed he'd be willing to go into town with me and accept my hospitality for the night, but if I put him in jail he'd kick the darned thing down and go back to the Hash Knife or wherever he took a notion, and might do something distressing to me afore he went. No, I'm treating him like a gentleman. He's at my house, under guard as you might say. He's passed his word he'll stay until the Waco man comes if he ain't later than tomorrow morning, so why not be accommodating? That's what I say. Do your duty, but do it pleasant."

So that was how it was I found Billy in Dick's setting room under guard of Mrs. Wade, who was a right lovely little woman and sure seemed to be doing her duty pleasant. I allowed by the way Dick looked when he come in that he thought she was overdoing the pleasantness. Anyway, he told her he reckoned Mr. Triblow and me wanted to have a little private talk and took her away.

"Well," says Billy, smiling sort of cur'ous, "this is sure a surprise party, ain't it?"

"Of course there ain't nothing to it," I says—like a person says "Oh, you're a-going to get well, all right. These here doctors don't know it all."

"Why shouldn't there be something to it?" says Billy, with his smile set. "I reckon if I can make out to write my own name I could write somebody else's, give me time to practice on it. Don't you think I'm smart enough?"

"I supposed you were too smart," says I. "How about this killing, Billy?"

"I reckon I could kill a man, too, if I had a mind to," he answers. "If I wasn't sort of handicapped right now I might go over to Mr. Woburn's office and prove I could. How any girl can get stuck on a man with a nose like hisn I can't think. If I was a refined and beautiful and highly educated lady I wouldn't want it on no husband of mine."

"I reckon that's what Miss Mattie thought," I says.

"How's that?" he asks quick and eager. "You mean to say ——"

"I'm talking about something else—this fix you're in," says I. "The question is, did you ——"

"The question is, what's this about Miss Mattie?" he cuts in, and he said it so firm that I had to tell him about her declining Mel's hand and heart. Well, he acted as tickled as if he hadn't got a care on earth. "But Mel's a skunk just the same," says he. "If I'd known about that Kerfoot business I'd have busted him wide open."

"What about this business here and now?" I asked him, real provoked.

"Oh, I reckon I won't deny it," says he, like it wasn't no consequence. "I'll go back to Waco if it's insisted on. I'd like to see what the old town looks like now. I hear it's grown a heap. Yes, and then I'll come back."

"Will you?" I asked him.

"Sure," he replied, grinning at me as callous as a hyena. "I can prove I didn't kill nobody when I was in Algiers."

"Listen, Handy-Andy," says I. "They sometimes give a man as much as ten years for forgery."

"It's almost worth it," says he, chuckling. "I've a notion to take it."

Nobody can say I ain't got patience enough to give Job cards and spades, but

(Continued on Page 48)

FISHER BODIES

It is but natural that the finest of the new cars should bear the symbol—Body by Fisher. This is the logical recognition of Fisher facilities, which have no equal in the world, and Fisher craftsmanship, which produces the finest of motor car bodies.

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The Perfect Beard Softener

"I've Tried Them All"

I have just been going over again the answers to the Mennen Shaving Cream "Questionnaire" I ran last Spring and I discovered one curious result which hitherto I had missed.

83% of the answers contained the phrase, "I've tried them all," or its equivalent.

The number of answers to the Questionnaire was so enormous as to constitute a measure of mass opinion on shaving cream so I feel justified in assuming that a vast proportion of Mennen users have given other creams a fair test and have been convinced by such tests that no other shaving cream in the world possesses Mennen's beard-softening and skin-conditioning virtues.

Take your own case as an example. Let's say that you are getting fair results with some other cream but decide to give Mennen's a trial.

I'll guarantee (and that means your money back if you want it) that the softness of your beard, the smoothness of its removal and the delicious feel of your skin afterwards will be an absolute revelation.

When you discover that these wonderful results are obtainable even with cold or hard water; that the firm, creamy lather doesn't have to be rubbed in with fingers and never dries on the face; and that after a few shaves your skin is in better condition than it has been for years, due to Boro-glycerine; and after you have figured that these remarkable results cost less than ¼ of a cent per shave, I am confident that you, too, will say, "I have tried them all and Mennen's is the best."

You know my standing offer: Buy a tube. Try it for a week. If unconvinced send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Two Sizes

The big 50 cent tube for home use and the convenient 35 cent size for traveling.

Jim Henry

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 46)

I felt myself a-sliding over the edge of forbearance on a smooth track with no hand holts, the way he was acting.

"What for in time did you send for me?" I asked him. "I thought maybe you needed my help to prove you was innocent, or maybe a loan, which I wasn't unwilling to make, or else some good advice."

"Thank you kindly, I've got some money cached away from my last train robbery," he says, laughing at me. "Is Miss Mattie in town right now?"

I got up mad.

"I'll go get her," I says. "You have Dick take you into the calaboose and put you into that barred cell with plenty of old iron fastened to you, and I'll fix it so she'll throw herself into your arms with a flood of tears and tell you that she'll wait for you till her hair turns gray."

"No," says he; "but you might give her the news; and be particular to say it's for forgery. I reckon she's been thinking that I ain't intelligent enough to forge. Let me know what she says."

I told him there was one thing about this here that there wouldn't be no trouble proving him crazy, and that maybe I'd look in tomorrow morning to wish him a pleasant journey before he went.

"So do," says he; "so do. And don't think no harder of me than you can help. Adios."

I thought he was going to call me back or I maybe wouldn't have left right then; but he didn't, and while I lingered for a moment or two talking to Dick on the porch, I heard the twang of a guitar and Billy's voice singing:

You should hear her play
Upon the pi-an-nay,
Such an education has my Mary Ann.

I called around at Simmy Broderick's that night and I found that Miss Mattie was out to her ranch.

"Just as well," says Simmy, when I had told him what had happened. "There ain't no telling what a girl will do, and especially Mattie. I've felt it in my bones all the time that she liked that son of a gun. Not but I've always liked him pretty well myself, and if he hadn't acknowledged the corn I wouldn't hardly have believed it of him. Forgery! Well, after all, that ain't a patch on some things Woburn has done—and Billy probably committed it in the heat of the moment."

That put it in my head to look in on Brother Woburn just for devilment as I passed his office. He seemed to be real happy, for him, until I told him that me and Simmy and some other friends of Billy Triblow's was negotiating with the two Texas banks to refund their money and all expenses and then to withdraw the charges, and that Billy had a good alibi for the Algiers murder.

"But they can't do that," he sputters out. "They can't compound no felony, and they won't. I'll see that they don't, by Godfrey! What's more, you're trying to fool me, and I guess you can't, Mr. Stegg." He laughed real confident.

"Maybe you're right," I says. "But as a friend of yours, and a fellow citizen, I allowed I'd tell you, because Billy's sort of peeved, and whenever he's at liberty to do so he's going to call on you; besides which, there's a good deal of feeling around town right now about this and about Joe. Anyway," says I, "if I was you, I'd be ready for a quick shift of base, because if there was any slip-up in these here charges of yours—you having swore out the warrant—why, I think I could reach out right now and put my finger on a gent that's going to have trouble before he dies. We've fixed to let Billy go back to Texas now or I'd say you wouldn't have no trouble in the world before you passed forever hence."

He said he didn't want no threats and he guessed this was a law-abiding town, and I told him gosh, I wasn't threatening nothing, but just advising him as a friend to get all packed and destroy any incriminating documents.

Anyhow, I had him pulling his sideburns before I left, and that done me some good.

Next morning I hustled around to get over to Dick Wade's before the stage got in, and I picked Simmy Broderick up on the way like we'd agreed. It was a right hot morning, too, and the wind come in puffs now and then like you'd opened an oven to take out a pan of hot biscuit. It had been that-a-way for three or four days, and we was both sweating free when we got up to Dick's and found him setting on his porch in his undershirt and a-wiping his fat neck.

"We've come to see your prisoner," I announces.

"Which one?" he asks. "I've got Pat Ferguson and a greaser—I forget his dog-gone name—but they ain't neither of them sober yet."

"This ain't the weather for fooling," I told him. "Where's Billy Triblow?"

He wiped his face and neck again.

"Billy Triblow?" says he. "Lemme see now. Billy ——" He grunted and shifted himself to pull his watch from the fob pocket of his pants. "Why, Billy must be about the head of Cedar Cañon about now. Said he was a-going back to the Hash Knife and I reckon he started that-a-way. How would a bottle of cold beer just off the ice strike you? Because there ain't none in the house, dog-gone it!"

Pretty Soon I Seen From the Mirror the Form and Features of Billy Triblow Standing in the Doorway. "Oh, Pretty, Pretty!" He Gurgles

"Hadn't you got the nerve to stop him?" Simmy asks.

"Who?" says Dick. "Billy Triblow? What would I want to stop him for? That Texas sleuth, he didn't wait for the stage. He hired a rig and drove over here from the railroad lickety-split for his share of them thousand-dollar rewards for Alabama Bill. He brought Mel Woburn with him. The only trouble was that Billy Triblow and Alabama Bill was two different persons unless Alabama Bill had growed ten to fifteen years younger. His picture sure looked like Billy, and Billy said himself he believed it must be him, and that he was in Waco quite a spell and might have done these here crimes in his sleep or something; but he couldn't get no free trip to Texas that-a-way. Mel Woburn got lost to sight and memory dear before they was through arguing about it. Billy left word for him that he'd gone back to the Hash Knife to get his gun that he had left there, but he'd be back right soon. That's all I know about it."

I says to Simmy, "Let's be moving back to the Eagle Bird and get some of that beer. I need it."

What follows onto this I gathered up at different times some time after. Oncet in a while folks get confidential, and Billy Triblow wasn't near so tight-mouthed after he got his life secret off his chest. I don't say that Miss Mattie and me ever sat up after the rest of the folks had gone to bed and opened our souls to each other over a couple of dill pickles and some taffy; but she talked free to Lucia, and Lucia was just naturally one of these free talkers with a person she'd got confidence in.

To make a long story short Billy got his early start and reached the head of Cedar Cañon about the time Dick Wade had figured. He had met Dad Adams in town before he started, and Dad had told him that Miss Mattie was out on her claim. Well, he was riding easy account of the heat, when all of a sudden he seen something way off the trail that made him go a-scooting and a-flying for where it was. It was the figure of a female woman, and she was a-dancing something that looked a heap like the Ogalala green-corn dance—stamping and jumping backwards and forwards and stamping again—a-scurrying hither and yon, and then stamp, stamp, stamp, stamp!

There was a steep-banked dry gulch between, too wide to jump across; so Billy slid his horse down into it, and it was two or three minutes before he found a place he could climb out on the other side. He come up right close to where this here performance was a-going on, and he told me that the first thing he was lunkhead enough to laugh—just had to.

It was Mattie of course; but with her hair all tumbled down about her face, which was as red as a beet, and her skirts held high and back in both hands, making revelations of the busiest as well as the handsomest pair of legs that Billy had ever laid eyes on. At the same time Billy got a strong whiff of the smoke and seen the little flames flickering up here and there in the short grass in a jagged line.

At the sound of his laugh Mattie whirled around and let out a yelp and dropped her skirts, and the next instant Billy was out of the saddle and had jerked her back, thrown her down and was beating her skirt where the fire had caught it, while she was beating his face with her two fists. It wasn't but a moment or two before he had got her extinguished, and then he jerked her to her feet again and pushed her farther back.

"Get back to the shack, you little fool!" says Billy, none too gentle. He was a-considerable worked up about the risk she had run.

"You brute!" says she. "You brute!"

"Get back, I tell you!" Billy roared at her, and she moved back a piece and sat on a rock, panting and gasping, while Billy in that celerious way of his untied his slicker and got busy slapping out the fire.

It was in broken ground, by good luck, where the grass was mostly short and the ground rocky and bare in spots. That was all that gave him a chance—that and there being no wind to speak of; still, what grass there was couldn't have been dryer, and here and there it was thick enough to blaze and crackle in a way that gave you an idee what it would do once it jumped the draws and got a clear sweep down the cañon. Billy worked like a nailer, a-dripping with sweat and choking with the thin, hot smoke, but work as he would the fire spread and gained on him.

He took a second to shout at Mattie: "Get farther back! Get on to your shack! Have you got any breaks plowed? Can you backfire anywhere?"

"I don't understand you," she called back.

"Of course you don't," says Billy, and made a dash for a new spot, flogging like a madman.

He was getting the best of it when the slicker catched fire and flared like a torch. He dropped it, stamped it out and looked around. Mattie had got up from the rock and was holding the bridle of his horse, who was a-dancing and trying to break away from her. He ran up and in less time than it takes to tell it he had the saddle off and was running back with the sweat-soaked blanket. That worked better, because he could trail it along where the fire was thin before he got to the place he'd left. Then he went at it again like hell beating tanbark.

There was a draw between him and a wide stretch where the grass was long, and the ground level and clear of rocks. What wind there was was in that direction, and the sparks and red char of leaves and weed stems that rose on the hot air was a-floating mighty close to a couple of the narrowest

(Continued on Page 50)

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Watch This Column

Why I Changed a Great Story

When I told you several months ago of certain changes I contemplated in adapting ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** to the screen, I did not know how you would receive the announcement. Today I *know*. And I am pleased beyond measure with the letters I have received approving our liberties with the masterpiece.

SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME," FEATURING LON CHANEY

These changes were deemed necessary for excellent reasons. One of the big themes in the story as written gave distinct offense to the religious feelings of millions. We have neither *desire* nor *right* to offend anyone, and in the screen story there can be no such offense.

* * *

In the story as written by Hugo, ESMERALDA was hanged in the public square. In the picture such a scene would be brutal and revolting, and other scenes, as depicted by the author, would have inspired horror and disgust. I wish you would see UNIVERSAL'S screen version and tell me in a personal letter if you don't think our adaptation and ending are sweeter and more in line with your desires.

* * *

While on the subject of fine pictures, I advise you to see PRISCILLA DEAN in Wm. A. Brady's popular stage success, ***"Drifting"***; also ***"A Chapter in Her Life,"*** Lois Weber's beautiful picture based on the story ***"Jewel"*** by Clara Louise Burnham; ***"Thundering Dawn,"*** a truly great melodrama featuring ANNA Q NILSSON, J. WARREN KERRIGAN and a big cast; Hoot Gibson in ***"The Ramblin' Kid."***

* * *

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(Continued from Page 48)

parts of this draw. Billy was watching as well as he could and trying to head the fire off, but he couldn't be all over the place at oncet.

What was more, he had begun to feel like he needed a rest; still, it couldn't last much longer. Either the fire would be out or it would be scooting down the cañon, licking up the schoolma'am's shack and whatever she had in it, licking up her little truck patch, licking up the schoolhouse and maybe jumping the firebreaks for a side lick at his own house and barn and corrals. Then it would make for the flat with a whoop and start in doing real damage.

There was a crackling and sputtering behind him, and as he turned it stopped. He seen the reason at once, but he didn't laugh this time. Some might have; but Billy, he says he didn't, even if he smiled, kind of, when he told it to me. What it was, Miss Mattie had beat the sputter out and what she'd beat it out with was her dress skirt. Billy yelled at her to quit.

"Don't you dare look at me!" she hollers back, and went right on doing good work.

Billy took a chance and let her. He wasn't thinking very clear by that time. He had quit sweating long ago, and he'd 'a' felt happier if he could have quit breathing, his lungs being raw with the hot smoke and clogged somehow so's he couldn't seem to get air into 'em—only smoke. He was taking every breath with a gasp, open-mouthed as a red herring. A little more and he felt that the swelled veins pounding wherever there was a pulse in his body, and particularly them in his head, would bust like rotten boiler tubes; and then his arms, they'd got so he had to strain to lift 'em. He couldn't lift 'em, by gosh! Not another single time!

Still, here was Mattie spatting away and making her work count. Maybe if he put on an extra spurt now ——

He must have made it, because finally here the fire was out. As he stood, a-swaying and staring sort of silly, with bloodshot eyes, at the jagged line that wasn't nothing but black, there wasn't so much as a curl of smoke—only back a ways in what had been weed patches. Yes, there was, too—one place; but Mattie seen it and got it out before he was halfway there; so he allowed he'd sit down a spell and rest and get his breath back.

He done that a heap sudden, owing to his legs and his back going limber. At the same time he leaned his head hard against a bowlder without no intention of so doing, so that the first thing he took notice of was there was something cold and wet on his head, and then on his chest and neck, and then on his arms and wrists. It felt mighty good, and he opened his eyes and saw a face that reminded him some of Miss Mattie's, only hers was always clean and this'n was all streaked with black and half hid with brown hair; and then this couldn't be Miss Mattie, because her dress was all open at the throat and tore something scandalous and one sleeve gone from her shirt waist. Her throat was black, too—streaked—like her face. He made out to raise himself a little.

"Stay there," says Miss Mattie's voice. "I'll be back."

Billy looked at the wet things she had dropped. It might have been a sleeve of a shirt waist, and here was something else wet. It was Miss Mattie. Seemed like she was drenched all over. And there was other things he noticed as he begun to breathe easier.

"You can talk—about my Alabam' raising all you like," says Billy; "but I hope—I ain't stuck up when I say I draw the line ——"

She swatted a cold wet rag on his mouth. Billy got up. His legs wasn't as steady as they might have been, but he was feeling better every minute. It was mostly the lick on his head.

"I'd like a drink of that water," he said. "I wish I had have known it was there."

"It's alkali," Miss Mattie told him. "You'll have to wait for a drink. Can you walk?"

Billy laughed. He was beginning to feel good. He looked around. His horse was half a mile off, grazing a little as he went, with his head on one side to keep his feet out of the trailing reins.

"Where did I throw that saddle?" says Billy. "My coat was on it."

"Please don't!" says Miss Mattie. "Please try to forget that." She said it half crying.

"It ain't that at all," said Billy. "It's because there's something in the pocket I don't want to lose."

"Then let me help you," says she. "Lean on me. I'm quite strong."

Billy laughed again. There was something in her voice and the way she looked at him that made him feel better than ever he thought he could feel. He didn't lean on her, but he let her walk beside him, and he found his coat near where he'd thrown his saddle, and then the two of them walked back to her shack chaperoned by Fido, who had quit early in the game and watched proceedings lying in the shade.

The first thing, she gave him a drink, after he'd made her swallow down all she wanted. And next she got out some olive oil and talcum powder, and nothing would do but she'd bandage up his hand and arm, which was some blistered. He bore up noble. Then she left him resting up in a Boston rocker in the kitchen part of the shack, because he said he needed rest, and she went into the other part and come back pretty soon, considering, looking as much like herself as could be expected.

"I don't know whether I like you this-a-way or the way you was," said Billy, regarding of her at some length.

"I'm glad of that, because I like myself better this-a-way, and I don't believe I could go around the way I was, even out of gratitude," says she. "Mr. Triblow," she says, "oncet I said that you'd been heaping coals of fire on my head, and now I've got to thank you for keeping them off. I guess you've saved my life twice. I don't like the way you done it either time, but I owe you thanks and I pay my debts. You owe me some apologies, but I don't expect you'll ever pay them."

"I'll start in right now," says Billy. "Miss Witherspoon, I apologize and beg your humble pardon for intimating you hadn't got no sense and for calling you a little fool. Likewise for wrastling you, although I had to do that. Then I want to apologize humbler than ever for not answering the letter you wrote me."

She flushed up redder than the fire had scorched her and for the first time her eyes didn't look kind.

"I must say I couldn't see no reason for that," says she. "It was what any gentleman would have done—I thought."

"I'm glad you added on them last two words," says Billy, real earnest. "I didn't answer it because I didn't know how."

"It should have been simple enough," says she. "You could have said you forgave me for being rude to you, either sincerely or insincerely, out of politeness."

Billy had reached for his coat and unpinned two safety pins on the breast pocket out of which he took the letter that had dropped out in Lew Gore's pool room.

"I want you to open this here and read it to me," he says. "There wasn't nobody else I could ask to do that for me."

She didn't say a word or offer to take the letter. Just stared at it and at him. Billy wasn't looking as sure of himself as usual and didn't sound so.

"Will you read it out loud to me?" he asks.

"No!" she says, stamping her foot. "Indeed I won't! How dare you ask such a thing? I was crazy to write it! Give it back to me!"

"Because," says Billy, holding onto the letter, "because—because I can't neither read or write, myself."

There it was, out at last! And with the little cry that Mattie gave—a cry that was chuck-full of pity for the hurt that she seen it cost him to get it out—and what with the hand that she stretched out to him, and which he took and held tight, he told her everything there was to tell: how he had been raised by his poor-white grandpappy in Alabama until he was ten years old, and had been taught a heap about most everything except in book l'arning, which the old man didn't hold with nohow, even if there had been any call for it—and what neighbors there was, black or white, not needing nor caring for it—and how when his grandpap died, he had wandered loose-foot, and finally drifted to N'Orleans and across to Texas and west and south into Mexico and back to Texas again, but always away from settlements and never nowheres that there was a call for learning anything more than horses and cow critters and men and trails and sech, until he was seventeen or eighteen years old—and then no call for anything more in particular, only, about that time, he reelized that after all he was plumb ignorant.

That wouldn't have been so bad, but he was plumb ashamed of it; and that mightn't have hurt him if he hadn't tried to hide what he was ashamed of. He could count enough to tally a herd and make no mistakes about the number of pips on a card, and he could reckon up what was coming to him when he cashed in; he could read a brand as far as he could see it and see it farther than most, and the first time check he got with his name wrote on it he kept for a month instead of cashing it, copying the name out about a million times until he could write it with his eyes shut, and that was enough to bluff on.

"I reckon you'll laugh at me," says Billy to Mattie, "when I tell you," says he, "that I couldn't get no start anyway I could study out by myself—and at times I studied night and day to work some scheme. Then I kept on thinking that sometime I'd meet somebody I wouldn't mind owning up to; but I never did. Sometimes I'd get acquainted with a man that I liked and come mighty nigh telling him and asking him to help me; but when it come right down to cases I always weakened. Me, a grown man with hair to shave off my chin, not knowing what most kids know before they're eight years old. No, sir, ma'am; you'll laugh, but I couldn't bring myself to it."

"I'm far from laughing, you poor boy," says Mattie, and she was so far from it that there was tears in her eyes—and, by the way, she had lost her glasses, which made it easier for Billy, maybe.

"If ever in your life you was hungry, starved hungry, you can guess maybe how I've been wanting to know things in books and in newspapers," says Billy. "Couldn't even read signs—to read 'em! It was worse up North here, and I've had chance after chance slip by me because I knew I hadn't no education. I had a chance only last year—and yesterday they arrested me for refusing it; but I got out of jail this morning with a warning, and that's how come I'm here. I'll tell you about that later maybe.

"But what I want to tell you now is that when I first seen you in the schoolhouse it come to me that if ever I told anyone my trouble it would be a woman. You knew I'd been watching you with them kids, didn't you? Sure! You catched me one time. I knew that letter was from you, seeing you write on the blackboard. What do you reckon I'd have given to have been able to read it? Why, all I own and the shirt off my back and one leg anyway.

"Why? Because I'd been thinking from the start that you was the woman I'd tell if it broke right. And when you gave me that deal at Broderick's—well, I thought you wasn't. And after I happened around here and hazed off them—cows that time. I got to thinking maybe you was too. And every time I thought of you since, which was most of the time, I got that notion stronger than ever. I thought maybe I could get you to take a class of one, Mattie, and take your pay in love for the rest of your life. But you stood me off, didn't you? And now I've got you so you can't break away until you tell me if I've got a chance, haven't I? A plumb ignorant man, Mattie, but I sure can learn if you'll teach Tell me, because I'm loving you hard this minute."

She tried to answer him twice before she made a real start. Billy had kind of drawed her close to him, but she'd put out her other hand against his chest, holding herself away from him.

"I'll tell you, then," says she finally. "That afternoon, the first time I seen you plain—when you rode away from the schoolhouse, I—I somehow wanted to call you back. It was a curious feeling I had. And when you came into the room at the dance that night, I felt—I was frightened at the way I felt, just at the sight of you. It hadn't never happened to me before. I watched you with the other girls—and—I didn't care about you not having your coat on; but I did care about you seeing and finding out how foolish I was. I was never that-a-way before about any man. I was frightened—so I—I said what I did, and really I was ——"

She said something else that Billy didn't hear good; she had her face against the pocket of his shirt and was speaking sort of muffled. Anyway, Billy got her meaning.

"So Billy finally got his education," the old bullwhacker concluded.

"I'll bet a horse he did," observed the Hat Creek granger cynically.

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PLAIN BLACK ON WHITE

(Continued from Page 25)

to budge Ephrium from his decision. But after the visitor had departed forlornly, thought of Adrian Stamp's note of invitation returned to plague Ephrium. His curiosity was growing. He had a hunch that he might be of signal service to Mr. Stamp and at the same time take a long-desired wallop at Mr. Georgie Muck. Insurance men were bad enough, but for an insurance man to issue a policy which was more of a cutthroat proposition than the standard document; and for that arch demon to be a member of the race upon which he fattened with somewhat doubtful legality and unquestionably bad ethics—that was inexcusable.

Once again Ephrium braved the snow. Contrary to atmospheric habit, a spell of warm weather had not immediately followed the snowfall; and instead of the period of slush which usually comes upon the heels of a snowstorm in Birmingham, the city remained under its white shroud.

Twenty minutes later Ephrium rapped upon the door of the Stamp cottage. The knock was answered by a comely woman who made the visitor extremely welcome when she discovered his identity. She ushered him through a rather congested living room into a bedroom, where, under an immense pile of patchwork quilts and moth-eaten blankets, the figure of Mr. Adrian Stamp writhed in seeming agony. And if Mr. Trask's t'chik of sympathy was somewhat tinged with skepticism, it might have been because he recalled the care-free insouciance of Mr. Stamp that afternoon.

"You ain't feelin' as good as you was this afternoon, is you, Mistuh Stamp?"

The head of the sick man emerged from under the coverlets and he eyed Ephrium with dark suspicion.

"Says which?"

"Says you ain't lookin' as pert as you was when I see you this afternoon."

"When did you see who?"

"I see you."

"Me?"

"Yeh, you."

"Where?"

"At the corner of the alley an' Eighteenth Street, leanin' against a fence."

"You ain't never seen me standin' in no alley."

"With my own eyes I seen ——"

"I ain't studyin' 'bout whose eyes you was usin'. Ise sayin' I wan't in no alley no afternoon."

"Well"—Ephrium was nothing if not polite—"there was a feller there which looked an awful lot like you."

"Looks like ain't is like."

"Reckon not. But this feller I is speakin' about was standin' right behime li'l' Claribella Wick when I took her pitcher."

The sick man sat up very straight.

"Is you shuah of that?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' you reckon the pitcher of the man which was standin' there would show?"

"Suttinly."

A glance of apprehension flashed between Adrian and his spouse.

"Hahd luck mus' be my middle name."

"Co'se," finished Ephrium, "if you wan't there ——"

"I said I wan't there, didn't I? An' tha's why I ain't worryin'." Adrian hesitated for a moment, and then: "You remember this afternoon when the feller that looked like I ran away kinder sudden?"

"Yeh."

"Did a sort of light-complected cullud feller come up an' make talk with you jes' about that time?"

"He did."

"Did he cast any spuriations 'bout the feller which ran away lookin' like I?"

"He sort of seemed to have that kind of an idea."

"Dawg-gone his hide! That feller is always thinkin' things. Now listen at me, Mistuh Trask, I ast you to come heah for a pretickeler reason. I wants to buy the plate of the pitcher which you took this afternoon."

"How come you want it?"

"I is terrible fond of li'l' Claribella Wick, an' also I craves to own the pitcher of the feller which you says looks like me."

"I charges two bits a pitcher."

"I don't want the pitcher; I wants the plate."

"H'm!" Light was beginning to dawn upon Ephrium. "You does?"

"Yeh. An' I offers you ten dollars for same."

Ephrium hesitated.

"Ten dollars —— You know good an' well Mistuh Stamp, I can't sell no plate."

"But if I craves it a heap ——"

"If you tell me the truth 'bout how come you to want it ——"

"I done tol' you I is fond of Claribella an' ——"

"But you is shuah you ain't the feller which was in the pitcher?"

"Postivel!"

Ephrium rose.

"Ise willin' to think it over, Brother Stamp, but I ain't promisin' nothin'."

Ephrium departed thoughtfully. He knew that the ten dollars was merely an original bid, and he was too good a poker player not to realize that the offer would be raised if he was content to bide his time. As yet, too, he did not understand the details of the situation. But he was grimly determined to make quite sure, and to that end he hurried to his room and immediately plunged into the labor of developing the suddenly valuable plate taken at the alley corner.

He worked swiftly and expertly. Suppose the picture of Adrian Stamp should not have been clearly taken. Suppose that gentleman should prove to have been out of focus and therefore unrecognizable. The cheap alarm clock on the mantel of the next room ticked monotonously. From outside came the voices of children shrilling at play in the snow. In the dim glow of his ruby light and in the narrow confines of the closet which he used as a dark room, Ephrium labored. His task was nearing completion. Carefully he placed the plate in the developing solution. He could hear nothing within the house but silence, and not very much of that. He held his hands poised over the developer, watching ——

"Hey! Brother Trask!"

The hearty, booming voice jarred Ephrium's already overwrought nerves. He whirled to face the intruder, and as he did so his trembling hand slapped against the hypo container and its contents splashed into the developer.

But in the excitement of the moment Ephrium did not comprehend the full tragedy that had been wrought. He knew, of course, that the hypo had been knocked over, but of the fact that it had spilled into the developing solution he was unaware. He departed the dark room and in the confines of his own sleeping place faced the genial Georgie Muck. Mr. Muck's affability was getting on Ephrium's nerves. He rubbed pudgy palms together and stared with disapproval upon his visitor.

"Mistuh Muck," he said sharply, "you is entirely too frequent to suit me."

Georgie was undisturbed by the hostility of his host's manner.

"This visit ain't like the last, Brother Trask. I has come to you this time with a business proposition—one about money."

Ephrium softened a trifle.

"Cash money?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well," invited Ephrium, "shoot!"

"You remember the pitcher you tooken this afternoon of li'l' Claribella Wick?"

"Gawd knows you ain't lettin' me forget it."

"I is terrible fond of that li'l' gal," started Georgie. Ephrium interrupted.

"You is a plumb liar, Mistuh Muck. This afternoon you never even knowed who that li'l' gal was. How come you to git fond of her so rapid?"

"Folks does them sort of things. Now the point is, Brother Trask, that I craves to own all the snow pitchers of li'l' Claribella which has ever been took—same bein' the one you took this afternoon. I is so fond of that honey chile that I gits jealous when I think of anybody else ever havin' a pitcher of her with snow all around an' ev'ything. So what I wants to buy fum you, Mistuh Trask, is the plate that pitcher was took on."

Ephrium was no part of a fool. He stared levelly at his visitor.

"You ain't got no other reason 'cept how much you love this li'l' gal?"

"Nary reason."

"Cross yo' heart?"

"An' hope to die."

"Then why does you have to have this pretickeler pitcher?"

"Because," confided the insurance man, "befo' I went into the insurance business I was studyin' 'bout bein' an artist. I love pretty things an' it seems like to me there coul'n't be nothin' in the world sweeter than that pretty li'l' black girl all s'rounded by snow." He delved into a trousers pocket and extracted a crisp new ten-dollar note. "An' fo' that pitcher I pays you this much money."

Ephrium hesitated. Of course he had no idea of selling out for ten dollars; but he realized that opportunity was rapping upon his door, and he was no person to let the summons pass unheeded. He bethought himself of the plate in the developing solution. "Sit down while I go study 'bout this, Mistuh Muck. I'll return back in jest a minute."

He disappeared into the dark room, leaving his chocolate-brown visitor staring out into the night. It was plain that Mr. Muck believed his mission was to be crowned with success, for he wore upon the front of his face an expression of smug contentment.

Ephrium closed behind him the door of the dark room. It required but a few seconds for his eyes to become accustomed to the crimson gloom. And then, as he became able to discern things, he saw what had happened. The capsized hypo container—its contents in the developer—— Ephrium clapped hand to forehead.

"Oh, Lawsy!" he moaned. "I an' the pitcher is bofe ruined!"

There wasn't a doubt of that. The hypo, mixed with the developer, had stripped the valuable plate clean as a whistle of any semblance of photograph. The picture of little Claribella Wick was no more.

A great clammy gob of gloom settled about the shoulders of Ephrium Trask. With a considerable amount of excruciatingly easy money thus snatched from his far from unwilling grasp, it seemed as though all the fates had conspired to make an existence already precarious even more so. Misery gripped Mr. Ephrium Trask and held him tight. It wouldn't have been so bad if there hadn't been a mystery attached to the transaction—a mystery and the sense of power imparted by the knowledge that he, poor but honest photographer, held the key. Holding one hand against his head, Ephrium staggered mournfully into the room. His suave visitor rose eagerly.

"Lemme see," he demanded.

"See which?"

"The pitcher."

"Which pitcher?"

"The one of darlin' li'l' Claribella Wick."

This seemed to be piling an Ossa of insult upon a Pelion of unhappiness.

"I ain't got no sech pitcher."

A cloud of anger crossed the countenance of Mr. Muck.

"You says words, Brother Trask, but they don't mean nothin'."

"Huh! Mebbe they do an' mebbe they don't. But what pitcher I is got, I ain't gwine sell to you."

"You ain't?"

"No."

The news brought no surge of happiness to Mr. Muck.

"Now, Brother Trask, you know that ain't no kind of a way to treat another cullud gemmun; not no kind of a way a-tall. Tell you what, I is so dead set on havin' all the snow pitchers of li'l' Claribella that I offers you twenty dollars cash money for the plate!"

The silence was sudden and deafening. In the mind's eye of Ephrium was a vision of the absolutely blank plate reposing in the contaminated developer—that and the twenty dollars now waving tantalizingly in the fist of Mr. Muck. If he only dared—but no, it was out of the question to attempt to sell the barren plate to Georgie Muck.

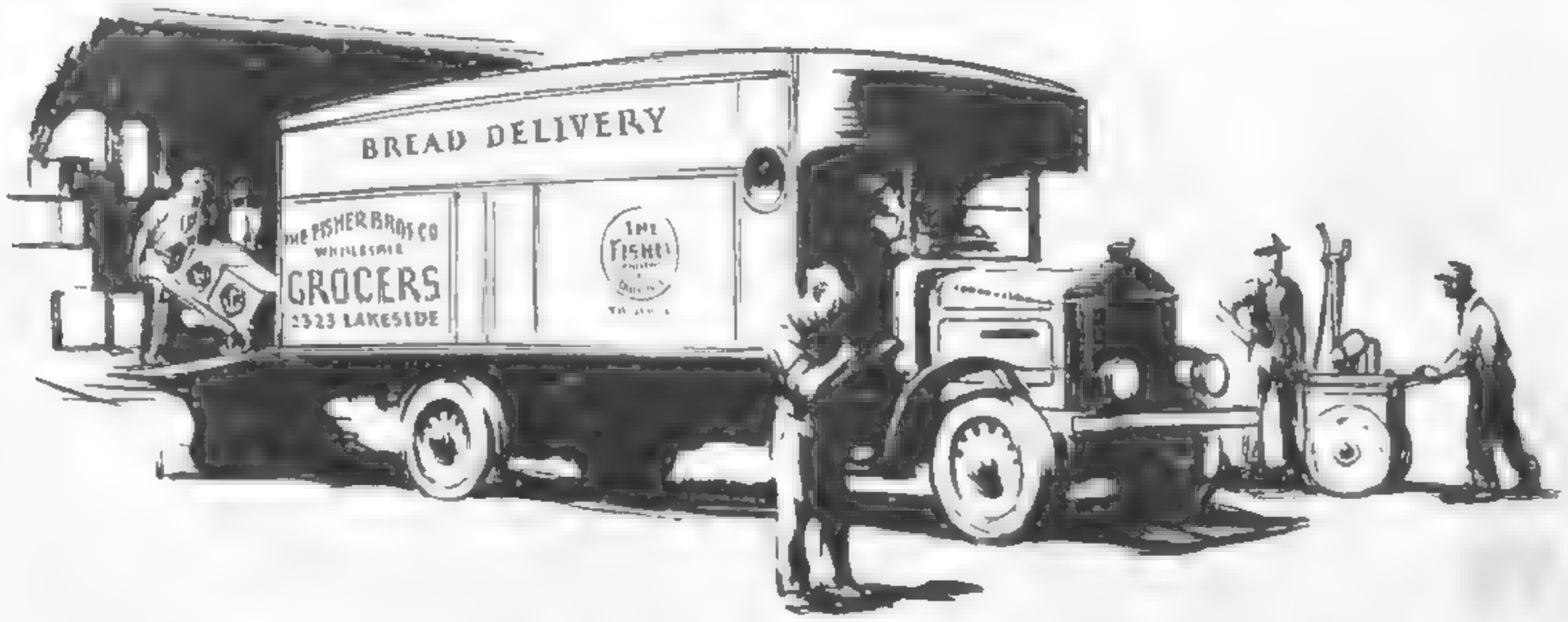
"Nothin' doin'," he declared with absolute finality. "The plate ain't for sale."

Georgie stormed and raved and swore. He declared passionately that he was the victim of a frame-up. Ephrium heard him patiently through, and then, when he finished, Mr. Trask ostentatiously opened the door.

"This is the way out, Mistuh Muck. An' I hopes the snow gits all down yo' shoes an' makes yo' foots cold."

The night that ensued was not fraught with beatitude for the stricken photographer. It was not often that twenty-dollar bills were shaken under his rotund nose, and the odor of the fresh note yet

(Continued on Page 54)



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beats a shiver every time as an aid to circulation.

Excellent for limbering up athletes and relieving strains, stiff joints and lame muscles.

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SOLD AT 10,000

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Drug Stores

There is one in your town

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THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR EACH WEEK

(Continued from Page 52)

tantalized. Morning found him heavy of eye and heart. He staggered from his bed to the grate and lighted the soft-coal fire that had been laid the previous night, and then, clad only in a threadbare nightgown, he gazed through the window at the clear frosty morning.

Birmingham yet shivered under her one touch of genuine winter. Housetops towered like giant helpings of vanilla ice cream, trees glistened icily in the morning sun. From below came the happy cries of children as yet unsurfeited with the pleasures afforded by the snowfall. Ephrium nodded unhappily and climbed slowly into his clothes. His toilet completed, he wended a slow and forlorn way down Eighteenth Street to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where, having been robbed of appetite by the recent catastrophe, he ate only four eggs, a barbecue sandwich, a cup of coffee and one piece of pie.

"Business rotten?" queried Bud solicitously.

"Awful. Some days I don't make nothin', an' they is bad enough. But yestiddy I lost twenty dollars."

"Shuh! How c'n you lose money in yo' business?"

"Listen at me, Bud; they ain't no business a clever, wide-awake feller cain't lose money in."

Bud moved off in response to the vociferous gastronomic demands of the elegant Florian Slappey, who had sauntered in with a large display of cash. Ephrium munched in moody silence. He was scarcely mindful of the figure which sat on the stool beside him and breathed a timid "Good mawnin', Brother Trask."

Ephrium turned angrily.

"Goodness godness, Miss Agnes, you is like a polecat's tail—all the shakin' in the world don't do you no good."

"You is the humorestest feller, Brother Trask. Now regardin' that pitcher ——"

"I ain't studyin' 'bout no pitcher, Mistuh Muck."

"I offers you thutty dollars fo' the plate."

Ephrium groaned, but shook his head grimly, concealing his depression.

"Nos-suh! Plate ain't fo' sale."

Georgie was nonplused.

"If you is dead set you ain't gwine sell the plate, I offers you ten dollars fo' jest one print of the pitcher."

"Ain't gwine sell you no pitcher neither. Fact is, I ain't gwine sell you nothin' no time."

Georgie flung angrily to his feet.

"You is gwine die regrettin' this day, Mistuh Trask."

"That," muttered Ephrium to himself, "ain't no lie."

Ephrium was entirely too perturbed to attend to business, and, besides, his brain held the glimmerings of a plan whereby a bit of salvage might be secured from the wreckage. He plowed through the snow, camera on shoulder, to the cottage wherein resided Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stamp. He found Adrian sweltering under the mountain of blankets. Mr. Trask deposited his camera in a corner of the room and hitched a chair to the bedside of the suspiciously alert sick man.

"How you is this mawnin', Brother Stamp?"

"Tol'able; on'y jest tol'able."

"When is you aimin' to git well?"

Adrian glanced at the alarm clock on the wall. "'Bout six o'clock this evenin'."

"H'm! Ain't it the truth?"

Adrian scrutinized his visitor closely.

"Thutty-five dollars," he flashed.

"Says how much?"

"Thutty-five dollars."

"Fo' which?"

"The plate of that pitcher you tooken of li'l' Claribella yestiddy."

Ephrium shook his head slowly.

"Nothin' doin'. Least-a-ways not lessn you tells me what you craves it for."

Adrian hesitated. Then, tentatively, "How much does you love Georgie Muck?"

"Considerable less 'n none a-tall."

"You mean you hates him?"

"Was he tripe, I could eat him cheerful."

Mr. Stamp reached a sudden determination. His hand shot out and clasped that of the photographer.

"Hot dam! Brother—I an' you bofe. An' that bein' the case, I splains my trouble." He sat up straight in bed and his voice quavered with passion as he recounted his wrongs. "You know how I is, Ephrium. When I wuks I gits good money, but I don't always sometimes wuk. So I figgered I should inwest plenty money in some good-health insu'ance, an' then when times was bahd, if I should git sick I woul'n't have nothin' to wo'y 'bout.

"Well, Georgie Muck has been after me a long time to buy insu'ance fum him, an' as his rates was cheaper than any other comp'ny, I fin'ly done so. But I never pikes, Ephrium—not me. So I stahted payin' him two an' a half a week, which ontitled me to seventy-five dollars a week was I to git ill."

Mr. Trask emitted a shrill whistle.

"Seventy-five a week!"

"Uh-huh. Ten times the seven-fifty which you gits fo' two bits. Anyway, jest two weeks ago I got sick—real sick. Not no fake. An' fo' eight days I coul'n't move outen this bed. Now you know good an' well, Ephrium, that when a feller is sick fo' a week he's entitled to insu'ance money. An' it wan't until the other day I learned that Georgie Muck's policies said folks had to be sick fo' two weeks." Adrian paused for breath. "Now there I was, really sick fo' ten days, an' was I to git up inside the next fo' days, I woul'n't git nothin' or even less 'n that. So what would any feller which has good sense do? He'd stay sick fo' them extry fo' days, woul'n't he?"

Ephrium nodded ponderously.

"Unless he was crazy in the haid, he would."

"Ezac'ly. An' tha's jest what I done. But come yestiddy the snow fell down an' ev'ything was pretty, an' I felt good, so up I gits an' walks to the corner an' watches you take that snow pitcher of Claribella Wick. That was We'nesday. An' I don't git no insu'ance money unless I stays in bed ontil tonight—Thu'sday night—at six o'clock. An' it comes to a hund'ed an' fifty dollars fo' the two weeks. Tha's real money."

"You is dawg-gone tootin' it is!"

"You tooken that li'l' chile's pitcher an' I was standin' right behime her, so Ise in the pitcher myself, ain't I?"

"I ain't sayin' you ain't."

"An' if you go an' print that pitcher, Georgie Muck can use it as proof that I was out befo' the end of my two weeks. He c'n prove it on account of the snow bein' on the groun' yestiddy—the fust snow we have had in two yeahs. An' it means that I lose a hund'ed an' fifty dollars cash money."

Ephrium rose and paced the room, hands clasped behind his back. Finally he turned.

"Meanin' that if nobody gits that pitcher, you is gwine be jest as happy as though you had it yo' own sel'?"

"Tha's it, Ephrium."

Mr. Trask rubbed his hands together.

"Tell you what I is willin' to do, Mistuh Stamp. Fo' twenty-five dollars I is willin' to bust up that plate which I took yestiddy—bust it up without printin' no pitchers fum it a-tall."

Adrian's eyes gleamed triumphantly.

"Honest?"

"An' true. How 'bout it?"

"Hot ziggity! You gits the twenty-five."

The money was duly paid over and Ephrium sallied forth once more. But now the camera across his shoulder was no longer a burden and the slowly melting snow beneath his feet did not fill him with a sense of personal injury. After all, he had not only made twenty-five dollars where a few minutes since all opportunity for profit had appeared to be denied him but he had also done his bit to cause existence to be less profitable for the pariah Muck. He knew that Georgie had been somewhat lax in explaining to his customers that illnesses must run two weeks under the terms of his policy, and already he had been saved hundreds of dollars in indemnities justly due by reason of his clients' ignorance.

Ephrium knew that it made no difference whatever to Adrian that the plate had been destroyed inadvertently and in advance of his payment of twenty-five dollars. The destruction of the plate was the salient fact. Adrian stood to clear a hundred and twenty-five dollars on the deal, and certainly he could have no adequate protest.

During the balance of the day Ephrium labored mightily. Nor was his work overly pleasant. The snow was fast disappearing, and by sunset that afternoon the final traces of it were gone. When he reached his boarding house that night he almost collided with Georgie Muck. Ephrium loosed a howl.

"Git out of my way, cullud man! I ain't aimin' to make no talk with you."

"I has come ——"

"I see you has, an' I also craves to see you go."

"But, Brother Trask ——"

"I ain't yo' brother."

"I gives you forty dollars fo' that plate."

"You don't gimme nothin' fo' nothin'. An' the sooner you removes yo'se'f fum where I is at, the happier I is gwine be."

Georgie moved sullenly off.

"Reckon I c'n take a hint."

Ephrium whistled as he worked in his dark room that night. He was feeling exceedingly righteous and more than usually prosperous. The world, after all, was not such an awful place in which to reside, and he felt at peace with all humanity—possibly excepting Mr. Georgie Muck. Thought of Mr. Muck caused a surge of hatred in his bosom. The idea of Georgie attempting to withhold from Adrian Stamp a well-earned hundred and fifty dollars! Especially when Adrian had been genuinely ill for more than ten days. The thing was outrageous, and Ephrium felt that this would be a much-needed lesson for the outcast insurance man.

When Mr. Trask started out on his labors the following morning the last vestige of snow had disappeared. But the sun shone brilliantly as invitation to a session of hectic photograph-taking. Ephrium hummed happily as he trudged the streets, snapping likenesses of those who permitted; taking orders here and there on the strength of proofs shown. . . . There was nothing wrong with his appetite when he stopped at Bud Peaglar's place for lunch. Bud limped forward to accept the hefty order and impart a bit of information.

"Somebody been lookin' fo' you, Brother Trask."

"Named which?"

"Georgie Muck."

At mention of the name Bud's face wrinkled into an expression of utter disgust, but it was nothing to the look of anger which turned Ephrium's countenance a vivid purple.

"Dawg-gone that cullud man's hide! Does he snoop around any more where I is at, he is gwine be ain't."

"He is kinder low down," agreed Bud. "What has he been doin' you for?"

"Nothin'. But I ain't got no time fo' sech an ornery no-'count feller as him. He ain't no good, an' his business is wuss."

There was more of the same as Ephrium explored the mysteries of the savory Brunswick stew which Bud placed before him. At length, thoroughly gorged, Ephrium paid his check and waddled from the place. Even as he turned homeward, instinct warned that he would find Georgie Muck parked there; and as he trudged on, his lips expanded into a smile which boded no particular good for Georgie.

Mr. Muck rose as the protuberant figure of the rotund Ephrium hove into view. It was plain that Georgie was desperate, but on the defensive, and he was obviously surprised by the absence of any hostility in the greeting that Ephrium bestowed upon him.

Mr. Muck earnestly desired pictorial proof of the fact that Adrian Stamp had not fulfilled the conditions of the health policy by remaining prostrated for the full fortnightly period. There was no chance of his getting proof from any individual, because Darktown as a whole was allied against Mr. Muck. Only the picture which Ephrium had snapped on Wednesday held forth any hope for him. With it he would be able to save the hundred and fifty dollars Adrian was claiming. Without it there would be nothing to do but pay the money.

"Jest a few minutes' talk," pleaded Georgie, and Ephrium bade him enter. Georgie came right to the point.

"I has got to have that snow pitcher of li'l' Claribella," he said. "I craves to buy either the plate or one pitcher."

Ephrium's eyes narrowed.

"Was I willin' to sell you one pitcher, I'd sell the plate as easy."

Mr. Muck did not understand Ephrium's decided change of front, but he was no person to neglect having operations while the sun was shining. From an enormous wallet he produced five ten-dollar bills.

"Fifty dollars cash money," he tempted.

"You offers me that much fo' the plate of the snow pitcher of li'l' Claribella?"

"You said it, brother."

"'Cause you love that li'l' gal so good?"

"Uh-huh; tha's which."

Ephrium started across the room.

"You must be as big a fool as you look. Gimme them fifty."

(Continued on Page 56)

7-passenger Sedan
$3235

Luxury's Limit in Comfort and Performance

5-Foot Rear Springs—Unusual Power for Weight

THE thrill of eager performance—the luxury of rarely equalled riding ease—the satisfaction of smart appearance—all are yours in 5 or 7-passenger Paige Sedans.

Think of the riding ease of the Paige Sedan, with its rear springs more than 5 feet long, snubbers front and rear, and 131-inch wheelbase. However rough the road, no hostile bumps can ever pass these defenders of your comfort. And deep, softly cushioned seats invite relaxation. Rarely will you find a car that rides as smoothly as your Paige. Never a body squeak or rattle to annoy, for double strips of patent leather keep metal from touching metal or wood.

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Crawling through crowded streets at 2 miles an hour, throttle controlled, or flashing over the open roads as fast as you will ever want—Paige obeys your slightest command. Ball-bearing steering spindles—gentle, non-stalling clutch—quiet, easy gear shifting—give perfect performance under any guidance. Try it yourself. Drive the Paige in a demonstration. Call on the Paige dealer.

REALLY EQUIPPED!

Paige prices include following equipment for which others charge extra on top of advertised prices—
Two extra cord tires, tubes, rims and covers, mounted forward and locked on; spring bumpers front and rear; snubbers; stop-light; trunk rack; motometer; Waltham clock; gasoline gauge and cigar lighter on the dash; automatic windshield wiper; sun visor; rear-view mirror; transmission lock.

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5 or 7-passenger Sedan $3235
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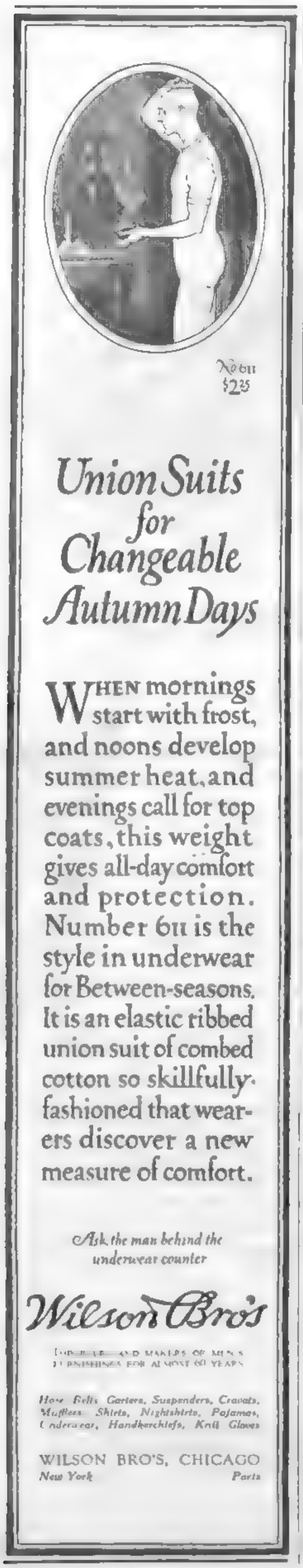


Union Suits for Changeable Autumn Days

WHEN mornings start with frost, and noons develop summer heat, and evenings call for top coats, this weight gives all-day comfort and protection. Number 611 is the style in underwear for Between-seasons. It is an elastic ribbed union suit of combed cotton so skillfully fashioned that wearers discover a new measure of comfort.

Ask the man behind the underwear counter

Wilson Bro's

[illegible] AND MAKERS OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS FOR ALMOST 60 YEARS

Hose, Belts, Garters, Suspenders, Cravats, Mufflers, Shirts, Nightshirts, Pajamas, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Knit Gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
New York *Paris*

(Continued from Page 54)

The money changed hands. Ephrium stuffed it carefully in his own wallet.

"One minute, Mistuh Muck, an' I procures you the plate."

Mr. Muck waited while Ephrium disappeared into the dark room. The soul of Mr. Muck was singing.

By the simple expenditure of a bit of persistence, some tact and a well-timed display of cash, he now stood to save one hundred dollars—the money otherwise to be collected by Adrian Stamp minus the fifty just paid Ephrium.

The closet door opened and Ephrium emerged. In his hand was a plate. He extended it toward his visitor.

"Heah you is, Mistuh Muck—the plate is li'l' Claribella in the snow."

Georgie snatched it. He reached the window in a bound and held it up to the lights. There, with lights appearing as shadows and shadows as lights, he discerned the demure little Claribella Wick puncturing the whiteness of the snow with her brunet beauty. It was little Claribella—Claribella at the corner of the alley and the street. But a slow frown creased Mr. Muck's forehead, a frown of doubt and worry. He turned puzzled eyes upon the photographer.

"How long does it take to make a print of this?" he inquired.

"Jest a few minutes. I got things pretty well fixed. Have a seat by the winder yonder."

But Georgie Muck did not have a seat. He paced up and down the room. There was doubt in his mind and agony in his soul. He was obsessed by the overpowering hunch that all was not as it should be, that fate had somehow played a scurvy trick upon him.

The half hour that ensued seemed an eternity to the waiting insurance man, and when Ephrium finally appeared holding plate in one hand and a damply fresh print in the other, he leaped forward and seized the soggy picture.

He gazed upon the ravishing Claribella standing forth in Stygian glory against the white background, he glimpsed the street and the alley, he saw the trees which lined the former thoroughfare, and the ashcans decorating the latter. He saw all of that, but he saw nothing more. He raised troubled eyes to the serene face of Ephrium Trask.

"But this ain't the pitcher I want," said he.

"You talks foolishment, Mistuh Muck. Didn't you say you wanted the pitcher of li'l' Claribella Wick standin' in the snow? An' ain't that what you has got right in your hand?"

"Yeh—yeh, tha's right, Ephrium. Tha's ezac'ly what I said with my own mouf. I admits it cheerful. But, Ephrium, it seems like to me they ought to be somethin' mo' in this pitcher."

"It's the bestest pitcher Claribella ever had tooken of her."

"I ain't sayin' it ain't," admitted the harassed insurance agent. "But there is somethin' missin'. I asts you, Ephrium, is this the pitcher you took We'nesday when I come runnin' up an' ast you who that other feller was?

"Is this the pitcher you took that ve'y fust day it snowed?"

Ephrium shook his head.

"Shuh!" he said guilelessly. "Of course it ain't. I ruint that one. But you was so sot on havin' a pitcher of li'l' Claribella that I went back the next day befo' the snow melted an' took another one as a special favor to you."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 38)

mournful series of wails. One came from the politicians, who, long and fatly familiar with the lush patronage pastures of the gigantic Treasury organization, moaned that he didn't know anything about politics, had had no experience in that field of endeavor, and probably wouldn't recognize the rights of the professional patriots of the party to the pay-roll privileges of his department. They were right. He didn't.

The other laments came from those who see the decline and fall of our Constitutional institutions in the public recognition of any man who has accumulated more than four and a half dollars in the course of his life's work. They said we were ruined, sunk, destroyed; that our democracy became a byword and a hissing because this new Secretary of the Treasury is a multimillionaire. They were half right. He is a multimillionaire. Indeed, he is a multimultimillionaire, with five or six more multis added to get the exact status of him defined.

Andrew W. Mellon is one of the richest men in the United States. He is one of the very rich men of the world. Probably he is the only person who knows exactly how much he is worth, but a lot of people expert in such appraisements put him along with John D. Rockefeller and William A. Clark, and E. L. Doheny, and Henry Ford—and not so far along with them, either—ahead, mostly, except in the case of Henry and John D.

However, so far as has been noted up to date, that wealthy fact has not set the United States back to any noticeable degree. Indeed, it has set the United States ahead many parasangs because the superability that enabled Mellon to become one of the richest men in the world is now at the exclusive service of the United States for the sum of twelve thousand dollars a year wages, and the added perquisites of one personal negro messenger in his office, and an automobile of a modest make. One thousand dollars per month, and pay his own income tax, is what Mr. Mellon receives for working sixteen hours a day for this republic. Back yonder in Pittsburgh he probably made one hundred thousand dollars a month, or twice or three times that, but he left all that when summoned by President Harding, and even his severest critics must admit he is worth what we are now paying him. Those foreign financiers who went against him in trying to get reduction and rebates and allowances and other fudges on what they owe us, if called to testify, would say he is worth a million dollars a minute to the U. S. A. And then some.

He is an interesting, quietly sociable, adventurous and enterprising man with a farseeing vision and the courage to back that vision with his dollars. Some call him lucky. Maybe so. Superficially, it looked like luck when his Gulf Oil Company got that six hundred and forty acres down in the Osage, right plumb over the Boston pool—a subterranean lake of oil—and took out forty million dollars' worth, or more, of oil; especially when the lease was not so expensive as such leases have since become, and, more especially, as the Standard Oil Company paid two and one-half millions of dollars for the land right next to the Gulf Company lease and didn't get enough oil to grease a wheelbarrow. That was luck, they say. It may be. But it was also fairly good judgment in getting in there first and leasing that particular six-forty. Somebody around that Mellon place had vision, and backed it with money. Rumor has it that Andrew W. Mellon was the man.

The list of things the secretary was in before he resigned from all his companies to come to Washington would comprise most of the great basic businesses of the country—mines, furnaces, factories, oil, lumber, water power, electricity, railroads, ships, trolleys, banks, trust companies, foreign enterprises—and many of the specialized ones. For example, one of the companies he organized makes most of the aluminum used in this country. He's the doughboy of the Western World.

And, lastly, you watch this man Mellon during this new dispensation in Washington. Unquestionably he developed into the great outstanding figure of the Harding Administration, next to the President, making no noise during the process, but sawing an enormous quantity of wood. He and President Harding were not much alike—Harding, affable, amiable, kindly, genial, talkable, expansive; and Mellon, quiet, reserved, retiring, restrained, unpretentious—but they worked together effectively, each with great admiration for the other.

Now we have a new sort of President quiet himself, and reserved, and so on, somewhat of a similar of Mellon. Watch the two.

What price that Calvin Coolidge and Andrew Mellon will not work in closest harmony and complete understanding? What price that, presently, we shall see the President giving his Secretary of the Treasury the high but barely noticeable sign upon occasion, and the two of them getting off in the corner and settling on things in their quiet reserved manner? What price? The odds, I should say, are at least forty to one that that is exactly what will come about. A hundred to one is more like it.

—S. G. B.

Beauty Bay on Lake Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Get him into your cellar to-day

The same people who repair your furnace and piping will install Improved Asbestocel for you. Plumbers, steamfitters, sheet-metal workers and ventilating concerns all over the country apply it.

Important!

Improved Asbestocel may be able to save so much more fuel than your present covering that it will pay for its installation in a few months. One of the men listed above can tell you upon inspection. Find out!

Picture of a man saving next winter's fuel

A DELIGHTFUL autumn scene! A view that ought to appear in every cellar in America where heating pipes are improperly covered or bare—and there are thousands of them. This man is applying Improved Asbestocel, so that this house will be a much more comfortable dwelling than it was last winter, when much heat was wasted, probably through thin and inefficient pipe covering. The man in the picture is saving this coming winter's fuel with every running foot of Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel that he applies—and you know what fuel cost you last winter, and how hard it was to get.

You don't know now how much or how little coal you can get this coming winter—but you can know this: you will save tons of that coal right now by applying Improved Asbestocel over bare pipes or in place of pipe covering that merely conceals the pipes but does not really insulate them.

If you are building, be sure that all the risers in the walls are covered as well as cellar pipes, flues and the furnace body.

Note that word "Improved." It's a question of construction which your plumbing or heating man will gladly explain.

By actual test, Improved Asbestocel saves more fuel per dollar of cost. There is a red band on the inside end of each length so that you may readily identify it.

Now is the time to buy Improved Asbestocel; don't put it off. Last year, on the eve of winter, many householders were disappointed. To insure your home against cold and discomfort, phone your plumbing or heating man to-day. Or mail the coupon below.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc., *Dept. A2*
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 59 Large Cities
For Canada
Canadian Johns Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

Look for the Red Band

I want to know how Improved Asbestocel can help my heating plant do a better job.

Send me the booklet, "Bare Pipes Waste Fuel."

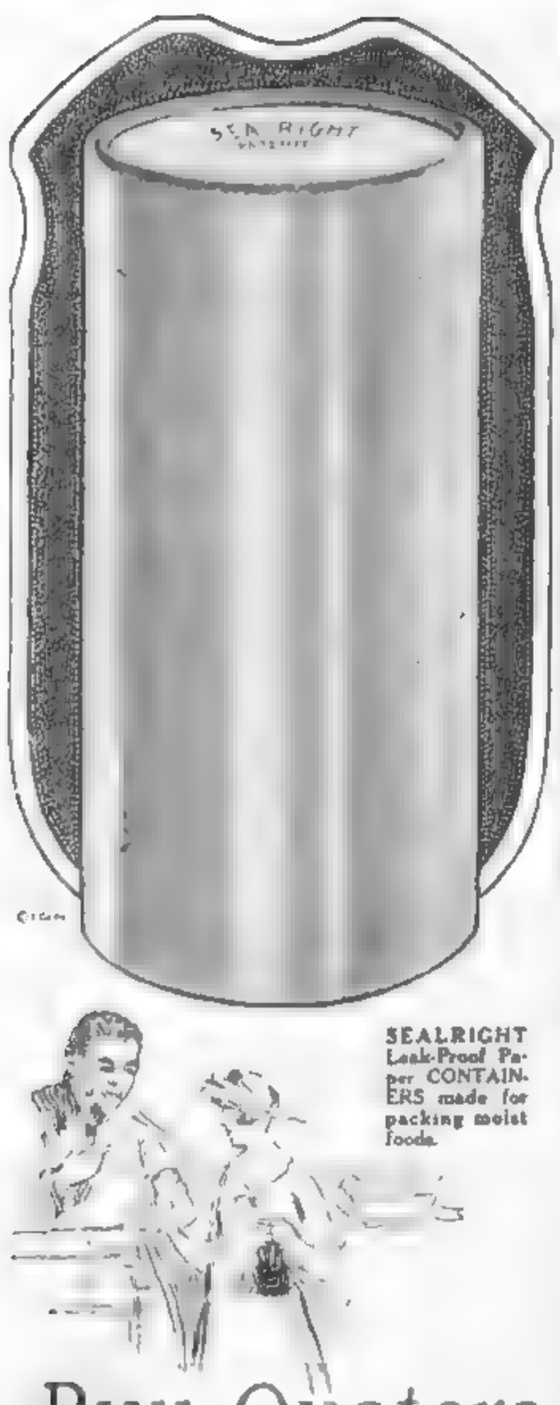
Name _____

Address _____

A2

Johns-Manville Asbestos and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE *Improved* Asbestocel *— saves coal*



Buy Oysters
this Better Way

THOSE big ones—cold and appetizing—those tasty clams tanged with the sea—*how much better* when packed and delivered in Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers. Just the thing for carrying and keeping sea foods such as oysters, clams, crab-meat and-so-forth, because neither the odor nor the moisture can leak out of a Sealright.

Sealright Containers assure you a 100% *safe, leak-proof, sanitary, more convenient* method of carrying and keeping *any moist food*, because Sealright Containers cannot leak, drip, spoil or wilt. Best of all, moist foods packed in *Sealright Containers retain their flavor and are more palatable when served.* All convenient sizes up to a gallon. Popular sizes—half-pints, pints and quarts. When ordering by phone tell your dealer to *send* moist foods in *Leak-Proof* Sealright Containers.

SEALRIGHT CO., INC.
Dept. 552 Fulton, N. Y.

Also makers of Sealright Pouring Pail and ordinary flat or common Milk Bottle caps

This attractive window transparency identifies the dealer giving Sealright Service. Look for it to be sure of getting moist foods packed in sturdy, sanitary, accurate-measure Sealright Containers.

Carry it home in a
Sealright
Liquid-Tight
Paper Container

THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN

(Continued from Page 19)

no more, would find themselves unable to enter the colony."

That builder had a number of houses in a new section where nobody had yet gone to live, and he intends putting up more. He was willing to part with several of the first houses sold to get people into the neighborhood and enhance the value of his other houses.

By carefully shopping around I was able to take advantage for my friend of the much misunderstood factor, increment. People call it unearned increment and blame the real-estate operator and builder for boosting values in what seems to be an unfair way. But it is the people themselves who boost values. These increases represent their continual investment in the community, for they are spending money to build houses, pave streets, lay sidewalks, build sewers, bring in water, gas, electricity, trolley, telephone and other services. These improvements are just as much a part of the cost of the property as the expense of building a house, though people usually forget to figure them into the cost of a home. Again, as people move in they select the choicest sites. One street is preferred to others because handy to the railroad station, the trolley line, the grocer and butcher, the public school.

Late comers pay more for the narrower choice—but they are also getting the benefit of investments made by the early comers in public improvements.

There is only one way that I know to beat increment. That is to be a pioneer. Be among the first to buy and live in a new section. But make sure that you pioneer where there is going to be real development. And there you will probably find the real-estate man's knowledge worth paying for. He will pass by the exploited and overvalued developments. He will pass the ones where prices are temptingly low because the enterprise has got a setback through bad management; and also the promotions that are water-logged by having too many lot owners in proportion to home builders—people who have bought lots with the expectation of profiting by increment without building themselves. All these he will pass by, no matter how superficially alluring, and reveal one or more neighborhoods that are quietly coming into their own on inherent merit, and where values are still reasonable.

It may be that if people pay for good real-estate advice what it is worth they will follow it. Probably advice has been disregarded because it was so cheap. If you retain a real-estate counselor, by all means stick to the transaction that he advises after you have made up your own mind that it is a good thing to do.

When Women Decide

As I said, people judge houses by superficial things. And it is well to be frank and admit right here that people in this case are almost invariably women. Maybe some of my statements about women and home buying will seem a bit cynical, but they are all too true. Chiefly because women so often have the decision in buying a home, I never try to sell a private house. Experience has taught me that there is no professional pride to be served. I have had a woman turn to her husband and say she didn't like the house because the wall paper was not the shade that suited her fancy. It was the best value I had ever seen. The builder had been unable to finance his proposition and the material men had taken the operation over. The lady agreed the location was perfect, the house was perfect, the price was cheap, but she didn't like the wall paper—and that settled it. And I once lost a sale because a woman heard me mention that another woman had lately bought a house from me in the section under consideration—the ladies were not on speaking terms!

You take an honestly built house that cost five thousand dollars to erect, but lacking in certain sales points. Ask only five thousand dollars, just what it cost, and you will probably fail to find a customer. Let a seasoned real-estate man take it in hand. He will put in a tiled bathroom floor, a sunken bathtub, six veneered doors, a hardwood floor, a fancy medicine cabinet, an open fireplace, half a dozen patented devices in the kitchen, a place for the refrigerator outside the kitchen, and so on. All told he will spend not more than five hundred dollars on such devices, and sell the house to a woman for seven or eight thousand dollars.

"But a woman judges a home by just such conveniences!" I hear the woman reader say. "They mean so much in lightening housework!"

Yes, madam, you are right. But why pay two or three times what they are worth? Go over them one by one as the real-estate man would do, find out how much they have cost and buy them for that, plus a reasonable builder's profit.

A woman who knows what housework is will buy a house for its kitchen cabinet and utterly overlook something far more important in the management of a home—that is, a comfortable private room for the servant. The day when the hired girl could be put into the attic or a half basement is past. The builder and the real-estate man are solving the servant problem by providing a room with bath where the servant can be alone in her leisure hours. By all means have the kitchen cabinet, but also have the room where your maid can make her home in your home.

Things to Ask About

Women are especially poor judges of the intangibles in real estate. Skeptical, easily deceived, wanting too much for their money, they judge property by the things in sight and overlook factors in location that are far more important. The real-estate man considers location first—the trend of values in a given section, the kind of neighbors who will move in around him, protection against annoyances, safety for children. Yes, madam, it is a lovely bathroom—but could anybody build a public garage or rendering works next door? How about that objectionable quarter a dozen blocks down the street—which way is it growing? How about the parasitic development just over the boundary line of this subdivision?

Let me be even brutal while I am on the subject, and say that women are the greatest suckers in real estate, critical and ill-informed in small operations and afraid to undertake big ones. They lack experience in the subject matter, have no means of acquiring it, won't acknowledge their incompetence, and are swayed by impulses. Only yesterday a woman insisted upon putting awnings on a house because they looked pretty, despite the imparted knowledge that they would blow away in a short time.

Now we will be pleasant!

In choosing a location nine people in ten are influenced by terms. The real-estate man seeks a buyer's proposition, finding a site that is good value, but probably requires a determined effort on the part of the purchaser. He must pay down considerable cash or assume a mortgage burden that will require industry and economy for a term of years. While such a location is being considered his client sees a newspaper advertisement offering property on the easy terms of a dollar down and a dollar a month, and is lured away to a salesman's proposition.

Many people take the assessment of value for tax purposes as an indicator of real value, though it is not an infallible guide. Or they judge by the size of a first mortgage, though it is a familiar trick of the owner to take back his own mortgage and make it high to help finance operations. If any restrictions are placed on the land one should be very careful not to take what is called a personal restriction—namely, an agreement by the owner with the purchaser that certain restrictions are imposed. There should be a restriction in the deed which will run with the land and which cannot be changed should the owner fail to keep his personal restriction, which is nothing more than a promise.

Having found your lot, the real-estate operator insists upon title insurance before he lets you part with your money. Certainly you do not want to build your home on somebody else's land. Yet that is done again and again by folks who purchase land with a cloudy title and fail to protect themselves with a title-insurance policy.

Now the land is bought, and you are ready to plan your home. Do a thorough job while you are at it. Take plenty of time and thresh out all questions of rooms, arrangements, fixtures, decorations—everything down to the last door knob. For changes will suggest themselves unless your plans and specifications are complete, and there is nothing that adds to cost like changes while building is going on. Changes are a great temptation. Don't change!

Buy a ready-made house within our limits of six to twelve thousand dollars. Ten years ago I would not have advised that, for ready-made houses were tasteless in design and wasteful to build. But there have been many prize competitions lately, and the ready-made plans obtainable from many sources are the work of specialists and embody hundreds of conveniences and economies that have been evolved by experience in building thousands of houses. You need no architect, but a good plan and a good builder. The latter will skillfully materialize your mental picture of home, in lumber, brick, hardware and symphony in color.

The laying out of a home has become absolutely a matter for specialists. There is such a difference between a house and a home! The planning of a home should begin with a foot rule, and even ready-made plans should be tested by that indispensable implement. You are going to have so much space under a roof. Every cubic foot of it costs money to build, furnish and maintain. All waste space in a home makes work, and costs money for carpet, paper, paint, light, heat. And every square foot should be made as livable as possible. The raising of a ceiling one foot adds just so much to cost, but it may add nothing to livability.

You want the greatest livable space with the least building. One of the common mistakes that make a house simply a house, not a home, is that of making it too big. Waste space often takes the form of an extra room that isn't used, and because little lived in it imparts a haunted effect to the whole house. This haunted chamber used to be the old-fashioned hallway that people insisted on having, though it was of little earthly use. One of the triumphs of the specialist designing small homes the past ten years is the elimination of this desolate hallway, which had become a sort of national custom, a blind habit with people who insisted upon having the hallway, though they didn't know what to do with it afterwards.

Dining Room Overhead

Now that the designer has got rid of the hallway, he is attacking the next big unit of waste space in the average home—the dining room. What is a dining room? Stop and think a moment. A place where people eat? Yes, that is a good working definition. How often do people eat? Why, only three times a day. Or maybe twice if lunch is taken elsewhere. Or even once where dinner is the hearty meal and breakfast and lunch are chiefly snacks. The living room and kitchen of a home are in constant use, but the dining room, inhabited perhaps an hour or two every day, may be bigger than either.

If you went into a restaurant and found only one big table you would consider the proprietor crazy. But not more so than the man who builds a dining room in his home, with one big table, and pays the heavy cost of furnishing and upkeep to use it two hours a day.

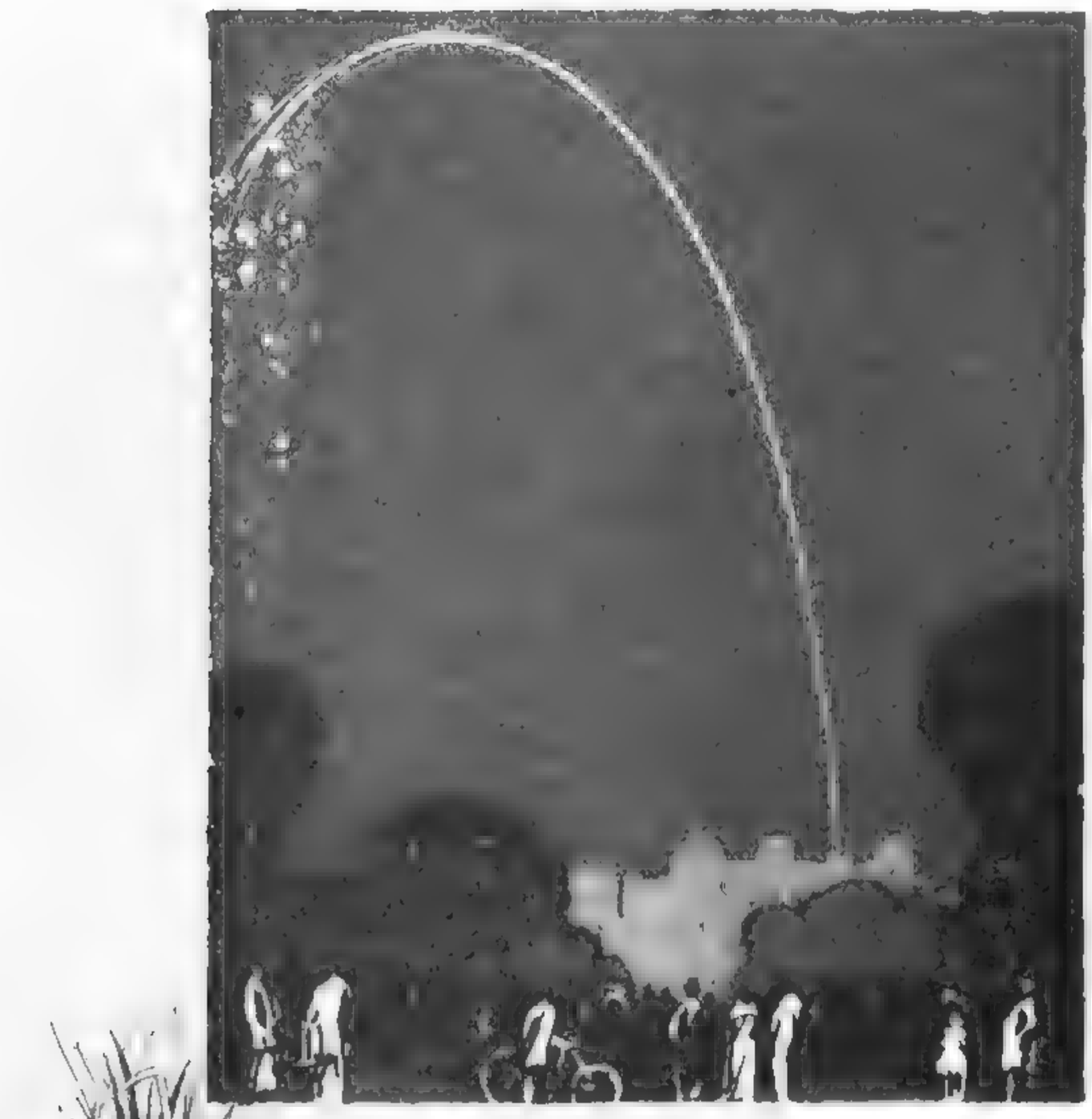
Understanding this high cost of eating, the specialist in home design is modifying the dining room to make it livable. In good plans nowadays you find the Pullman dining room or breakfast nook with its small fixed table and seats. Six by six feet is ample, and six by eight luxury. The cloth can be spread in a moment for breakfast or lunch, and when it is cleared away you may play cards, write, read, sew or do a dozen other things there.

The dining room is also being made a dual-purpose apartment by building in a folding bed of the type that disappears in a closet. By day it is out of sight, and by night transforms the room into an emergency chamber.

A great space waster in home building is the bungalow. People have been building it partly because they thought it cheap, and partly to avoid the running up and down stairs that makes housework tiring.

But the bungalow is more expensive than a two-story house of the same cubic area on one count alone—it takes twice as much roof! And because it covers more ground

(Continued on Page 60)



THE TALE OF THE SKY-ROCKET

MOST of us are familiar with the story of the small boy who spent all of his money for a sky-rocket, touched a match to it, watched it rise and burst into a thousand shooting stars, and then sat down and cried bitterly.

"I wish I had bought something else," he sobbed. "It might have lasted longer."

The small boy has no monopoly on sky-rockets. Within the memory of everyone who reads this page, there have been too many instances of business men, of otherwise sound judgment, who have sought to flash their product into national prominence with nothing more lasting than a bit of cardboard tinsel, a flash of powder, and a wooden stick.

Impatient with established practices, unwilling to lay a secure foundation before proceeding farther, seeking to do in six spectacular months the work of six years, they have put their faith and their money in an advertising sky-rocket.

It has gone up and flared across the sky and people have stopped and looked and wondered. Yet in far too short a time the crowds have dispersed and the spectacle of the moment—for it was only that—has been forgotten. And then these business men sat down, like the small boy, and wished they had done something else.

Advertising is not a game or a gamble. It is not for those of little faith and little understanding. It is certainly not for those who wish to sky-rocket their way to the heights.

The greatest advertising successes in this country are those of manufacturers who have started conservatively and have gone ahead aggressively, making a better product each year, building good-will, maintaining an equitable balance between manufacturing cost and selling price, creating new markets and extending their distribution in an ever-widening circle to meet increased demand.

To such men, advertising is not a sudden flash in the night, but a definite, practical aid in building a substantial business.

N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK
BOSTON
CLEVELAND
CHICAGO

WINTER
just around the corner
– See the United Motors Man Now

Have you anticipated the added strains that short, cold days and long, cold nights are bound to place upon the electrical equipment and the radiator of your car?

Resolve today that you will not have starting and lighting troubles *this* winter. Go to the Authorized United Motors Service Station in your town and have your Delco or Remy electrical system inspected and adjusted for winter driving.

Be sure, too, that the radiator on your car is neither clogged nor leaky. Get it ready now for freezing weather. Go to the Harrison Radiator Service Station in your town.

In all cases look for the familiar United Motors oval sign—the sign of expert service and genuine parts.

Winter is just around the corner. Drive into it with starter, lights and radiator in the condition which winter needs demand.

United Motors Service

is the official service organization for the eight well-known products whose names appear on this sign.

The oval sign, in combination with one or more of these trade names, is your assurance of expert factory service. Authorized United Motors Service Stations are required to have special tools and testing apparatus, highly skilled workmen, and complete stocks of genuine parts.

These facilities together with official factory records assure prompt, efficient service.

Authorized United Motors Service Stations are at convenient points throughout the United States and Canada.

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
INCORPORATED
General Offices: Detroit, Michigan — *Branches in Principal Cities*
Service Stations Everywhere

(Continued from Page 58)

it consumes your land as well as your building appropriation, cutting down your lawn or back yard.

But I must except the California bungalow from these statements, because it is a kind of building different altogether from the Eastern-type bungalow.

The original bungalow was the old Spanish house built around a patio, or central court. The house was really two or more houses, because the living quarters were detached from the kitchen and servants' quarters. Finding that this type of house made the best kind of home in the outdoor climate and spaciousness of Southern California, architects developed it on the original Spanish principles, keeping the kitchen separate from the living rooms, giving the privacy that is lacking in the Eastern bungalow, where everything going on in the whole house can generally be heard in every room. Architects of the highest ability have devoted to the California bungalow as much study and talent as architects designing skyscrapers, and the results are seen in real bungalow plans. If you must have a bungalow, by all means build the California kind.

However, there is now a preference for the two-story house. It is cheaper to build and gives more value for the money in space and privacy. It is also easier to sell because it looks more for the money. Take a fifteen-hundred-dollar lot and build upon it a five-thousand-dollar bungalow and you can probably sell it for eight thousand five hundred dollars. Build a five-thousand-dollar two-story house on the same lot, offer it on attractive financial terms, and it can be sold for ten thousand dollars.

Then there is the one-story house, altogether different from the bungalow, because it is designed for privacy. One of the most charming single-story homes that I know happens to be that of a very wealthy man, but there is no reason why its features should not be embodied in any one-story house. Though only a few years old, this house has an interesting past. It was designed and built by a bachelor who liked lively company and entertained often. So he divided his house into several separate units, each consisting of bedroom, bath and combination sitting and breakfast room. Each unit is so arranged that people can enter it from an inside corridor without passing through any other unit, and each unit also has its own entrance from outdoors.

The Factor of Privacy

It is queer, but true, that people overlook privacy in planning or choosing a home. More than any other single factor, privacy makes the difference between a house and a home. Many houses are designed as though publicity were the most desirable element in family life—publicity inside and out. The living room is placed right on the street, and the front door opens right into it. To reach any other room it is necessary to walk through this apartment, and all the work noise and odors of the kitchen pervade every part of the house. A home built for privacy, with soundproof partitions, noncreaking double floors, the living room and bedrooms facing the quietest side of the lot, windows and porches screened by foliage, is not only most livable and homelike, but also the most comfortable and healthful.

Having found your lot, made certain that it is really yours by insuring the title, and decided upon the house you want to build down to the last detail, you are now ready to engage a builder. Here the real-estate man can help too.

There are builders and builders—and builders. You may not know one builder in your own town. You may be moving into a strange town. You will hardly have the real-estate man's knowledge of the building fraternity, for if he knows his business and his community he will know the builders by their work because he has watched them put up homes and other structures, seen good work and bad, building as a business and building as a gamble, and knows who can be depended upon.

Honest builders? Yes, despite the suspicion and skepticism with which this industry is regarded, there are honest builders to be found in every community, men who value their reputations and continue in business from year to year while the scamping and speculative builders come and go.

I have in mind a builder in a certain New York suburb where the people are chiefly wage earners, who was starving on a stony farm fifteen years ago, and sold out, moved to town, and discovered that he had a knack for building. Since then he has put up more than eight hundred houses—six rooms and bath—and sold them to installment purchasers at about six thousand dollars apiece. They are splendid value, and all during the war boom, when materials and help were scarce and high, he went right on building, giving his customers good value, and taking a reasonable profit.

The real-estate man not only judges builders by their buildings but also by their behavior during boom times such as we are now passing through. Some men yield to temptation during the periodic building booms, lose their heads, get as much as possible for their jobs, and put into them as little as possible. But others know that the pendulum will swing back sooner or later and, instead of exploiting their customers, work to help them get value for their money under the difficulties that must be met when the demand for building exceeds the capacity of the industry.

Anybody can put the foot rule on a builder's honesty and skill. A little knowledge of what makes a good building and personal inspection of some of his jobs will tell the story. Even without knowledge of building construction at all, his work can be gauged by talking with the people who are living in the houses he has built. Satisfied customers are the best advertisements in this business as in others, and it is wisdom to select a builder who has done enough work in the community to refer you to his buildings and his customers.

Building Contracts

Of course every business enterprise must have its beginning, and there are generally men who want to build your house as their first job, men who have worked as carpenters and mechanics and are ambitious to get into business for themselves. They may be not only honest and skillful but will go great lengths to make your house a good one to demonstrate what they can do, and they have yet to learn many of the tricks of shoddy building. Supervised by someone who understands construction values, they may do a good job. But on the other hand, they may also be handicapped by lack of working capital, have difficulty in paying their workmen and meeting bills, and cause delay or bring the complication of mechanics' liens on your home.

There are two forms of contract commonly used under which your home can be built. First is the lump-sum plan, under which one or more contractors name a price for the whole job, and you have the assurance that it will cost no more—provided you do not make changes or order extras during construction. Second is the cost-plus plan, under which the builder agrees to do a good job as cheaply as possible, taking a percentage of the cost of the house as his profit. With either plan there should be expert supervision while construction is going on, to make sure that an honest job is done. The lump-sum contract is preferred by many owners, because they know in advance how much the home is going to cost, but with a capable contractor and good supervision the cost-plus home can often be put up for less money.

Though building is full of technicalities, with a thousand little kinks to keep track of, people might see to it themselves that they get good value by paying more attention to a few of the most important details in a house. To illustrate: How often does the prospective purchaser of a house go up on the roof? In my experience, not once in a hundred times. But the roof is a vital part of the house, and a ladder and a little common sense would show whether it was a good roof or not. There are good and bad wooden shingles, and they do not look alike even to the novice, for good wooden shingles are straight grained, free from knots and of durable material, like cedar, while bad shingles are cut from wood that will quickly rot, like pine, and of inferior pine at that. Good shingles may be badly laid, and that will show in careless overlapping, sure to result in leaks sooner or later. Good shingles may be well laid with nails that will soon rust, destroying the roof long before the shingles have warped or rotted. There are good and bad patent roofing materials, too—some capable of resisting the weather for years, while others may be blown off by the first heavy gale. It is advisable to get a written guaranty from the roofer, assuring five or ten years' wear, but it is also possible

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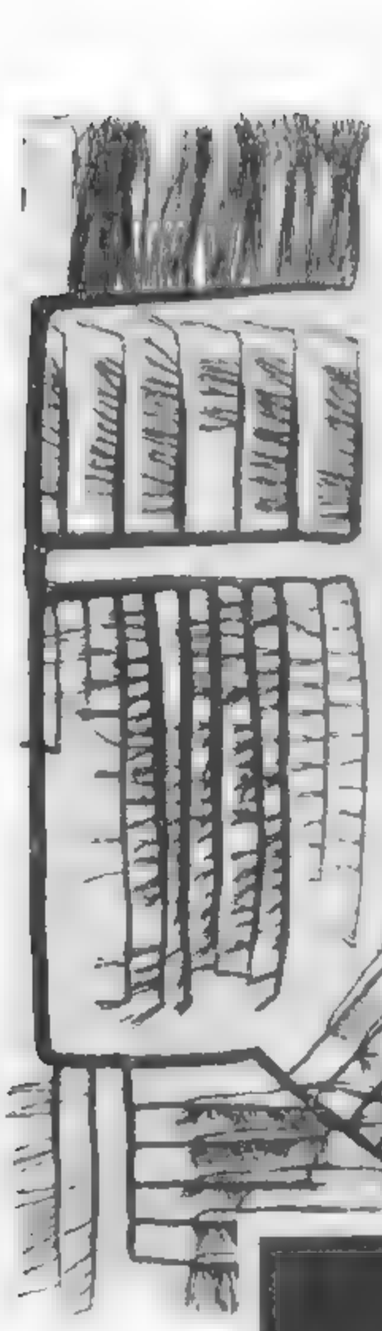


LIKE WRITING LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS ON A POSTAGE STAMP. 4,853 miles of wire must be installed in an average-sized telephone exchange.

Where 4853 miles is half a block—

WIRE enough to reach from San Francisco to New York, south to New Orleans and back to San Diego—right inside one building! To look at your telephone exchange, covering perhaps half a city block, you would hardly suspect it held so vast a mileage.

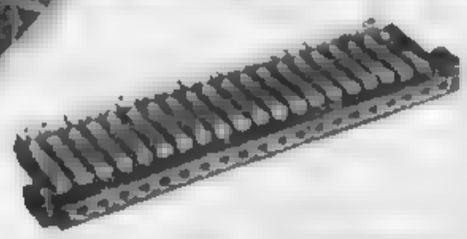
Yet all this wire is needed just to connect your telephone with all the other telephones in town.

To manufacture the Central Office equipment obviously requires a high degree of skill. This is just what Western Electric, with all its electrical experience of fifty-four years, brings to the task.

FOLIAGE FROM THE SWITCH BOARD TREE. This is how the cable form looks before it is wired into a switchboard.

At the right, one of the men whose job is to see that the right wire gets into the right place

SOME SUM! 5,723,285 separate soldered connections—that's what a typical Central Office installation requires. Here patience and a steady hand are essential.



LOOKS LIKE A HARMONICA, DOESN'T IT? And it is a kind of mouth organ. When you talk in the telephone, this "jack strip" gets into the conversation. The holes are the familiar openings on the switchboard into which the operator plugs.

ON THE JOB. To make and install a switchboard sometimes takes two years. The picture shows an installation crew at work in a modern exchange.

Western Electric

Since 1869 makers of electrical equipment

Mrs. Ford Owner

of Cando, N. D., thought the Ford had been overhauled

And why

A FORD owner in Cando, N. D., was persuaded to drain the old oil out of his crank-case and refill with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

After two weeks he came back and asked for some more.

He said, "I didn't think there would be so much difference in oil. I haven't cleaned a spark plug since I put in that Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E,' and I use only half as much oil. I used to clean the spark plugs every trip. Even my wife noticed the difference. She got in the car to go up town and when she came home she wanted to know if the engine had been overhauled, it ran so smoothly."

The striking superiority of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" for Ford engines is due to these facts: (1) "E" distributes perfectly to every frictional surface; (2) "E" stands up perfectly under Ford heat conditions; (3) "E" provides a thorough piston ring seal and (4) "E" gives unusual freedom from carbon.

All of this can be proved as quickly in *your* Ford engine as it was in the engine in Cando, N. D.

And if your wife drives the Ford, she'll especially appreciate the difference.

Drain off the old oil while the engine is warm. Do not use kerosene to cleanse the engine. Some of it is sure to remain in the splash troughs and thin out the new oil.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York (Main Office), Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Buffalo, Boston, Detroit, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Rochester, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Mo., Dallas, Oklahoma City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Continued from Page 60

that the roofer may be out of business when your roof fails.

So with foundations, framing, brick work, concrete, hardware, plumbing, wiring, heating. As simple a thing as applying a pocket magnet to hardware and plumbing will tell you whether it is durable copper and brass or just plated iron. As simple a test as shutting yourself in one room and your wife in another and talking will tell whether the walls are soundproof.

The best time to determine the value of a house is just before the builder finishes—and that is exactly the time when it looks its worst, and unsophisticated folks damn it. Everything is in a mess. The finishing touches have been put on nothing. But it is then that you can see details of construction that will be covered up later, and determine whether an honest job of building has been done.

If you happen to live in a community with local building-and-loan associations there is a fund of real-estate and building experience available to you on very cheap terms. The local building-and-loan association confines its operations to homes in its own community, never lending elsewhere or on other kinds of property, and generally finances the building of homes such as we have been talking about—costing from six to twelve thousand dollars. Some years ago a national type of building-and-loan association sprang up, lending all over the country, and with such bad management that there were failures and loss, and the local building-and-loan associations suffered because people didn't distinguish between the two different kinds. But the local institution is usually as safe as a savings bank, and in most states regulated by the state banking department.

"I've got a lot and before long want to build a house on it," said a friend of mine in another city some years ago. "Tell me how to go about it."

"Deposit ten dollars down in one of your local building-and-loan associations," I advised. "And when you are ready to build consult its officials. You will be one of their members, with the status of a customer, and they will take care of you."

Getting Expert Advice

The association that he went to had an office over a saloon and looked so little like a financial institution that he was afraid to deposit any money. But he sent a shrewd Scotch friend to look the place over, and the latter came back with a pass book. He had put in some of his own money, saying that such an office showed economy in management, with an attractive rate of interest to depositors and borrowers. Whereupon my friend put in some money, and six months later went to get advice about building a house.

The officers of such an association are constantly scrutinizing real estate, building and home-purchase projects for their members, and they become expert by experience in all details connected with home buying. They appraised my friend's lot, saw that he was protected in title and restrictions, went over his plans and specifications, investigated the standing of his builder, and financed construction on a contract whereby the builder was paid for his work in several installments as construction proceeded, one of the association inspectors going over the work before each payment was made. My friend got an honestly built house at a reasonable price with only the security of his lot, and is paying for it by monthly installments of ten dollars on each thousand dollars lent him equivalent to rent. The only charge for this expert service was the moderate legal fees for drawing up and executing documents.

Building-and-loan officials are particularly capable in applying the acid test to ready-built homes put up by speculators, for they carefully scrutinize the character of construction, restrictions, and other matters apt to be overlooked by the inexperienced. I should say that their ability to pick a good bargain in location is probably not so great as that of the capable real-estate man, largely because it is his business to follow the community's growth, whereas the building-and-loan official is not a developer or operator, but more an expert appraiser of property after the prospective purchaser has found his own location.

It may be that after getting your home, some day you will want to sell it. Families change. Prosperity takes people to another neighborhood. A new job takes you to another town. If you ever sell take a few tips from a real-estate man.

Home property seldom increases in value. Your land may increase, but hardly the house you live in. Having made this broad statement, I think of an exception to it. Some years ago a garden suburb was developed outside New York City, the funds of a great estate being used to help people of the professional class buy pleasant artistic homes in beautiful surroundings. By comprehensive planning, purchasers were given excellent value, the enterprise being carried out under the direction of the best architects, builders and landscape artists. This development attracted a particularly congenial class of people—artists, writers, actors, teachers, and the like. Today these folks are selling their homes and moving elsewhere, partly because the cost of living has risen above their means in that section and partly because the building boom has made their homes so valuable that it is profitable to sell. This is an unusual and temporary situation, however, for within five years—at most, ten—values will drop again. The home owner who happened to move there ten years ago foresaw just what should always be foreseen.

When Sentiment Comes High

The rule may have exceptions, but it holds true nine times in ten. Spend money for the improvement of your home, making it comfortable and beautiful, but do not expect to get that money back when you sell. Particularly do not expect to get back what you pay for invisible improvements, like sewers, water, gas and electrical connections, and the like. When you buy you pay for these commodities but the public never takes them into consideration.

There is just one value you can get out of improvements—they will help you sell quicker.

You have one advantage over the real-estate man selling a new house—your house is furnished, and people see it as a home, which always makes a stronger and more favorable impression. People haven't much imagination in real estate. They can't see green grass growing where the mortar beds were made, nor imagine the furniture, rugs and draperies in rooms still spotted with paint and plaster. They have so little imagination that in selling subdivision property I used to furnish one house complete with new things from a department store and tag each article so visitors could estimate the cost of furnishing a house themselves—"This bedspread cost twenty-eight dollars"; "This dining-room table cost eighty dollars"; and so on.

The real-estate man's commission is small, too, for selling a home. On that account if I were selling my home I'd offer him more than the regular commission—give the real-estate man a better incentive and money enough to pay particular attention to my property. Also, I'd take twenty-five or fifty dollars' worth of newspaper space and describe my house to prospective purchasers.

People seldom buy a house—they buy an impression. So the clever builder creates an impression with restful color schemes in decoration, odd V-shaped closets here and there, stained and leaded glass windows, low radiators over which box seats can be built, night lights—in fact, the nice things that you have in your home for your own use. They help sell the house if you have to.

And paint! Paint is the greatest thing you can put into a house, and the cheapest thing you can buy, even if you get the most expensive kinds.

The home subject is one so near and dear to the heart of every adult American that it is extremely difficult to discuss the subject and to disregard the sentimental. Sentiment is a very expensive luxury in business. It ruins more people than any other form of emotion. Bricks and mortar should not be made subject to maudlin sentimentality. One should not buy a home just because he likes it. The whole purpose of this article is to bring the home seeker to a proper realization of the fact that sentiment is personal and that he should not allow anyone else to capitalize it to his disadvantage. This statement embodies everything that is dangerous in the purchase of the one big investment those starting out in life have as the first goal of their ambition. Don't buy a house like a child looking at a mogul locomotive in a railroad terminal who says, "Papa, I want that; buy it for me."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Iaman. The next will appear in an early issue.

You can buy a car out of income just as you buy a home

THE AUTOMOBILE is the outdoor home of the modern family. It *completes* the home, broadening its circle of friendships and opening its doors to a larger world.

General Motors believes that the same plan by which a majority of American homes have been financed by their owners is and should be applicable to the purchase of a car.

Uniting so many companies, General Motors is able to provide the resources for such a plan, and to operate it with maximum economy and effectiveness.

This it does through the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, a banking company founded on sound banking principles. Among the country's banks the Acceptance Corporation ranks 81st in capital, surplus and undivided profits.

Over two thousand banks have provided the funds which make its service possible; and more than 150,000 car owners are having the use of General Motors cars while they are paying for them through the GMAC Plan. These include business and professional men, farmers—substantial people in every walk of life.

You are invited to learn the details of the GMAC Plan from any General Motors dealer.

It rounds out the General Motors program which seeks to bring into service every modern development of manufacture, research and distribution in order to give you the best possible car at the price you want to pay.

GENERAL MOTORS products which may be purchased under the GMAC Plan of payment are Buick, Chevrolet, Cadillac, Oakland and Oldsmobile passenger cars and commercial vehicles, GMC trucks and Delco-Light products.

BANKERS: The financial statement and full information concerning the Acceptance Corporation will be sent upon request. Address General Motors Acceptance Corporation, 224 West 57th Street, New York.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Harrison Radiators • Jacox Steering Gears • Fisher Bodies • AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers
New Departure Ball Bearings • Lancaster Steel Products • Hyatt Roller Bearings • Jaxon Rims • Delco-Light and Power Plants and Frigidaire
Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differential Gears • Klaxon Horns • Inland Steering Wheels • Dayton Wright Special Bodies

"We've Won!—We've Won!"

A Palmolive Shaving Cream incident

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

There came a great day to us Palmolive people about a year ago.

Palmolive Shaving Cream had proved a sensation! Millions of men had adopted it quickly. And letters by the tens of thousands came to praise us for it.

One morning came a flood of favor, and we cried "We've won!—we've won!" I shall never forget that day.

A lesson for all

This amazing success is a lesson for all. We rendered certain services as no one else had done. And men flocked to us, as men always will to those who serve them best.

We asked 1,000 men what they most desired in a shaving cream. We listed their desires. Then we set out to meet them in a matchless way.

It took 18 months. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we satisfied ourselves.

Then we knew we had a shaving cream which any man who tried it would adopt. We offered 10 shaves free, and millions of men accepted. They adopted Palmolive and told others about it. The result is this quick, overwhelming success

It really took 60 years

We say it took 18 months. It took 60 years, in fact. For 60 years we have studied soap making. Many marvelous creations have here been perfected. One of them—Palmolive Soap—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Now we ask you men to test this Shaving Cream. Multitudes have done so. Nearly half the men you meet can tell you its delight.

Do this kindness to yourself, this courtesy to us. Cut out this coupon so you won't forget.

5 Unique Attainments

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5—The palm and olive oil blend brings fine after-effects.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After-Shaving Talc
An invisible way to that well-groomed look.

Simply insert your name and address and mail to 2171
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-562, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

The Last Illness of a Calm Man

By RAY LYMAN WILBUR, M. D.

PRESIDENT HARDING showed such admirable human qualities during his illness in San Francisco that my medical colleagues asked me to make a public record of some personal experiences not covered in our brief but descriptive bulletins. It was the earnest endeavor of the five physicians who carried the responsibility of the President's life to set out frankly the observations made in the course of the infection which interrupted his long trip so that they could be understood by the public and accurately interpreted by the physicians of the country. That he should have been struck down by apoplexy and lost his gallant battle against death from pneumonia just when victory seemed to be his, is tragic.

We knew his physical handicaps and had pictured them in our bulletins. We knew, too, that he insisted, as he improved, in seeing the papers describing his illness. The son of a physician, with a brother also in the medical profession, and with a personal physician, General Sawyer, who dealt frankly with him, he had much medical knowledge. With that sane clear mind which distinguished him he calmly met every phase of his illness in a way that inspired the deepest respect. His poise, his alertness, his lovable friendly qualities, his marked manliness of character—all were most evident in the sick room.

It seems only fair to the memory of this great man to let others know how bravely he looked death in the face, sensed victory and thought himself "out of the woods," as he put it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, lost. All through the last months he knew his physical danger. He had had symptoms that all men know mean something serious; his physicians had warned him; but he had confidence in himself, and a strong sense of duty that drove him on right through his program until he was literally knocked off his feet. He would not disappoint those who wanted to see him or hear him speak. Under the day-to-day watchful care of a devoted physician who knew every detail of his life and who guarded him in every way possible under the conditions, he thought that, in spite of his weariness, he could make his way through. He had held out in Vancouver and forced his way through his Seattle engagements. He would not listen to those who urged him to rest. Once during his main Seattle speech there was a suggestion of collapse and those who knew of his condition were stirred with admiration for his fighting qualities. On the train south, he finally accepted the wishes of Mrs. Harding and his physicians, Doctor Sawyer and Doctor Boone, and Doctor Work, who added his persuasion to that of the others, and agreed to go direct to the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, rather than to the Yosemite. He wanted Doctor Cooper and me called into consultation so that the people of California, who knew us, would be told by local physicians that he could not meet his engagements.

Pluck and Humor

Upon our first visit to his bedside, in spite of the exhaustion following his trip, his illness and the late hour, he took a keen interest in our examination and was delightfully whimsical in his comments. When we began to percuss his chest he said, "Lay on, Macduff." From the first his mind was always perfectly clear and he minimized his illness. In fact, one of our most difficult tasks was to persuade him that he must stay flat in bed at all times. He had so long carried out his tasks, as he saw them, regardless of personal discomfort, that he reluctantly gave in to his increasing weakness. When he was told that he must be a good soldier and carry out the orders of his physicians he answered "Whatever you say goes"; and it did.

His acute illness came to a peak on Monday night with the rapid development of a bronchopneumonia. The quick, irregular and labored breathing distressed him and when, by stimulation, he had been relieved after a sharp attack of breathlessness, he said, "I feel much relieved, but, oh, so very tired." Even at that time when one of us left the room and wished him a good rest he replied, "That is very kind of you; I hope you get the sleep you need." On Tuesday morning he again expressed his great disappointment that he could not keep his engagements and deliver his speech, of which he said to us, "It's a good speech, even if I did write it myself. It's the best thing I have ever done."

On Wednesday the infection began to subside and he felt somewhat relieved, but said he did not know before that a man could feel so tired. When Mrs. Harding felt his feet to see if they were warm one of the physicians asked "Are the President's feet warm?" and he answered like a flash, "This is no time to get cold feet."

Thursday morning he felt and looked like himself. He was anxious to plan for his return, but recognized his great weakness. He was so sorry to have failed to meet his engagements in California and said, "I have been thinking back about the speech I was to give here. Why, on Tuesday night I would not have had the strength to even say, 'Mister Chairman.'" In the afternoon when he was told that he had a hard swim, but was now on the shore somewhat exhausted but ready to get back his strength, and that the California people were going to claim a lot of credit for their climate in bringing about his recovery, he said, "Well, tomorrow morning we will swap some stories on that. I am sorry I have not been able to take more of a part in your consultations."

An Old Friend's Tribute

Throughout his illness the wonderful mastery which his mind and will had won over his body impressed us deeply. He made no complaints and showed no petulance.

As we review his case we feel that all was done that could be done by human power or by love and devotion. His death came like a thunderbolt just when the fight seemed won. That he could go on the instant and without even momentary pain or distress is a comfort to us, as it must be to all of those who so earnestly followed this lovable man through his last illness. We had been fearful of complications because of the enlarged heart, the history of high blood pressure, and the increased rate of breathing, even after the pulse had fallen below one hundred and the temperature had been normal for thirty-six hours.

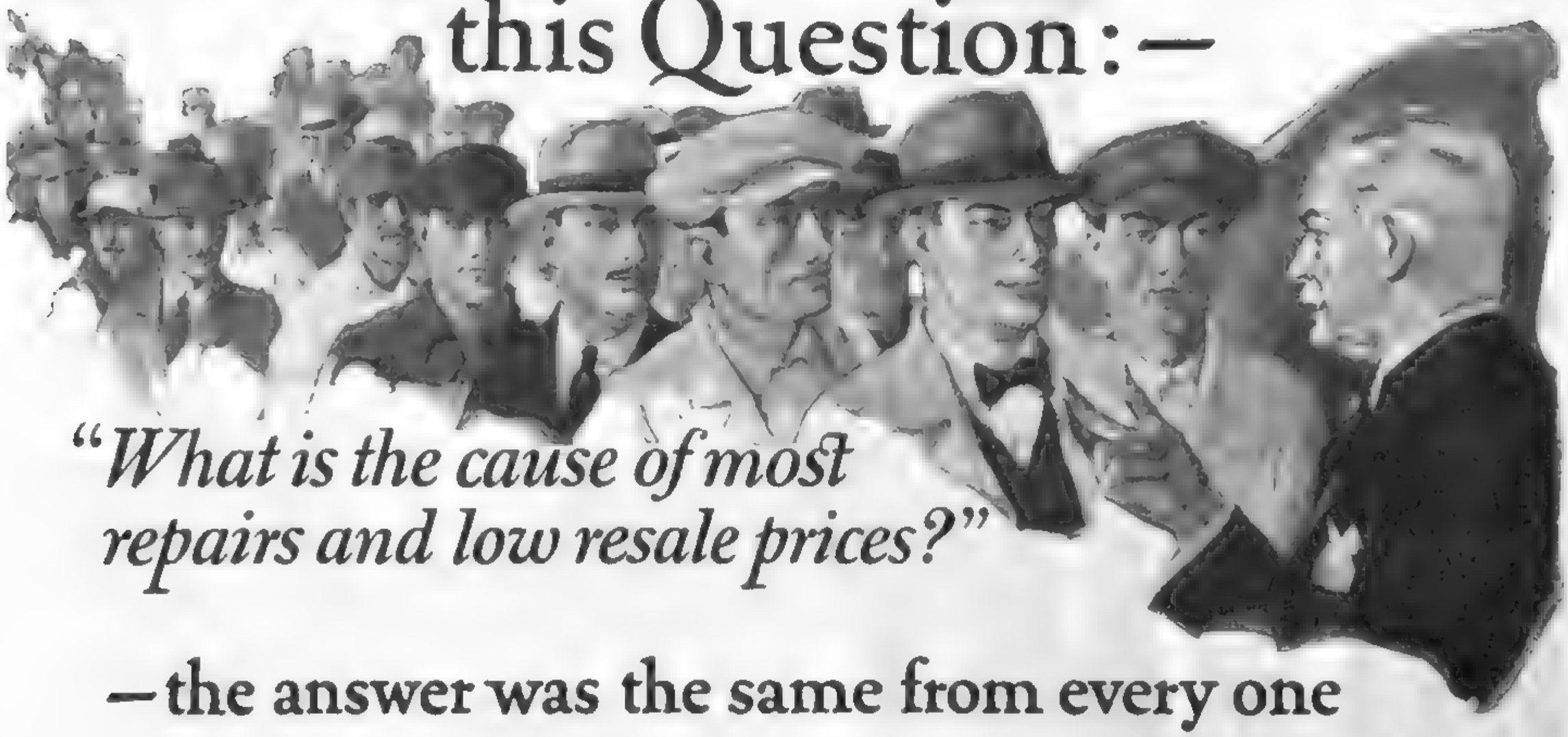
Thursday evening, however, found him cheerful and comfortable, planning for the days just ahead, and thinking of Washington. His wonderful wife was reading to him, his beloved friend and physician, General Sawyer, was holding his hand, and his nurse was recording his record showing improvement when a blood vessel burst in the vital centers of the brain, his body gave a convulsive twitch, and he was dead. Eager efforts to get some sign of life were of no avail. Struck down by a mortal hurt which no man's hand could forestall, he went without a pain or even a groan.

The shock of his death was overwhelming for those who were close to him. In their faces and words one could see and feel the terrific bereavement. One of the men who had followed his public career in every detail read the bulletin I handed him announcing the death, with a look of sadness and consternation beyond description, and left the room. He came back soon and said, "Doctor Wilbur, I must say this, and I want you to listen to me. I have been with this man for years. I know what he has done and tried to do. In the last year and a half there has been a great development of a spiritual quality in him. He has thought and felt for all humanity. He has been mellowed and ennobled. His heart was with the people."

As he lay dead his widow said to me, "Warren looks so much like his mother now. He was so noble. She was such a splendid woman and she wanted him to be a great preacher."

His last message, which he told us he thought his best, comes to us like a sermon from the grave.

We asked 100 Garage Men this Question:—



"What is the cause of most repairs and low resale prices?"

—the answer was the same from every one

A recent survey among repair shops brought to light a rather startling fact. A check-up of itemized repair bills showed that (barring accidents) over 80% of all repairs could be traced to one source—lack of *proper* lubrication.

After 6,000 miles, bills of $100 to $300, because of this neglect, were common.

In the used car market—authorities told us that a $1,500 car of standard make, which had been methodically lubricated by the owner, generally sold for at least $150 more than one which had been neglected in this important matter.

Why Neglected?

Motors—they told us—usually show good care. It is the *hard-wearing* chassis bearings that suffer. For they used to be difficult to reach, and too often the lubricant never penetrated the bearing to the surfaces.

But now you can lubricate your chassis as easily as your motor. For most good cars now come equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. (Nearly 4,000,000 cars are equipped.) With this system every bearing on your chassis has a hollow fitting with the cross pin as shown below. You simply snap on the Alemite bayonet coupling. A quarter turn locks it. An easy turn of the compressor handle forces in the lubricant—under 500 pounds pressure. The flexible metal hose makes it easy to reach all points. Once you turn the compressor handle you know the lubricant goes clear through to the bearing surface. Rust, grit, dirt and old grease are forced out. High pressure insures this. Thus the parts you used to neglect now actually invite proper care. For the job is made so easy.

Every 500 Miles

If Alemite is on your car—be sure to use it—at least every 500 miles. That's why the manufacturer put it on—to save you repairs! If you don't care to do it yourself—any dealer can do it for you quickly—at nominal cost. That's the great advantage of this system—the fittings are as standard as the valves on your tires. If one is missing, any dealer can replace it for you.

There are cheaper systems than Alemite. But manufacturers do not economize here. It means too much. And what they consider good business—should be a safe, sure guide for you.

If Alemite is not on your car—send the coupon. We will tell you where to have it installed complete—$5 to $20, according to make and model of your car. (Fords, $3.99.)

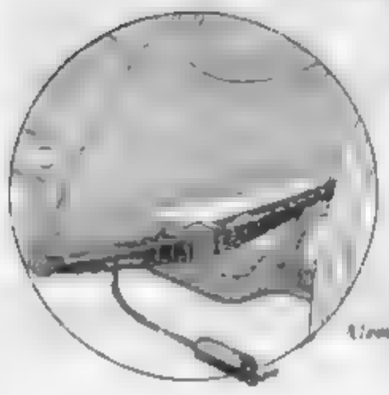
If you mail the coupon at once—you will find that Alemite will save its cost five times over in a season.

A Bassick-Alemite Product

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Factory—Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system



Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers make any car ride easier

OIL OR GREASE

The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System can be used with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure solidified oil especially adapted for our System—has all the virtues of oil but is sufficiently solid to "stay put."

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

My car is_____ is not_____ Alemite equipped

- ☐ Please send me complete information regarding the use of Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System on my car.
- ☐ Please send me details about Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers.

Name_____

Address_____

Make and Model of Car_____

Dealer's Name_____

Only one sure way to know before you buy a raincoat

You don't *see* the quality in a raincoat that keeps it waterproof. It's *inbuilt*. Your eye can't detect it.

Even an expert can seldom tell a really waterproof raincoat by appearance, texture or feel.

This *inbuilt* value depends on many things—on the grade of the materials used, on the way the rubber and fabric are joined, on the care and skill and experience that are brought to bear on every step in the manufacture of a raincoat.

That is why the only guarantee of real raincoat protection is the name on the coat and the reputation of the maker—and why thousands of people today have learned to rely on the name Raynster.

All the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world have been used to make the name Raynster an unfailing guarantee of real raincoat protection.

Raynsters are a complete line of raincoats for men and women, boys and girls—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside.

Our little booklet entitled "A Scotchman Started It" will help you to distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Raynsters

Reg. U. S. Pat Off

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*A type for every need*

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 32)

with self-interest or white-gilled from the suppression of its underlying features.

The rule is that if it isn't probable it didn't happen.

If it conflicts with common sense or the sifted wisdom of the ages, it was dictated by old ulterior motive.

Here and there are sour and loathsome spots, but the rule is that politics is as clean as business and as reputable as society. Of the fifteen or twenty thousand political outrages reported every year, the chances are that not more than two or three actually happened.

When a man chances upon a Golconda he first helps himself. After that he permits the members of his family to become beneficiaries of his discovery. If the Golconda continues to flow, he then writes his old friends and associates to participate in a division of the increment. The probability that he will ever have the time or inclination to sit down and write a series of letters to total strangers inviting them to share his wealth with him is so remote as to be negligible.

The estate of the late Adam Fessner, who lived many years in our town, is in the process of being administered. Mr. Fessner had a good income and, as is the custom with our people, lived frugally. An examination of his private papers revealed the fact that he had subscribed to more than twenty-five opportunities to become rich.

The administrator says that, aside from the life insurance, Mr. Fessner's estate will amount to about sixteen hundred dollars, all told.

M. Coué has gone his way. The patter he left behind is dead upon the lips of the people and has disappeared from the advertising columns. A recent survey of his patients disclosed the fact that about half of them had gone back to their pills and nostrums. This merely is to say the field is in order for the next gentleman who has a line of gibberish of which he wishes to dispose.

It is to be hoped the prohibitionists will not be fooled by the amiable gentlemen who are contending for light wines and beer.

The prohibitionists are being kidded. The pursuit of intoxicants is impelled by the search for a wallop. Except in a limited way, light wines and beer do not carry it. The drinking contingent of this grand and glorious country has become habituated to hard liquor. That is what it wants. "Light wines and beer" is a smoke screen.

The question as to how the other half lives has engrossed the ages and has been expressed in axiomatic form. There is no mystery about it. A part of it is selling tickets to the public for the speculator's commission. The remainder is peddling promotion stocks to the suckers.

—*Jay E. House.*

A Tree-mendous Tale

FOR many a year the tree had stood.
At length 'twas doomed—we needed wood
The news spread quickly through the town
That our old tree had been cut down.
Then people rushed out to the spot
And begged we would to each allot
A portion. Hating to refuse,
We intimated each might choose
What he desired. "Thank you, I
Will take what I had meant to buy,"
The traveler said, "this very day."
He took the trunk and went his way.
The dancing master cried in glee,
"These boughs are just the thing for me."
The publisher exclaimed, "Oh, look
At all these leaves for my new book!"
The railway magnate, strolling by,
Frowned, "I would like the branches; I
Can use them for the valley road
I mean to build." And on he strode.
A sailor lad stood near and laughed,
"This bark will be a jolly craft
In which I'll gayly sail away
Upon the sea without delay."
The gardener took the sprays to shower
Parterre and plant and vine and flower.
The paragrapher claimed the pith,
And utilized the same forthwith.
Our tree seemed utterly bereft—
Not much besides the stump was left.
What use was that except to burn?
"Nay, give it me, 'twill serve my turn,"
The politician begs; "it's fine
To help me in a certain line.
I presently am going to run
For office." Which he did; and won,
Because, his followers agree,
He took that portion of the tree.
"I brought my implements along,"
The dentist grinned; "'twill take a strong
And vigorous pull those roots to jerk
Completely out." He set to work
At once with his accustomed vim,
And carried them away with him.
We burnt the cavity and found
Some ashes strewn upon the ground.
The thrifty housewife smiled, "I hope
I may have them to make soft soap."
She took them all. "Oh, well," thinks I,
"I'll find a way to make some lie!"

—*Elizabeth Rollit Burns.*

When Mountains Wake

WHEN hills awake, when mountains feel the dawn,
They lift their drowsy heads, they stretch and yawn;
In foamy clouds they plunge their shaggy shoulders
Till mists of morning spray their crags and bowlders;
And when they're fresh and clean from base to dome,
They take some wind of heaven as a comb
To part their hair, to smooth their woods and grasses,
While using little ponds for looking-glasses.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Tight-Rope Walker's Wife—"Coward! Come Back Here!"

Mr. McGaffee's new Marmon passing the famous Boston Common. The State House and Soldiers and Sailors' Monument are seen in the background

"136,000 Golden Miles"

A Tribute to Marmon's Perfection

By W. J. McGAFFEE, *President*
Thomas G. Plant Co., Boston, Mass.
Makers of Queen Quality Shoes

"AFTER 136,000 miles of perfect motoring, I recently turned in my old Marmon and bought a new one.

"I think I will always stick to Marmons. I have never yet seen anything that will make me change.

"My first Marmon was delivered in 1917. I drove it steadily up to a few months ago. When I finally relinquished it, after 136,000 miles, the motor was quiet and smooth, she rode just as comfortably, as I ever hope to ride.

"The only reason I changed was to get a later body style. The car itself was in splendid condition.

"The Marmon is the least expensive car on gas and oil and tires that I have ever owned.

"I have driven my new car 16,000 miles in the past year. The four original tires gave an average of 11,000 miles. She averages 12 miles to the gallon of gasoline. And up to date I have not spent a dollar on parts or adjustments on the new car.

"That is why I like my Marmon. The smoothest running, quietest and most comfortable car I have ever seen."

MARMON

Proof FREE of what "fresh from the factory" means

Unless you have smoked Tuxedo recently—and from the tins with the "fresh from the factory" labels—you cannot know what the new method of packing and delivering this famous mixture, to insure its freshness, means to your smoke. But now you can know *at our expense.*

Cut the coupon. Mail it today, with your name and address, and we will send you, with our compliments, FREE, a test outfit of Tuxedo "fresh from the factory." Smoke it! Find out, in this way, what our new method of packing and delivering Tuxedo "fresh from the factory" does for your smoking comfort—to give you, always, the pleasure you have a right to expect from a smoke.

Once learn what this "fresh from the factory" means, and you'll never again smoke stale tobacco.

Freshness "makes"—*as the lack of it "breaks"*—every bit of the joy of your smoke.

So—to our method of packing Tuxedo in cool green tins, tightly sealed (to keep in all the rich flavor and goodness) we have added *—something entirely new.*

A system of delivery which enables dealers to get Tuxedo "fresh from the factory" in small quantities—and as often as wanted.

Also—the tins of Tuxedo are packed in cartons, dated—*to show the last day on which the tobacco can be sold.*

This added protection of the time stamp means that whenever, wherever, you buy Tuxedo, it is always "fresh from the factory."

But—take us at our word. Cut the coupon and mail it, or send a post card, today, and receive a test outfit of Tuxedo "fresh from the factory" with our compliments—FREE.

This is "proof of the pudding." Address Dept. 13.

TUXEDO TOBACCO FACTORY,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

For
Men "from Missouri"
—and elsewhere

FACTORY MANAGER,
TUXEDO TOBACCO FACTORY, DEPT. 13,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

I'm "from Missouri." Send the test outfit of Tuxedo "fresh from the factory"—FREE.

Name _____

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THE BAWBY EPHALUNT

(Continued from Page 15)

they'll gimme a game. I can catch a ball slick, too, only I can't bat good."

"Oh, I do wish you'd do something about it, Floyd. Look! Why don't you ask your father if you can't go to Pembroke and work your way through, like my cousin, Joe Snyder? He wasn't on the front stoop when they gave out the brains, either, but he puts things over, if you know what I mean. And then you could sweat some of the fat off you, and be an athalete. Oh, Floyd! Wouldn't you do it for me?"

In disposition the Ephalunt resembled a stick of punk; he was slow to fire, but when once kindled he was a dogged smolderer. And he was getting very much fed up on this fourth-cousin business.

For a less consuming love than his, adventurers have braved the horrors of war and the unknown perils of the sea; but none of them ever interrupted Floyd McEwen's father while he was scheming how to meet his overdue liabilities at the First—and only—National Bank of Huntsboro.

Mr. McEwen led off with an *argumentum ad hominem*, or personal crack. College was a brilliant notion, when Floyd's high-school marks were no better than the closing price of New York, New Haven and Hartford! These collegians was nothing but a rowdy bunch of nuts and willie-boys, anyhow, and he wouldn't have one of 'em working for him, not for a long, long row of apple trees. There was nothing narrer about him, but he'd as soon see Floyd in the state asylum as in Pembroke College, and he guessed there was more likelihood of it, at that. And furthermore, where did Floyd surmise he was going to get the dough? Earn it? Why, if Floyd ever earned as much in a week as his father earned in a day —— "And while I got you here," said Mr. McEwen, "I heard you been goin' round with that Swan girl, and I want to tell you, young man, that young trollop's blown in upwards of a dollar ninety for stuff to smear on herself—cold cream and nail polish and hair tonic—inside the last two months! Girl like that won't do you no good, Floyd, and you better get it over with. Ninny! Ought to be turned up and spanked. Blah! Makes me sick!"

Floyd, with his cheeks scorching—imagine how Tristan would have reacted if told that Isolde needed a spanking!—snatched a couple of magazines from the table and creaked upstairs. There, after numerous clenchings of teeth in alternate resentment and resolution, he surrendered himself to an orgy of the advertising sections. Let his father go hang! To your tents, O Israel! He would grapple with adversity alone and unaided.

Aha! By a simple secret process, never previously betrayed, John Doheny, of Mora Lessa, Washington, lost seventy-four pounds in ninety days; and there was a free ten-day trial to skeptics, to prove what this prejudice-shattering discovery would accomplish.

Floyd stumbled over to his bureau, unearthed a long-neglected collection of picture postcards, chewed a pencil until it functioned; and bending over a view of Niagara Falls at sunset, he acknowledged himself in writing to be a skeptic who would like to have his prejudices shattered in plain sealed wrapper.

And again, aha! By another secret process, recently wrenched from the hidden archives of the Arabs, Stephen G. Fink, of Finkville, Montana, had separated himself from sixty pounds of cosmos in hardly three months, with no annoying formalities whatsoever except the remittance of a nominal fee. Ten-day free trial; pay only if satisfied.

Floyd selected a card of The Beach at Waikiki and, squinting hard, placed himself on record as a skeptic, open to conviction.

Within the half hour he ruthlessly sacrificed the Woolworth Building, Marshal Foch, Six Little Bathing Beauties, Harold Lloyd, and Kind Regards from a Purrfect Lady—comic drawing of cat—for additional samples of human-shrinkage remedies which, if employed simultaneously, would evaporate him to three hundred and seventy-eight pounds below zero. But he didn't intend to employ them simultaneously. He figured that by mailing each card on an overlapping schedule of dates, and rejecting each secret method as soon as the next arrived, he could keep himself shrinking for three consecutive months without having to float any bond issue.

Now for the subject of income. He had heard that Pembroke was expensive, but what did that mean in actual coin? Well, not to be picayune, call it ten dollars a week. A staggering sum. Dare he speculate?

Dare he? Why, a mere child could salt down five thousand a year manicuring automobile tires; agents made five dollars an hour introducing Blisterated Pigskin Gum to eager patrons; there was big money guaranteed in distributing O'Tunk's Sanitary Fly Swatter; Z. K. Meek, of Puddle Dock, Maine, a hamlet of two hundred and seventy-six inhabitants, was clearing eleven hundred a week selling portable cast-iron pigeon roosts; the sky was the limit.

Feverishly he immolated on the altar of devotion the residue of his postcard collection; but ere he had finished, the transmission belt at the power house began slipping again, so that to all appearances he wrote the last three messages with his nose.

He was nearly asleep when a horrendous thought came galloping into his torpid consciousness. Every single one of those money-making advertisements had implied work. They sure had! "Wonderful opening for a hustler," or something equally subtle and deceptive.

"Gosh!" said Floyd, goggling, at the dark. "I might known there'd be a catch in it somewhere!"

III

NOW to cite an ancient proverb, the fat man knoweth not what the lean man thinketh; but by late January the Bawby Ephalunt could make a rather decent stab at it. His mother thought that he was dying, and everybody else thought that he was crazy.

He had recognized in short order that as a whirlwind salesman he would never wrest the diamond belt from Z. K. Meek, of Puddle Dock, Maine. Indeed, it had severely strained his intellectual resources to foist a Hugwell patent wringer on his mother and, after voluminous correspondence, a rubberized raincoat on his Uncle Bob, for which his Uncle Bob was voluminously demanding the refund of his money. But this was only because Uncle Bob had stupidly worn the garment outdoors on a wet day.

Disillusioned, but doggedly smoldering, Floyd had then remitted ten cents and an example of his handwriting to Professor Wertheimer, of New York, for a personal-analysis chart which would infallibly steer him to the haven of his predestined métier. The chart, being interpreted, evolved the information that Floyd had a virulently artistic nature, saturated with creative imagination, and should therefore apply himself to the development of the batik industry. But this may have been due to the circumstance that Floyd's hand was still out of kilter, so that his chirography suggested a paralytic's attempt to forge the signature of Horace Greeley.

Thenceforward his attitude towards the accumulation of surplus funds had become keenly socialistic, except that he frequently dreamed how agreeable it would be to find a thousand-dollar bill blowing around loose in the street. And at about the same period his hallucination of going to Pembroke was further checked by the publishment of his midyear report. His highest grade was 69, for deportment; it began to look as though Joe Snyder would have to struggle along without a pacemaker.

No, it was as a shrinker, rather than a scholar or a salesman, that he inflamed the attention of the populace and the apprehensions of his mother.

"Pa," she said, "I'm awful worried about Floyd. Seems if he's kind of pindlin' these days. I had to take in his breeches around the waist twice. And he's took to moonin' around like a gone duck too."

"Spring fever," said Mr. McEwen with quick diagnosis. "He can sit up and take nourishment, all right, can't he?"

"Well, he don't eat like he used to. I can't get a sassage into that boy; he read somewheres they explode in his stummick. And when he's up in his room he's groanin' around like he was in a mortal agony. I wonder hadn't we better have Doctor Card in. Maybe he's studied too hard, and it's addled him."

Mr. McEwen responded that at a dollar per, Doctor Card's visits were luxuries and not necessities, whereas sulphur and molasses were cheap and potent. They might not cure strange noises overhead, but they would shunt Floyd's mind, if any, off any nonsense about good victuals.

As a matter of fact, the Bawby Ephalunt was merely mortifying the flesh, in the misty hope of telescoping down to the size of an athalete. Hitherto, love had left him in the lurch, just as nearly everything else had, because he was so solidly anchored to the ground that even a snail could have whizzed by him; but when love finally paused and bit him he was infected with sentimental hydrophobia to the innermost recesses of his being.

"I got a kind of a foreign temp'rament," he said to Edna hollowly. "I take things quiet on the outside, but they sink awful deep in. Like you done."

"Why do you like me, Floyd?"

Under the stress of passion his vocabulary had long since reached its peak load, so that when this additional demand was made upon it it burned out a fuse and quit. But he hooked it up to the stationary engine of filial loyalty, and produced a feeble spark.

"I guess it's because you remind me of ma."

He felt that he had knocked a clean goal, and indeed for some minutes Miss Swan was mute.

"Well," she said at last, "what are we girls for—if it isn't to cheer up you men, and make you bigger and purer, and so forth and so on. And if you admire us for it, why, you can't blame us, can you? And you don't have to gawk at me like a stuffed owl all the time, do you?"

"Did you notice I'm a little skinnier, Edna?"

"Practically a lath!" she said.

In truth he had condensed himself by nineteen pounds. Like the Christian martyrs, who for their faith endured the rack of the Inquisition, so had the Bawby Ephalunt borne for the sake of his goddess the torments of eight different methods of self decrease. With conscientious gruntings he had performed mysterious rites on the floor, in the posture of a bloated and overturned beetle. He had cut down his rations to barely twice what any average eater would call a glut. He had anointed himself with astringent salve; yea, verily, he had worn -until the ten-day limit expired rubber underwear. He had incased himself three-ply in sweaters and, to the lusting relish of his fellows, plodded weary miles, returning in dank deliquescence for an arctic shower in the high-school gymnasium. It was these douche baths which led his mother to assume that he was dying; for previously he had argued that to speak unkindly of dirt was to upraise one's voice against the Lord, who was responsible for it.

But his reward, in saccharine, was rendered unto him. "Practically a lath, Floyd. I think you're wonderful!"

What booted it now if Huntsboro still bespoke him as an infant pachyderm? It had been a terrible ordeal, but he could almost see his feet without craning his neck. Vigor, vim and vitality flowed in his veins; and his pants didn't fit him. And she dubbed him wonderful!

There was a solitary detail which irked him. After acquiring the form divine, what was he going to do with it? Football was over, and although baseball was dear to his conceit a simple underhand lob, floating into his neighborhood, was seized with the eccentricities of a Mexican jumping bean. Moreover, as often as he ran the bases he delayed the game. In what particular mode, then, was he to scintillate as an athalete, this spring, whereby the blessèd damosel might be exalted?

This problem dined with him, slept with him, and even lurked in the tonneau of his mind while he chalked on the blackboard: "Amonia gass is composed of NH_4 and O_3 and it was invented by Eddison for making amonia salt and subsquehently it was used for many other uses."

And then, in a flash of blue and sunshine, it was spring! It was the death of winter, but it was also the illness of a great ideal. For in the spring divers walking parties from Pembroke came drifting into Huntsboro, and among them there was one which applied for refreshment at McEwen's Cash Pharmacy, where Edna Swan was in the

(Continued on Page 71)

KLEARFLAX LINEN RUGS are used throughout the Columbia Gorge Hotel in covering all the bedrooms and hallways. Installed by Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Oregon

Interiors with the charm of home at the Columbia Gorge Hotel

—KLEARFLAX LINEN RUGS THROUGHOUT ADD TO THIS ATMOSPHERE

Speeding along the scenic Columbia River Highway from Portland, Oregon, one comes upon a beauty spot where mountain woods and waterfalls combine to make a matchless setting for the Columbia Gorge Hotel.

The room interiors of this fine hotel are charmingly homelike. Throughout, in all the rooms and hallways, Klearflax Linen Rugs are used—chosen because Klearflax offers such possibilities of decorative beauty and long wear for year round use in all rooms.

Because Klearflax is *all linen*, you recognize that fabric's affinity for lovely color in the Klearflax solid tones, Picwick mixtures and heathers. There are charming small all-over designs and bordered effects—in fact, a Klearflax color and pattern to harmonize with any interior scheme.

The texture of Klearflax is very interesting. You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all *new* linen has. And you know how it softens with use. Klearflax too has a certain roughness of texture because the tougher fibres of the linen plant are woven in with the silky ones. These strands soon soften, however, and like *all* linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

These same tough fibres give Klearflax a very thick, heavy body that lies flat on the floor and gives remarkable wear. And because Klearflax is woven reversible, it may be turned for double service. Then, too, it is mothproof and practically burnproof.

The Klearflax principle of weaving gives a very compact body which prevents *embedded* dirt. As a result, when you clean Klearflax by brushing and vacuum, you get *all* the dirt and your rug is perfectly clean and sanitary, with the bright freshness of new clean linen.

With all its unusual qualities Klearflax is very moderately priced. *Everywhere*, except in Canada, Klearflax sells for one price: 9 x 12 rug, $49; carpeting, $4.10 a square yard. The all-over carpeting, joined with the practically invisible Klearflax seam, is finding great favor as an artistic, economical style of floor covering.

Genuine Klearflax is guaranteed pure linen, both warp and woof, by the Klearflax trademark label attached to every rug, which protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Fill out the coupon below and we will send you our free booklet on home decoration, giving size and color range of Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 East Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

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from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

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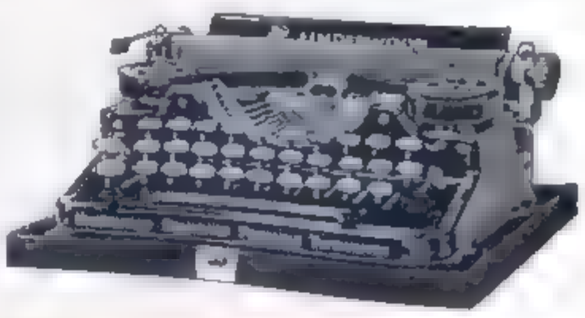
— and Daniel Boone comes to life on the Underwood Portable!

ALL the romance of the winning of the wilderness is a vivid, thrilling reality in the mind of the boy as he works at his history lesson.

Free from the drudgery of hand-writing, he is able to concentrate every thought on his *work*. His UNDERWOOD PORTABLE helps him to give living expression to all that is in his mind—easily, quickly, pleasurably.

The student who uses an UNDERWOOD PORTABLE finds that higher marks and quicker progress are his, because *typed* lessons are more carefully done (and appreciatively read by the instructor!)

It's more than a portable, it's an UNDERWOOD



PRICE, $50 IN U. S. A. WEIGHT, 6¼ LBS.; IN TRAVELLING CASE, 9¾ LBS.

The Portable is obtainable at Underwood Offices in all principal cities, or direct by mail

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., INC., UNDERWOOD BUILDING, NEW YORK

UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

(Continued from Page 68)

act of absorbing into her system a marshmallow sundae.

The minutes of the meeting were promulgated by Mr. McEwen at supper.

"Darndest thing! Why, she was sittin' there, gulpin' down her sundae like a lady, and this big smart-Aleck he come in with a crowd of them Pembroke boys, and they start passin' remarks, fresh as paint, and Edna she falls right in, and this big feller, he keeps callin' her Heart of Gold and Little Village Blossom, and a lot of rank slush like that, and she gets the giggles, and this big nitwit says he's on the ball team over to Pembroke, and wouldn't she come over see 'em play Eliot, Sat'day, and they's a dance after, and she could get the 10:59 back, and she says if her pa'd let her, and he says who's her pa and she tells him, and he says his own pa's name is Hudson and he owns the river, and a lot more truck like that, and she asks him does he know her cousin, Joe Snyder, and he says he ought to, seein's where he rooms with him, and Joe's on the team, too, and he tells her his right name is Hotchkiss, and that fixes it all up slick as grease, and —— What in tunket's the matter with you, Floyd? Tryin' to swaller your food whole?"

The Ephalunt had had a date with his Dulcinea that night, to sit on the steps of the Swans' ancestral villa—which had been in the family ever since the original owner defaulted on the mortgage installments—and to listen to the music of the spheres, blended with that of the Swans' ancestral phonograph. But chilling fear had drenched him. Was it possible that his idol, in addition to a broken arch, had feet of clay? Was it possible that she had fallen for the blandishments of someone richer, handsomer and—thinner? Instinct told him that if the stranger were an athalete, it was an even bet, and he blew out such a poignant sigh that his father inquired again what was the matter with him. Floyd, by fast thinking, said that it had to do with an algebra test tomorrow.

"Well," said his father, "you got your own troubles, I s'pose, like I got mine. You got algebra and I got invoices. But don't you forget, Floyd, life's full of troubles, and the rule is, every man's got to skin his own skunk."

This was not the daintiest illustration he could have chosen to harmonize with the mood of his child.

After supper Floyd cantered over to the Swan mansion, but he didn't sit on the steps. He didn't even patrol the lawn with her. In fact, he got all his feet on the premises but three. He and his fairy fay began sparring at the gate, and when the bout was over, the female of the species had scored a knockout.

"I'd like to know, Mr. McEwen," she said haughtily, "just whom you think you are? I'd like to know by what earthly rime or reason you flatter yourself you can come butting into my social engagements. I'm perfectly combatant to take care of my own affairs, and I'd thank you very much for minding your own business, Mr. McEwen."

His demeanor was that of a pup begging a biscuit. "But look here, Edna, it ain't right. I ——"

"And what's more, I have every probable intention in this world of going to the Eliot game, Mr. McEwen, and I shall be very much surprised and astonished if my fourth cousin, Joe Snyder, doesn't bring Mr. Hotchkiss over to supper some night next week. He's utterly genteel—and a great athalete! And you can gawp at me all you want to! Did you think you own me, body and soul, Mr. McEwen?" Edna had been reading a library book.

"You're a—you're a—a treacheress!" said Floyd, from the lowest level of his misery.

Miss Swan drew herself up and, hand on hip, gave him the raspberry. "That'll be quite enough from you—Mr. Bawby Ephalunt!" This was the blow below the belt that broke the camel's back.

When he emerged from his trance he was far out on the Pembroke road. He halted and stared up, malevolently, at the crescent moon. "Well, for all I care," he said, "she could go soak her head in a bucket, by gosh!" He realized, now—alas, too late!—that woman's love is writ in water, as woman's faith is traced on sand. A man may spend his heart's blood for a woman, toil for her, worship her, swear off pastry for her—and then for a batch of insinuating leers from a rah-rah undergraduate with loud socks, she'll forget that he's alive! And his bitterness multiplied like yeast cells when he perceived that he now had to hoof it four miles home, chiefly uphill. It was during this lonely promenade that he first allowed himself to remember that the heavenly scent of violets, which had Miss Swan as a focus, cost 'only twenty-nine cents at McEwen's Cash Pharmacy.

He was tempted to sneak into the pantry and eat himself into a coma, but on the threshold he was permeated by a more cogent inspiration. He would do a little high-class languishing, like a rose in aromatic pain; he would become skin and bone, and suffer so visibly that remorse would gnaw at her, and she would fly back to him and sue for pardon. Then he would flaunt her an anæmic smile and say, "Yeh shouldn't have tarried by the wayside. I will arise and go, now, and go to the plains of Texas, to bury myself in the wide prairies, and the bee-loud glade, and a cabin will I build there, and a hive for the honeybee, and try to think no more of the gel who wronged me." For he had been reading Young Buffalo, King of the Wild West, for pleasure, and the poems of William Butler Yeats, in school, and he had got them inextricably balled up. So that all he ate was half a pound of cold canned salmon and a box of soda crackers.

The salmon, however, saved him any further effort to tie the records of Doheny, Fink and Company. It also prevented him from dwelling upon the perfidiousness of Edna Swan; for ptomaine poisoning is a cruel blight to romance. When he eventually debouched from the sick room he weighed a hundred and sixty-seven net, and the doctor had written out a diet list which sounded as though Floyd were a third sponge, a third canary, and the rest tomcat. Broth, gruel, soup, toast, chicken, milk, and for gala days, a bit of beefsteak. And when Floyd got into his raiment he looked as if he were dressed for a knockabout comedy act in vaudeville.

On resuming school—which occurrence gave rise to a hysterical mob scene—he learned that Edna Swan had taken in four Pembroke games so far this season, and that Hotchkiss had sent her an oxidized silver bracelet for her birthday.

"Edna Swan?" echoed the Bawby Ephalunt hazily, but loudly, "Who's she?"

Someone whispered, "Cheese it, Bawby! She's right behind you!"

But this was no news to Floyd; indeed, it was the precise reason why he had mingled loudness with haziness. For at sight of him across the yard she had emitted an uncontrollable squawk of delight. So that hitching up his coat collar within a couple of inches of his neck, and waving his sleeves so as to bring his hands into the daylight, he said again, "Edna Swan? Who's she?"

IV

EXCEPT for Edna, it had been a pretty good season. What with his damaged hand and the assault of ptomaines, he had set astir a wholesale bulk of sympathetic publicity, and dodged an immense amount of menial labor. But by mid-April even the novelty of his circumscribed perimeter had worn off, and he was reassigned to the bucksaw department of the McEwen family organization.

As he operated upon the submissive logs he promised himself anew that if Edna ever came crawling back to warm her frozen spirit in the ashes of the dead past, he would spurn her, flat. That soprano whoop of hers, when he had showed up at school in misfit attire, had driven the iron into his very marrow. The Lord knew he hadn't wanted to expose himself, like a pig in a poke, but the sewing machine had been on the blink, and his father had said that education counts more than tailoring. Yet Edna had whooped in concert with the rest. So he was going to be absolutely implactable—no matter how you spelled it. One thing, though; between the diet list and the bucksaw, it looked as if his renovated silhouette was his for keeps. Well, he hoped it tickled her. He hoped she laughed until she choked. But it was irritating to him that as an athalete, despite his shriveling, he was still in Class Z.

He had gone out for the baseball team, but after the initial batting practice he had come in again, by request. To be sure, if it had been a real game he would have got on base six times without so much as lifting the bat, but as the coach explained to him, his substance probably wouldn't stand it very long, and what they really needed was a hitter, and not a target.

If Floyd at that juncture could have taken his choice of all liberal professions, he would have elected to be a state jailer in the days of Louis XIV, when important guests of the management were subdivided by untamed horses. And his inaugural invitations would have been bestowed upon the coach, and upon Messrs. Hotchkiss and Snyder, of Pembroke College.

The year was on the verge of May when, one afternoon, he strolled gloomily down Pleasant Street for the bitter-sweetness of glimpsing Edna's residence, the mausoleum of auld lang syne, and of crossing to the opposite side, in case she happened to be watching. No luck; she wasn't. He turned into Railroad Avenue. Darned old mudhole! Life in Huntsboro was a pretty rancid proposition.

Cynically he surveyed McEwen's Cash Pharmacy. Window full of painkiller, toothbrushes, sarsaparilla extract, notepaper, flypaper, and a hand-lettered placard:

Doctor Shinkwin, A.B., M.D., the eminent world-famous Albany specialist, gives FREE eye examinations all this week. Come in and get fitted for those new spectacles you've been wanting. No obligation to purchase.

Floyd went in, not to consult Doctor Shinkwin but to inveigle his father into coming through with a vanilla soda.

His father wasn't visible, but the eminent Doctor Shinkwin, who was arrayed like an orthodox clergyman, including white sideburns of the trailing-arbutus variety, pounced upon him.

"Ah, my boy! Your parents sent you for an examination? Quite so. There is no fee. Not yet. Sit in that chair. Sit square. Now ——"

The Bawby Ephalunt was too startled to resist. He sat.

"But mister, my father ——"

"That's all right. The examination is gratis. Sit square." The world-famous specialist was a strict disciplinarian. "Now look straight at this pencil. Now look at the wall. Now the pencil. Now the wall. Now the pencil. That's good. Now read me the top line on that card over there. Just read me the letters."

Floyd was mesmerized. Besides, it was a diversion, and the man had said it was free. "Why—*x*—*c*—*b*—*p*—*a*—*s*."

"And the next line below?"

"Why—*a*—*l*—or maybe it's an *i*—*m*—*q*."

"Sure it's a *q*?"

"Or an *o*. It's kind of skewgeed. I guess it's an *o*. Then a *p* or a *t* ——"

"Can't you tell?"

"I guess it's a *t*. Then an *r* ——"

"What?"

"Well, I don't see 'em so very well."

"Try the third line."

Floyd squinted. "Can't see a darn thing. It's all fuzzy, kind of."

The eminent Doctor Shinkwin was no quack; merely a failure.

"My boy," he said gravely, "your father ought to know about this."

"Well, there's my father," said Floyd desperately, as his parent ambled in with a carboy of limewater. "Tell him yourself."

Mr. McEwen was conveying a heavy burden of alkali, but his voice was acid. "What are you doin' in here, Floyd?"

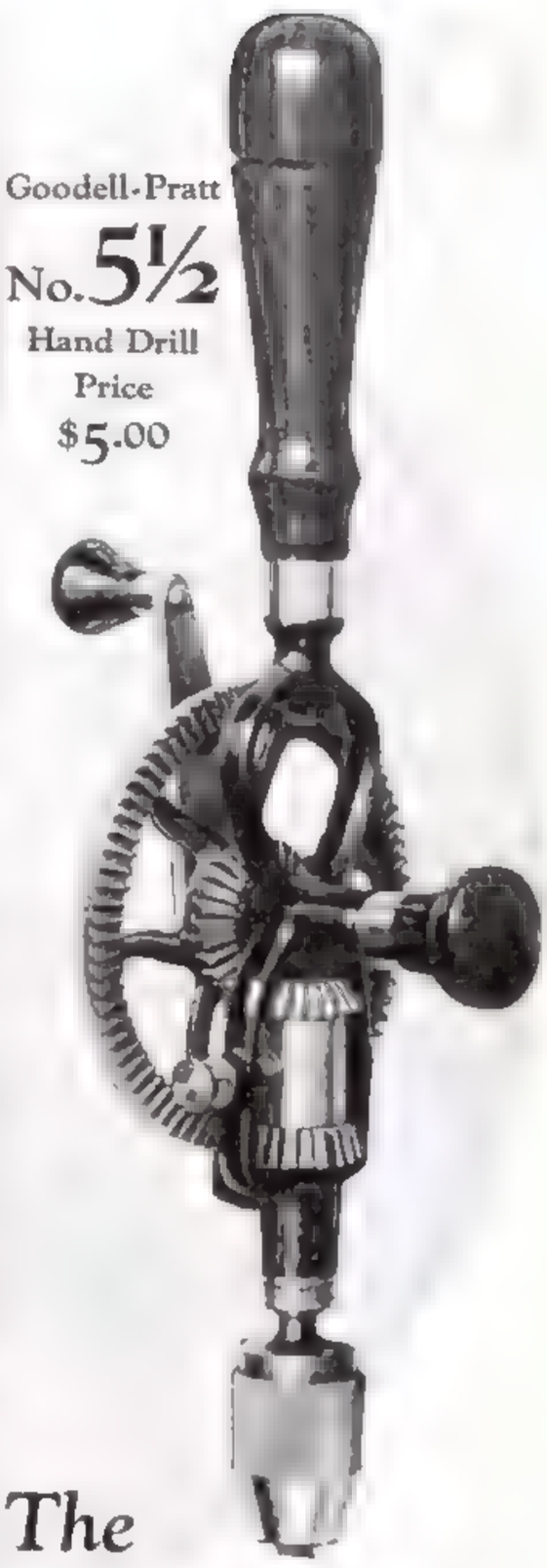
"Mr. McEwen," said the eminent world-famous Albany specialist, "this boy is getting fitted for spectacles. It won't cost you any cash. I'll take it out in trade. But why he hasn't been run over by everything on wheels in Huntsboro I don't know. He's shortsighted as a bat. Now then, young man, sit square. We're not done yet."

On the first day that a boy wears spectacles to school the air vibrates with joyous acclamations, just as it vibrates, to a different tune, on the first day that he wears long trousers.

"Four-eyes! Four-eyes! The Bawby Ephalunt's got four eyes!"

He shed these yelpings as easily as his namesake would have shed missiles from a pea shooter. He was too enravished even to comprehend them. The material world had suddenly leaped out of ambush, and dazzled him by its unsuspected splendor. All that had formerly been blurred, like the canvas of an impressionist painter with a katzenjammer, was now so sharply defined that it made him wince. And among the principal miracles of his new perspective, there was a girl—a quiet mousy girl whom he had scarcely ever noticed, but who swam into his readjusted universe with the smile of an archangel. Her name was Myrtle Schweinfelder, but that made no difference;

(Continued on Page 73)



The handy man's drill

For men who like the "feel" of tools that skilled mechanics use. Has two speeds, making it adaptable for work on all kinds of materials.

The all-steel chuck takes all sizes of round shank drills up to 3/8 inch. Spindle runs in ball bearings. Malleable iron frame, steel pinions. The rosewood handle is made to hold drills. Finished with a handy screw cap.

Handsomely enameled in black and red. Length 14½ inches; weight 2¼ pounds. Sold by good hardware stores everywhere. If your dealer hasn't it, write us.

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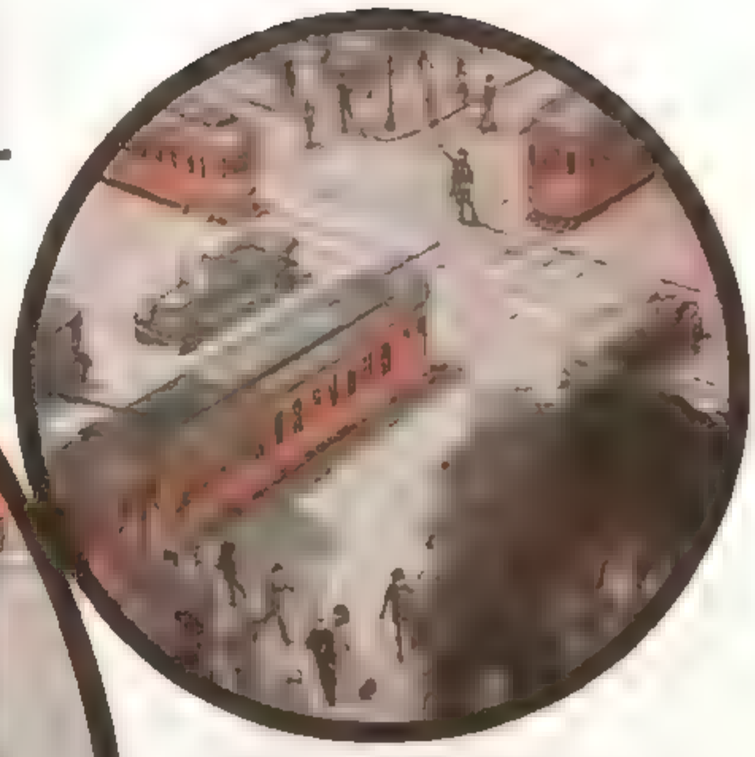
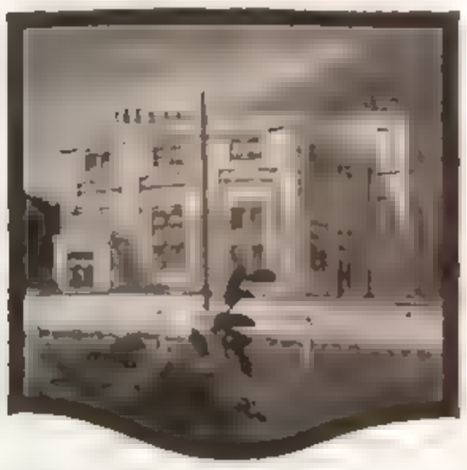
Centralized Control

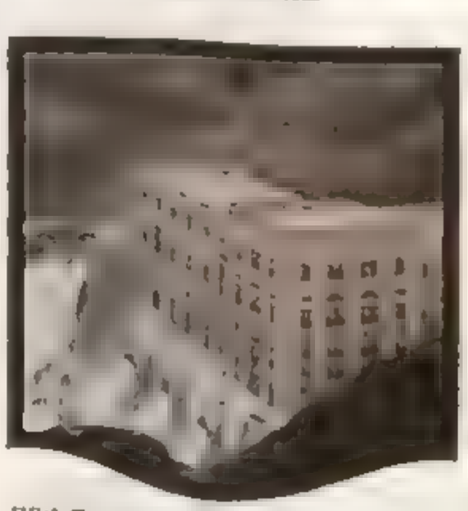


The Centralized Control of electric power greatly decreases delays in street car traffic and improves service to the public.



At substations like this—under Centralized Control—you see no human operator. Current is fed to the street car lines under control of the man at the central switchboard.

When an emergency arises, such as a fire, with Centralized Control the central operator can quickly cut off power in the sections affected.



With Centralized Control, a series of hydro-electric plants can be efficiently operated by one man, in charge of a switchboard that is miles away.

for Great Power Systems

In a business office far above the city streets, this curious looking electric switchboard is playing a vital part in keeping the street cars running.

It is rush hour, and the five o'clock crowds are surging homeward. Suddenly in one of the substations which supply electricity to the street cars, something occurs which interrupts the service.

A light flashes at the switchboard. The operator pushes a button or two and immediately a new flow of current is supplied from a reserve substation. Service is restored. An operation that formerly required *minutes* is performed in *seconds*—a time elapse so brief that few car riders realize anything has happened.

This same system of Centralized Control is also being applied to the control of hydro-electric stations miles distant, and in the distribution of electricity to the residential users in our cities. And in none of the power stations so controlled is there a human operator!

Thus the great Public Utility companies serving you with electric power and transportation, coöperating with the manufacturers, are continually perfecting new ingenious devices to reduce errors, save time, and to render better electrical service for your benefit, at home, office, shop, or on the street.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Offices in all Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere

Westinghouse

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(Continued from Page 71)

she would have been a face card in any deck. It was love at first smile; perhaps more so, because he knew that she and Edna Swan loathed each other.

And Edna herself! My gosh! Without his glasses he had presumed that in beauty she ran a close second to Venus, beating out Psyche by an eyelash. But my gosh! She wasn't even good-looking. She had a map like a torn overshoe. And what in Sam Hill was she smirking at him for, after this long month of cool insouciance?

"Oh, Floyd, excuse me for smiling, but you do look queer in those things. Why, I'm giving a little party Sat'day night. Just a few of the boys and girls to come in and make fudge, you know, and so forth and so on. Mr. Hotchkiss and my cousin, Joe Snyder, are coming over—and—can you come?"

At last! She crawled! But the Ephalunt was right there with the spurn, which he had so patiently kept refrigerating:

"Thank you most to death for the bid to come over and help you make fudge, Edna, but I got plenty to home." He cast a glance over his shoulder at the fair Schweinfelder, who by an odd coincidence was also casting one over hers. "And besides," said Floyd, "if I ain't got a previous engagement now—why, I guess I'm prob'ly going to have anyway."

V

ONLY a month ago life had been shoveling him a drayload of mean anxieties, but now it splashed him with content. Myrtle was no capricious belle, as Edna was; there was something steadfast, almost chronic, about her. When she had once confessed, shyly, that she liked him, he knew that she meant it for eternity; and when she held hands it would have taken a good healthy yank to detach himself. She didn't fuss at him, either, or hold up other people as models. Her wants were simple—just a stout hammock, a pound of chocolate peppermints, and Floyd.

He realized, in these riper days, that calf love is only half love. Thank heaven, he had escaped from Edna unscathed! This on the contrary was the Simon-pure article, weathered, matured, and attested by his new-found eloquence.

"But why do you like me, Floyd?"

"Oh, I dunno—why do you?"

He was basking so placidly in the rays of their mutual infatuation that he had almost completely forgotten his recent yearning to be an athalete. And then, without warning, Fate pranced up to him, wagging its tail, and asking to eat out of his hand.

He was taking a short cut across the baseball field to the enchanted bower of Miss Schweinfelder's back yard. The high-school battery, early out for practice, was lazily warming up; and spying him, they divided a wicked grin between them, and said: "Hey there, Bawby, want to stand up to the plate and miss a few?"

He hesitated, and was sunk. He knew that they were having fun with him, but the old fitful fever was plying briskly in his veins. Maybe with his glasses on he could do a trifle better. To be sure, it was a risk, for he had already sat down on one pair, stepped on another, and broken a third while disentangling them from Myrtle's side hair, but he decided to have one rap anyway.

"Not swift, though, Bill," he said nervously. "Just a kind of a dewdrop."

Bill laughed and sent in a gentle toss. But instead of appearing to the Ephalunt like a Mexican jumping bean, it floated at him large and clear, and he made an awkward lunge at it and knocked it over the left-field fence. They made him chase it, because Bill said that it was fool's luck, and didn't count.

"Come on, Bill," exhorted the catcher. "Make him whiff."

Bill delivered a moderately fast outcurve, and the Ephalunt whiffed it over the same fence, and chased it again. But his expression was that of a half-starved alley cat who has just been kicked into an unoccupied dairy by mistake.

The pitcher, exerting his resistless will to the utmost, sent in a slow drop. This was his best ball, and when, as, and if issued was supposed to be radically unhittable.

The Ephalunt whacked it into deep center field, leaned on his bat and said in a voice shaking with bewildered triumph, "Is that all the good you are? I guess you got a glass arm, or something. Shack it yourself." And he wiped his magic spectacles.

Behind him the coach, who had wandered in without being paged, said, "Here's another ball. Let's see you get one over, Bill."

Bill wound up and emitted a wild pitch, a yard wide, but the Ephalunt, having tasted blood, was wilder yet. He jumped out for it, and lifted it over the fence.

"Lemme see you handle the ball, McEwen. Just play catch with me."

After the fourth interchange the coach began to scowl. "Can't you throw 'em straight? Or are you puttin' stuff on 'em on purpose?"

"It's my bum hand," said Floyd regretfully. "It's more comf'table if I put a knuckle under, and then they curve."

The bum hand was duly examined. "Ever pitch any?" The school battery, meanwhile, was staring as if under the influence of adenoids.

"Me? No, sir."

"Well, get out there and try it. Paste 'em at me. All the steam you got."

It was five o'clock when he finally boiled into the presence of Miss Schweinfelder, and tumbled into the hammock. He had caused her to waste an entire afternoon, and now he had mashed flat her chocolates, but when she understood what had happened she was too enraptured even to go for the benzine. She stayed where she was, and let him pant at her deliriously.

"And he says I got to practice pitchin' at a knothole, Myrtie, and he learned me how to throw a in—the way I threw 'em natural was a out—and a drop, and I learned to throw 'em daisy! All I got to get's a straight ball! He says I'm a freak; I got to learn how to throw straight, when everybody else has got to learn how to throw crooked. It's my bum hand does it, like an automatic. The one I caught in the tedder. And Myrtie, he says I bat like a streak, now I got specs on, and he's gonna let me have my licks against Pownal High, and he says in a couple weeks, if I'm goin' good and work hard, maybe I can pitch! My gosh! He says ——"

Here the Bawby Ephalunt broke off abruptly, and for a moment Myrtle thought that he was having a fit.

"Great hat, Floyd! What is it?"

His features ebbed back to normal. "Say, Myrtie! Say, do somethin' for me? You know Edna Swan's house. Well, they's a hedge runs right close to their porch. Say, go over and tell her, will you? Tell her all I told you? And fix it so you can tell her on the porch?"

"Why, what an idea! Why on earth should I?"

"Because when you tell her," said Floyd beatifically, "I'm gonna be listenin', back of that hedge!"

And he was. And Miss Swan's gasp of doubt and stupefaction was as a draught of ambrosia to a parched Olympian.

On Saturday he frisked in the outfield against Pownal High, and made two home runs and two doubles, while Huntsboro gaped incredulously at one of the largest worms that ever turned. He was followed home by a knot of small boys, and he let the fattest of them carry his bat.

A certain one began, "Say, when you basted that last homer, Bawby ——"

"Shut up, you fool! He'll skin you!"

"Oh, that's all right," said the Ephalunt, beaming benignly. "Go on and call me Bawby. It don't bruise me none." And he felt like Cæsar, bringing his captives home to Rome to break rock until their ransoms did the general coffers fill.

The following week, spectacles and all, he pitched against North Adams, and struck out fifteen—for how could they rattle a young gentleman who for ten years had been consistently hooted at whenever he showed himself in public? He also contributed a home run, a triple and a single. The week after that he pitched against Eastern High, of Springfield, and shut them out, 4-0. Incidentally, he made another home run and a double.

In the back lots urchins were shouting, "Say, Tommee-ee-ee! Be I standin' right? Be I standin' like the Bawby Ephalunt?" In front parlors girls who once had snickered, when Floyd went by, now turned the wick low in vain. As long as the hammock held, he was faithful to Miss Schweinfelder. And the glint in his eyes, as he flitted about his natal village, was that of one who had already stood upon the scaffold when the sheriff galloped up, brandishing the reprieve.

"Humph!" said his father. "Race between you'n' pepper, to see which's smartest, ain't it?"

The Bawby Ephalunt could afford to take an assortment of these jabs indulgently, for all the rest of Huntsboro was buttering him with praise, not untinctured with awe, and Myrtle was positively incoherent with ardor. His sole regret was that he couldn't get a crack at Hotchkiss and Snyder, of Pembroke College. He wondered, often, whether it would be a more honeyed revenge to fan them out, three times in a row, or to bean them the first time up.

School closed, and he pitched four games for the town. These were faster opponents now, and they talked at him with more ingenuity and color, but he went on feeding them his weird knuckle balls and hitting solidly for extra bases until, just after the Pittsfield game in July, a stocky, gray-haired personage loomed up on the horizon, and had words with him—words which, to judge by their result on Floyd, should have fallen within the meaning of the Volstead Act. The stocky personage was an ivory hunter—ignorant people say "scout"—so naturally he was interested in elephants.

They went into McEwen's Cash Pharmacy and had a lemon phosphate, and Floyd nearly burst with compressed glee before the stocky personage unfolded his project. He did it with less dramatic effect than Floyd would have liked, but you shouldn't look Jove's messenger in the mouth.

"I'm a scout for the Goliaths, Mr. McEwen," he said, "and I doped out a telegram about your boy today, and all I want to know is, do I file it or don't I? He's under age, so I got to have your O. K." And he gave Floyd's future to his father on a yellow blank.

Floyd McEwen, Huntsboro; right-handed curve pitcher, five foot nine, hundred seventy-five pounds, age about nineteen, great knuckle ball, good speed, grand control, keeps his goat fine, glutton for work, good disposition, good habits, bats right handed, clean heavy hitter all parts field, can hit three hundred. Best bet this season by a mile absolutely; advise contract, twelve hundred; to be farmed Jersey City; quick action necessary; Boston after him. Wire.

Mr. McEwen placed the fluttering blank in a pool of lemon phosphate on the counter, and glowered speechlessly at his offspring. One of La Rochefoucauld's maxims hold that in the adversity of even our best friends we usually find something that does not wholly displease us; and the converse of this is true also. Considering that for several annums Floyd had been the butt of the township, appraised by his teachers as a mental vacuum and by his father as a genealogical blunder, the size of the suggested salary was a crusher. Mr. McEwen's aspect, instead of radiating unadulterated pride, was at least ninety-nine under proof.

"You're gonna give me my time, pa? Sure you are! He says you gotta sign the contrack for me. And I'm gonna buy you a gold watch, and ma a black silk dress, and —— Aw, come on, pa! Show some speed! He's waitin'."

Mr. McEwen's reasoning powers were slightly ossified. He stood there, a morose arbiter of destiny, toying with a bottle of peach sirup.

"Well, young man," he said with a hiccup, "I s'pose you feel pretty stuck up. Kid like you offered the chance to earn all that money; wouldn't say earn it, exactly, same's if it was real hard work like I always done, but ——"

"Well, is it all right, pa? Come on—say yes!"

Mr. McEwen was seeing many specters. Among others, that as soon as he said yes, Floyd was a free agent. And money is power. With all those wages Floyd was liable to get pretty lippy. And for a brainy parent like Mr. McEwen to lose his grip on a lunkhead son like Floyd—because the lunkhead had waltzed into a salary which in Huntsboro was considered plenty large enough for a man to be married on, and have annual children—this was lacerating. He felt as though Floyd had joined in a conspiracy against him.

"Well, Mr. McEwen?"

"Well, I'll kind of mull it over," said the druggist sepulchrally, "and let you know—maybe the day after tomorrer."

It was his grasp on the last frayed remnant of Floyd's homage to him, and he knew it; and that was why he stalled.

VI

FROM the moment that rumor began to percolate through Huntsboro, the Bawby Ephalunt found himself in the status of a bone to which two unfriendly dogs are earnestly clamped. The minister, who drew down four hundred dollars a year,

The New Emery Checkerweave Broadcloth

BROADCLOTH, as tailored into Emery Shirts, is a fabric enthusiastically approved by men who value wearing qualities as well as smart style.

Emery Style No. 3604, as illustrated, is the very latest effect in Emery Broadcloth Shirts. A neat checkerweave gives character to the fabric, adding a desirable touch of individuality to the excellent qualities of broadcloth.

The shirts are solid color—white, tan, grey or blue, as you prefer. Also you have your choice of the neckband shirt with double cuffs or the attached collar style with single cuffs and large pearl cuff buttons.

No. 3604—With neckband . . $4.00
No. 3605—Attached collar . . $4.50
Other fabrics and patterns, at $2.00, $3.00 and up

Emery Shirtmaking Is Like Custom Work

Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced—matched in cuffs, front, etc.

Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve placquets (buttoning above cuff) to prevent gaping sleeve and make cuffs set right.

Pre-shrunk neckbands. Nek-ban-tab for inserting collar button in back

Closely-stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And every refinement of custom finish.

The Emery label always means correct style. Ask for Emery Shirts in the new Checkerweave Broadcloth — at better class shops. Or we will see that you are served promptly, on receipt of money order and name of your dealer. Give neckband size, sleeve length and color preference. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

–and They Cost You LESS to Own!

All These Stations Use Them

WJAX and WHK
Cleveland, O.
WWJ and WCX
Detroit, Mich.
WDAF and WHD
Kansas City, Mo.
KSD
St. Louis, Mo.
WSB and WGM
Atlanta, Ga.
WBAP
Fort Worth, Texas
WDAO and WFAA
Dallas, Texas
WAAW, WOAW and
WIAK
Omaha, Nebr.
WEV and WCAK
Houston, Texas
WCAC
New Orleans, La.
WOC
Davenport, Ia.
WHA
Madison, Wisc.
WGF
Des Moines, Ia.
WRAH
Minneapolis, Minn.
WHAZ
Troy, N. Y.
WJAR, WTAG and
WEAN
Providence, R. I.
WDAE and WMAQ
Tampa, Florida
WOAI
Chicago, Ill.
KLZ
Denver, Colo.
WBH and WCAP
Washington, D. C.
WWJ
Dearborn, Mich.
WHAM and WABA
Rochester, N. Y.
WDAL
Jacksonville, Fla.
WQAM
Miami, Fla.
WMC
Memphis, Tenn.
WOAI
San Antonio, Texas
KZN
Salt Lake City, Utah
KFCK
Colorado Springs, Colo.
WSY
Birmingham, Ala.
WLW and WSAI
Cincinnati, Ohio
KGW
Portland, Ore.
WNAR
Butler, Mo.
KFI
Los Angeles, Calif.
CFCA
Toronto, Ont.

Willard Radio B Battery economy is so marked that it was mentioned 109 times when 150 owners reported upon the results they had obtained from these batteries.

Greater efficiency was mentioned 122 times; elimination of battery noises 70 times, and seven other advantages such as increased volume, more range, convenience and ruggedness of construction by varying numbers.

For the same reasons, Willard Rechargeable B Batteries have been adopted for voice amplifying by 48 broadcasting stations in the last six months.

Willard Rechargeable Radio Batteries are carried in stock fully charged yet bone dry. Never deteriorate. Always instantly ready for use.

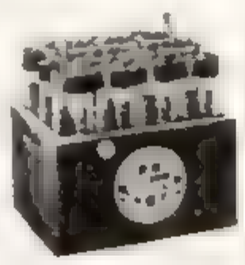
Sold by Willard Service Stations and Radio Dealers everywhere. Ask your dealer for the free booklet "Better Results from Radio," or write Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland.

A

Willard A Batteries at a range of prices, including the Willard All-Rubber Battery, with rubber case and Threaded Rubber Insulation. It's the finest A battery made. Five sizes, 20 to 125 a.h.

B

Willard B Batteries in 24 volt or 48 volt units, each in two capacities, 2500 and 4500 m.a.h. Use of glass jars enables you to see condition of battery at all times.



Willard Rechargeable Batteries for Radio

called formally on Mr. McEwen, and warned him that Jersey City and Gomorrah were practically as Minneapolis and St. Paul. Floyd's algebra teacher, whose pay was six hundred dollars if the school committee remembered it, also called, and pointed out that a youth could hardly be trusted alone in a great and wicked city when his mark in quadratic equations was only 54. And to these authorities, and some others, Mr. McEwen, whose own taxable income had topped six hundred dollars only when Jamaica ginger was still consumed as a beverage, hearkened attentively.

But lined up on the other side there were some influential people with long-range vision; for instance, the president of the bank.

"Now, I don't say you should skimp him, Walter, but if you was to make a condition where you got, say, four hundred a year out of it till he's of age, why, he'd learn how to be economical, and it'd be consid'able better'n a bat in the eye with a burnt stick for you. You could liquidate your notes with us, and take up the mortgage on your homestead and be easy."

"I'd kind of thought it out that way myself," said Mr. McEwen dourly.

Events moved rapidly. Bulletin Number One, Floyd's father had accorded his consent. Bulletin Number Two, the contract had come in, and after being read through four times by Lawyer Cooley, two commas inserted, and the word "further" altered to "furthermore," had been signed before six witnesses, and returned by registered mail. Myrtle Schweinfelder was the only girl in Huntsboro who had had a peep at it, and her condescension to lesser folk would have given some valuable tips to royalty. Bulletin Number Three, Floyd had received his telegraphic orders to join the team at Albany on Wednesday morning and proceed to Buffalo.

His train was the night accommodation, the 11:17 from Huntsboro. At nine o'clock, having drawn down from his father what was almost certainly his last public correction for table manners, he said farewell, and accompanied by his valise and something in his side pocket which now and then he patted unctuously, he marched with warrior strides to the abode of Miss Schweinfelder, who had a going-away present all ready for him.

It was a razor case in embroidered buck, and if he lived another two years it might come in handy.

"But you don't have to go yet, Floyd!" she protested, after a sacred session in the sagging hammock. "It's only ha' past ten!"

"I got folks I got to stop and see, Myrtie. It wouldn't be right not to."

"Shan't I go to the depot to see you off?"

"Kind of late, wouldn't it be?"

"Maybe it would. Well, good-by, Floyd. Write often. Oh, Floyd, you are my hero!"

"Well, if you say so," he admitted cavalierly, "I guess maybe I am. Sure Mike."

And he kissed her, somewhat as a parrot pecks at cuttlefish. And that was that.

And now he was on Pleasant Street, unctuously fingering the contents of his side pocket, and his heart was thuttering within him. And there was Edna Swan's house, and, by gosh! there was Edna, a pathetic little figure in dotted swiss, at the gate. Had he guessed right, or hadn't he? Catch a weasel asleep!

"Floyd!"

"Oh—hello, Edna. How's every little thing?"

"I'm awful glad I happened to be out here, Floyd."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I—I wanted to tell you something before you go. I—I'm awfully sorry about—everything."

"Shucks! If you worry you'll get you a wrinkle." His tone was larksome, but his heart wouldn't throttle down.

"You never gave me a chance to tell you. I—I was only teasing you about that Hotchkiss man. I always liked you the best. I thought of course you'd come and make up, and then we'd go over there and see games together."

Floyd cleared his throat. "Well, when he started in givin' you jewelry ——"

"Oh, Floyd! He didn't at all. Joe gave me that bracelet. I said it to—to make you jealous! Then I asked you to my party, and—oh, I didn't know you'd stay mad so long."

A curious phenomenon was actively at work upon him. She was really a lovely girl. Beautiful eyes, beautiful complexion, beautiful hair—and that tantalizing odor of violets.

"Well, Edna, I'll say one thing: If it hadn't been for you—and Doctor Shinkwin and the hay tedder and that salmon I et—I wouldn't be goin' to Albany tonight; I tell you those."

"It's been perfectly—well, it was the shock of my life, Floyd! It's been the most—well, you could have knocked me over with a crowbar! If you'd only played Pembroke, and showed up those boys over there! They're so swell-headed. Well, here's a little something I made for you to remember me by, Floyd—if you want to."

It was a handkerchief case in baby-blue silk, with a lining of cerise, and it had a monogram embroidered on it in a material closely resembling human hair.

"That's a whale!" said Floyd. "That's fine. Thanks a lot."

"You've forgiven me, Floyd?"

"Oh, sure."

"And you'll drop me a line sometime?"

"Sure. If I ever get any spare time off I'll drop you a postal. Well, I got to get a move on."

"Floyd."

"Yes?"

"Won't you please—kiss me good-by?"

He set down his valise. "Say, Edna. I—I didn't have to start for the station as soon's I did, did I?"

"Why—didn't you?" She was so sweet and ethereal that he had to catch his breath.

"No. You see—I come by here early on purpose."

After a devastating hush—"Oh, Floyd! You are my hero, aren't you?"

"Why, sure," he said cavalierly. "I guess so. Sure." And he kissed her adieu.

In the smoking car the Bawby Ephalunt settled himself luxuriously for the three-hour run to Albany and his band of fellow immortals. A pretty nice place, Huntsboro—to look back on it. Kind of a homy little dump, if anybody should drive up in a hearse and ask you. Nice people too. Nice girls.

He dug into his valise and exhumed the razor case and the handkerchief case. H'm. Myrtle's work was neater, but it had a smooch on it. But the handkerchief case was kind of lopsided. About a stand-off.

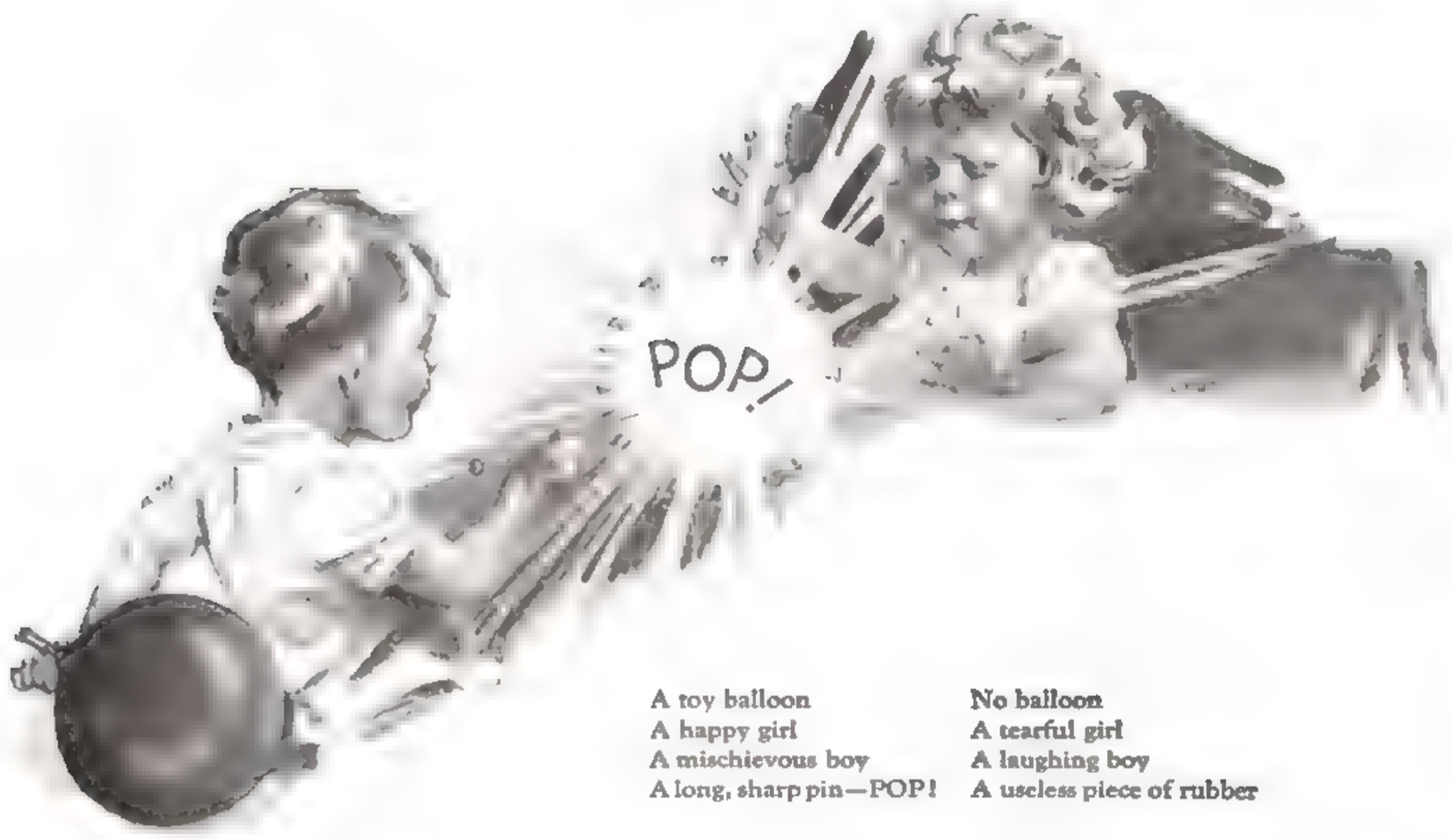
He touched his lips reminiscently. Poor little girls! He replaced the tokens of their deathless love and removed from his pocket the contents thereof which he had been patting so unctuously. It was a small oblong package wrapped in tinfoil, through which could be seen the outline of five elongated cylinders, like a clip of Mauser cartridges which had grown an inch too tall.

The Bawby Ephalunt leaned back and put his feet on the opposite seat.

"I wonder," he said dreamily to himself, "if they ain't some awful nice girls in Jersey City. Regular pippins. I bet. Why, sure they is!"

And solemnly, ceremoniously, almost devoutly, he lighted his first cigar.

The Minarets, Sierra Nevada Mountains of California



A toy balloon
A happy girl
A mischievous boy
A long, sharp pin—POP!

No balloon
A tearful girl
A laughing boy
A useless piece of rubber

Air is the most elusive prisoner

THIS little tragedy shows air's eagerness to escape imprisonment. Air hates confinement. It fights compression in small spaces.

The air confined in this inflated balloon was eagerly trying to burst out and gain its freedom. One prick of the pin and it surged from the detaining walls and was free.

What tire inflation is

The most common example of confined air trying to escape is in the pneumatic automobile tire. Inflation is but air seeking a way out of its rubber prison, just as balloon inflation comes from air surging against its walls.

From the time of the first pneumatic tires the chief problem of the tire manufacturer was to make inner tubes that held air. By applying all his skill and experience and by using the best materials at his disposal, he finally succeeded. The millions of air-tight inner tubes that carry cars today through city streets and over country roads everywhere are sufficient proof of his success.

What the tube owes to its valve

Every record made by tubes in retaining air, however, is also a noteworthy achievement for the Tire Valve—the door that opens to admit air into the tube and closes to retain it. Upon this valve's ability to hold in the air depends the life of the tube. Even the best inner tube will not give its full service if it is run with too little air.

For a generation Schrader Universal Tire Valves have been successful in keeping air a prisoner. They were on the first pneumatic tires made in this country. Today they are traveling throughout the world—wherever such tires go.

No Schrader Tire Valve leaves the factory until it has been thoroughly tested and inspected. The tire-maker tests the tube after he has inserted the valve, so that the car owner may be doubly sure of getting an air-tight valve.

Look to your tire valves

Along the right side of this page are shown and described the parts that make the complete Schrader Valve. Each part is essential; each has a particular duty to perform.

Be sure your car is equipped with all these Schrader parts. For only when you use the complete Schrader Valve can you be certain of getting the most effective service from it.

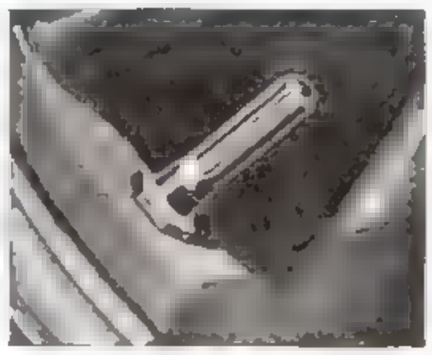
A loose hexagon nut at the base of the valve may permit air to escape there. Always tighten the hexagon nut before inserting a new tube.

Keep extra Schrader Valve parts handy

Be sure to have extra valve parts in your tool kit for emergencies. Keep a Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge, too, so that you can test your tire pressure at any time.

Wherever you buy your Schrader parts, they will fit any Schrader Valve, even if you buy a valve cap in Canada, a valve inside in India, a dust cap in Japan and a rim nut in Spain, for the valve stem you got in New York City.

You can get these gauges and valve parts at motor accessory shops, garages and hardware stores—in any country where motor accessories are sold.



COMPLETE SCHRADER TIRE VALVE WITH DUST CAP as it appears on tires in actual service.

This is the SCHRADER DUST CAP that goes over the valve and protects it and the valve stem threads. Can be attached or detached with a few turns of the hand.
Under the Dust Cap and on top of the valve is—

Dust Cap

The SCHRADER VALVE CAP. Through this cap when screwed on by hand no dirt can enter the valve, and no air can escape from the tube.
Protected by the Valve Cap is—

Valve Cap

The SCHRADER VALVE INSIDE, which is placed in the mouth of the valve. It permits quick entrance of air, and also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube.
The valve stem into which the Valve Inside goes is centered in the valve hole by—

Valve Inside

The SCHRADER RIM NUT BUSHING, which also holds on the Dust Cap. It is always tightened against the wheel by a small wrench.

Rim Nut Bushing

This is the SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TIRE VALVE with all its parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve.
Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

Complete Schrader Valve

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TIRE VALVE ACCESSORIES
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Heavily Hot Dip Zinc Galvanized AFTER WEAVING

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We will be glad to send you an illustrated folder, with full details about the Cyclone Heavily Hot Dip Zinc Galvanized Chain Link Fence Fabric, *AFTER Weaving*. Address Cyclone Fence Company, Waukegan, Illinois, Department 21.

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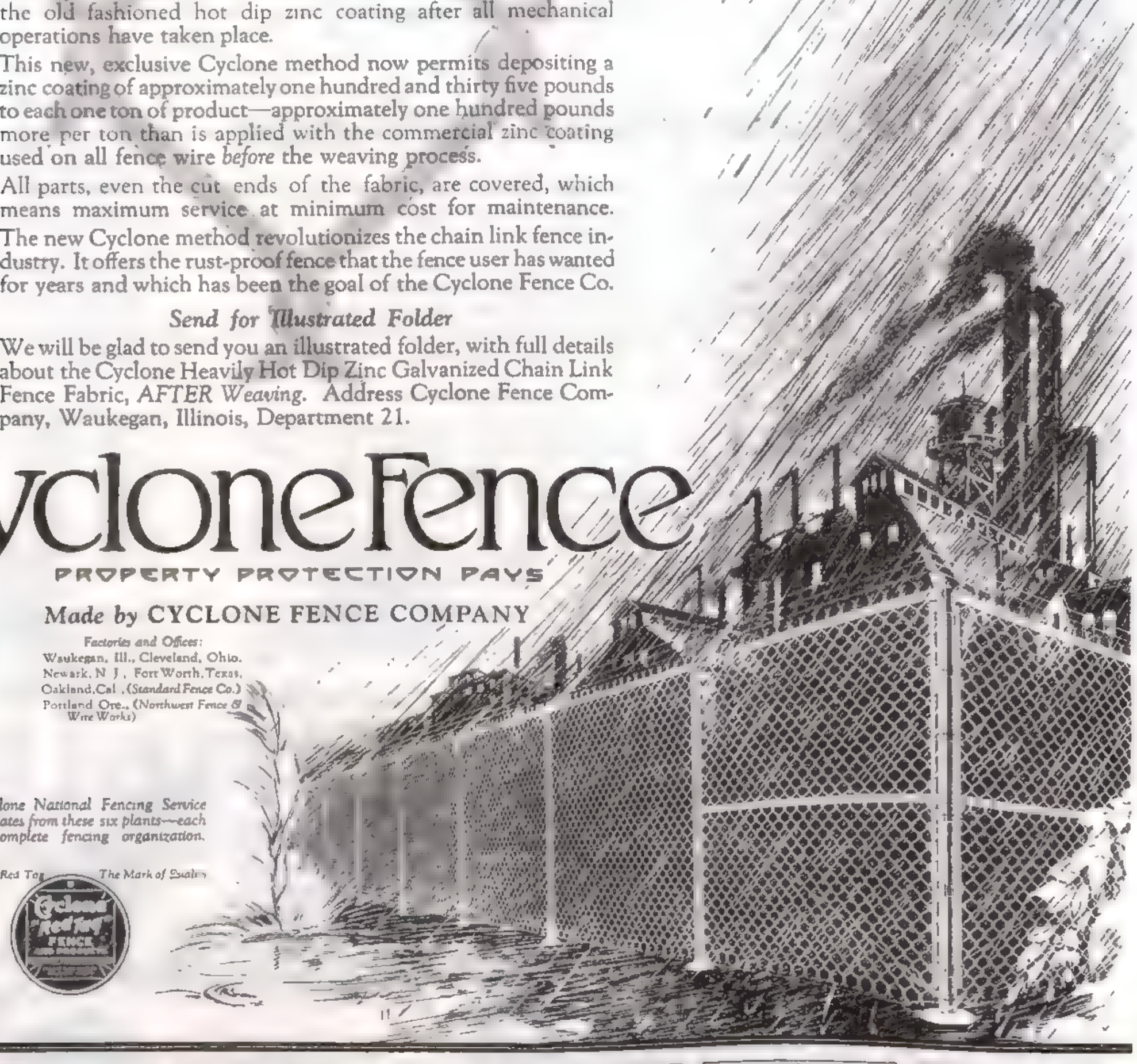
Cyclone National Fencing Service radiates from these six plants—each a complete fencing organization.

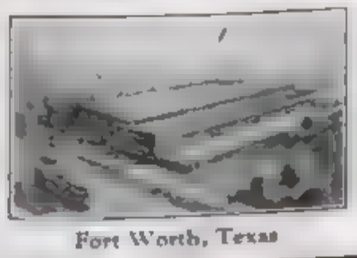
The Red Tag — The Mark of Quality



Waukegan, Illinois

Cleveland, Ohio

Newark, New Jersey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THE GOOD MANAGER

Continued from Page 17)

"Oh, yes, it was comfortable enough."

"Didn't you like it here?"

"Oh, I liked it last summer well enough. I was busy still getting settled. But I'd be bored to death this summer. With everybody I know away, there'd be nothing on earth to do out here all day. It's all right for you, just evenings and week-ends; but you just try staying out all the time, day after day, yourself, and I'll bet you'd get bored too."

David said nothing for several minutes. And then, "Well, what do you propose doing for the summer?"

His voice was sharp with irritation. Hilda laid her hand on his arm coaxingly.

"Don't be so cross, Dave," she pleaded. "You get mad at me before you even know what I'm thinking about. You always set yourself against my plans before you know what they are. And yet when it came right to trying one of them we've always managed, haven't we?"

"We've managed ourselves a little nearer the poorhouse for our old age with every plan you ever had." This was the retort that came to David's lips; but with Hilda's hand coaxing on his arm, he choked it back and asked instead, in a voice he tried to make sound good-naturedly, unprejudicedly interested, "Well, what is this new idea?"

"I've found a little old farmhouse up near the artists' colony in the Croton Lakes. I've been cruising around in the flivver ever since I took Zora DeFoe up to look at the studio she's taking for the summer. It's a funny old-fashioned little place, and it's right on a lake. It would be such a lark, Dave, a complete change. It's four miles from the station, but what's four miles in a flivver? It's twice as long commuting as Cloverdale; but would you mind, Dave, when you'd have a swim every night when you did get home?"

"I mind making some change that we can't afford at least once a year," said Dave.

Hilda laughed triumphantly.

"There! I told you you just set yourself against any plans without even knowing what they are. You just take it for granted we can't afford it. Now here's for once where I have you! What do you think we'd have to pay for that house? It's been vacant for five years. It's all run down, the owner is dead, the farm has been split up and sold and the estate is glad to get whatever it can for the old house. They'll rent it for all summer for a hundred dollars!"

"A hundred dollars!" Dave echoed blankly. "It must be a peach of a house."

"Well, it's kind of run down," Hilda admitted. "But it's got the quaint lovely old lines the artists rave about. Of course, we'd have to use kerosene lamps and it hasn't any bathroom—just a cistern and a pump in the kitchen. But"—eagerly—"what do you need of a bathroom in the summer on the shore of a lake? And there are plenty of old lamps right in the house."

"And you want to leave a comfortable modern house like ours here and go and live for four months with kerosene lamps and a cistern?"

"I'd love it, Dave—honestly. It would be such a change from Cloverdale. We'd meet some of the artists through Zora. She says they lead the most carefree life in the world—don't dress up, go around in old smocks most of the time. Think what a change it would be from Cloverdale, bridge parties on the front porch and explaining to people that you really didn't want to go away for the summer. Honestly, the idea of this summer in Cloverdale bores me sick just to think of it."

"A hundred dollars for four months!" David repeated thoughtfully. "That's twenty-five dollars a month. And the Vances' sister would pay us two hundred dollars a month for our house here ——"

"There!" Hilda's laugh was deservedly triumphant. "I told you you set yourself against my plans before you even know them. You just took it for granted this one was going to be expensive."

"All your others have been," David defended himself. But it was an absent-minded defense. He was engaged in amazed speculation. "What's the catch in it?" he demanded. "Is it expensive to live there?"

"Cheap!" Hilda was gleefully, teasingly triumphant. "The artists couldn't stay there if it weren't. Most of them are poor. They do their own housework and buy lots of their stuff right from the farmers. It's such long commuting that they haven't got the fancy shops and prices that there are here in Cloverdale. Why, we could pay our taxes and the interest on the mortgage and all our living out of the rent we'd be getting for this house here."

David stared at her, unbelieving.

"I wouldn't take the maid or anything; do the housekeeping myself."

"And you think you'd like it for four months?"

"I know I'd love it. It would be such a change. I'm bored to death with playing bridge in Cloverdale."

"And you mean"—David was reluctantly incredulous; he just couldn't believe it—"you mean that we could carry everything on the rent we'd be getting out of the house here—that my salary would be velvet, clear gain, that we could just pack every cent of it away?"

"I'm sure we could," said Hilda eagerly.

Her husband glanced from the wheel at her. Her hands, lying idle in her lap, had their ever-present suggestion of reserve power, vitality; her eyes were narrowed a little. It was Hilda's most practical pose, the way she looked when she was deciding how to create a thousand-dollar-living-room effect for a hundred dollars, when she had found the golf club they could join without buying bonds; the way she looked when the dinner-party table was laid, the last flower straightened, the last candle lighted. In ten years David had learned to know that pose, the hands eager yet relaxed, the eyes narrowed. He had never known that pose to fail as a prophecy. The dinner party would be a smoothly run perfection, the living room a sophisticated triumph. It was the dependable, the to-be-trusted look of the born good manager.

His monthly salary plunked into the bank, every cent of it; there was ten dollars a month they were still making on the New York apartment they had left when they moved to Cloverdale. They had sublet it, scantily furnished, and the lease ran till the next October. Ten dollars a month and his entire salary, clear gain, after ten years of never getting a penny ahead.

"It's an hour and eight minutes each way on the train," Hilda admitted. "Would you hate that?"

"Hate it!" said David solemnly. "I'd commute six hours out of every twenty-four the rest of my life for peace of mind like that!"

It was peace of mind such even as David had not foreseen. It was, as Hilda had said, a complete change for them all. David commuted on a different line from the one he had used from Cloverdale. They never saw any of their old neighbors; they might have been a thousand miles instead of twenty from their old home; and their way of living was infinitely more than a thousand miles from the old way.

Social requirements they dropped as completely as a snake sheds its skin. The boys wore khaki overalls, Hilda wore out her last summer's clothes. Their principal associates were the artists, who lived a casual life untrammeled by all the things that worry Cloverdale. The little old farmhouse proved surprisingly livable. Such of the furniture that they found in it as was possible was scrubbed and put back into service; army cots replaced the dubious old beds, which were removed to the woodshed; the old iron kitchen pots, scalded and scoured, were supplemented by two dollars' worth of bright ten-cent-store tin. Nobody missed the bathroom; the little boys were in and out of the lake all day. Hilda had dinner late enough to have a swim with David when he got home every night.

It was a real vacation for them all. The boys grew brown as Indians. Hilda, meeting the train every night, assured David that it was more fun! To a restless woman any change is welcome at first. But to David it was so much more than a change or a mere vacation. For him it was a respite, a brief vacation from the whole economic system; a vacation from the system which says to the ordinary man:

"I will pay you as little as I can, of course, and I will take as much of that back as I can. Oh, yes, I will! I'll catch you in a subtle net you can never quite see or touch, but that will be tightening, always tightening; a net of what the other fellow does, of a restless, coaxing wife, of what the children really ought to have—oh, there are a million threads woven in the net. Don't boast. It will get you too!"

And David, now, for the first time in his married life, for a brief bit could thumb his nose at the economic system. At the end of June he banked his entire month's salary and thirty dollars out of the rent of their Cloverdale house. The last day of July he did the same again.

It was just a vacation, of course, David knew; a temporary respite. But even so, he put on ten pounds that nearly two hours and a half on commuters' trains could not sweat off. The worried lines between his eyes began to smooth out, the drooping wrinkles from the nose to lips that are the very wheel ruts of discouragement began to grow less distinct. What is two hours and a half on trains when a satisfied subconscious mind, a peaceful, almost gloating subconscious is running a man's life?

For the first time in the ten years of David Birch's marriage, his two deep fundamental wants were being satisfied at once. He was saving money and Hilda was happy.

Hilda's happiness was the amazing part of it. Through the hard-working time of getting settled, David was worried for fear she would regret at once her impulsive decision, would feel when faced by the actualities of this vacation that it had been a foolish whim, would sigh for the comforts of Cloverdale. But she did not. She was as happy making livable the shabby old farmhouse as she had been furnishing the Cloverdale house.

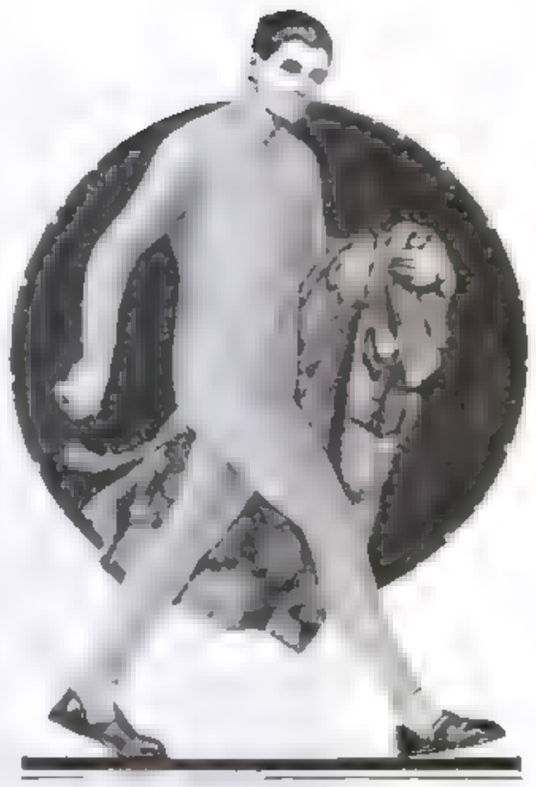
Her energy amazed David. He had expected that, once the house was made livable, she would rest content. But she went on, far beyond the mere livable. It seemed foolish to David to put so much effort on a rented house which would be theirs for a summer only, but he was wise enough to realize that for different people, different pleasures. Hilda apparently found actual pleasure in using varnish remover on the wide-boarded old floor which had been cheapened by a shiny finish, in rubbing the restored old boards with wax till they were deep and lustrous. She coaxed David into a Sunday excursion where they dug up tiny evergreens in the woods, brought them home in the car and set them around the house. One hilarious Sunday they screened the side porch themselves, Hilda cutting the wire netting with the big wire shears Dave had borrowed from the office, David nailing it to the porch, the little boys handing tacks and pieces of screening. There was a great deal of laughter, of gleeful family coöperation.

When it was done, they all had a swim to cool off and then had dinner on the porch. The tablecloth was a much-darned discard from the Cloverdale house, the dishes were Cloverdale remnants that did not match, but there was a basket of Black-eyed Susans in the center, a huge bowl of pungently sweet wild strawberries, tall frosty glasses of iced tea and a steak which David broiled over a fire outside. To Dave, it was a feast of utter joy.

The smell of broiling steak after a swim, his red-cheeked, healthy little boys, his pretty wife with her black hair lying in wet waves against her tanned forehead —— Oh, but there was something more! Some deep mysterious savor of inner peace.

"Not a mosquito!" Hilda gloated. "Not a fly!"

And David, looking at the shiny new screens, felt indulgent and lavish again, as he had used to feel so long ago over the forty-nine-cent chocolates. Writing specifications all day for the Broughton & Broughton houses, he had naturally known where he could pick up a bargain in wire netting. The fun of a little extra, an extravagance he could afford! Hilda, laming her hands with the big wire shears, had



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been as ridiculously, childishly enthusiastic over his having arrived home three different evenings with the huge rolls of screening as though he had brought her ropes of pearls.

It was strangely like a honeymoon, those two months in the little Croton farmhouse—a honeymoon with two sturdy little sons. David, his mind at rest, began finding pleasure again in the little nonsenses of their first year of marriage, bringing home surprises, inexpensive, silly, dear little things—water wings for the littlest boy, a ten-cent shade hat for Hilda, marshmallows to toast over the bonfire at night. Sometimes they went riding in the evening, the two little boys sleeping peacefully after the first two or three miles, falling over each other like a pair of kittens on the back seat. And Dave and Hilda, on the front seat, drove through the summer cool of the evening like a pair of young lovers.

As August began, hot, sunny, growing days, a hope began to grow in David; probably a foolish, unreasonable hope but one unbelievably alluring. Suppose this summer was to prove not merely one of Hilda's many restless moves. Suppose it should mark a real turning point in their lives. Hilda, tanned till her white teeth flashed in her smile like a Spaniard's, a shade plumper and more riotously healthy than she had been in years, seemed so content. Perhaps she, too, having once tasted the peace of simple, old-fashioned thrift, would want it always. If she only would, they could have so much. Suppose they should have other cheap summers like this; then they could really afford to live in the Cloverdale house winters, could have so much of comfort and modest luxury, and still get ahead a little year after year.

Oh, a little respite is a dangerous thing. If a man's head has ached dully for ten years he may come to accept it dully, to forget that that is not the way all heads feel. But give him a respite and then bring on the pressure again and he will be less complacent. If Hilda meant to go back to her old restless ways, this was one move she would have been wiser never to have made.

And then, in August, Hilda wanted to buy the little old farmhouse.

"They'll sell it," she told Dave incredulously, "for eleven hundred dollars. The old farm is all split up and sold; the estate would be glad to get whatever it can for it. I saw Mr. Macklin yesterday and he said absolutely that they'd take eleven hundred."

"You mean"—David's spirits lifted so high that he felt there must be a catch somewhere—"you mean you'd be willing to come back here summer after summer, to rent the Cloverdale house every year?"

"Indeed, I do! We all like it here, and it's a wonderful bargain."

"It is that. Cheaper than renting, even if we could keep on getting the place for a hundred. If you're dead sure you want it right along ——"

"Dead sure!"

No wonder David's heart was suddenly as light as the bush of baby's breath by the old gate, his dream not the alluring, impossible thing he had feared it would be. Hilda satisfied at last! Hilda anchored! Their own place here, their own house in Cloverdale! If it was not wholly their own in Cloverdale, it would become more so each year. How he would work to whittle down that mortgage! To have a goal to work toward—a steady, unwavering, permanent goal. It was the constantly shifting goal that had kept him unhappy and worried for ten years: the knowing that it was no use to try to catch up to this year's requirements, that once they were overtaken Hilda would have moved restlessly on to new wants and new demands. That was what had depressed him: not any one set of difficulties, but the painful realization that there was no keeping up with Hilda.

Now, with a permanent goal, ambition that had been almost discouraged out of him raised a living head. He began making notes on the train morning and night. These two extra hours a day gave him an opportunity to take on another specification a week—ten dollars a week more. Trying to find a thirty-thousand-dollar deal to put over had only depressed him, but ten dollars a week actually coming in and being salted away in the bank made him feel rich and ambitious and industrious.

Yes, he actually believed that they had come to the turning point at last. Because he wanted so to believe it, he did believe it. Because Hilda wanted to buy this shabby old farmhouse and to come here and rough it, summer after summer, because she seemed so contented, he discounted the experience of his ten years of marriage. Of course, many a wiser man has been more foolish in his optimism.

The first of August the old house became theirs. The next two weeks were Dave's vacation, and he and Hilda worked together doing all the things to it that they had seen and decided against while it was a rented place. "Plumber," she called him. "Plumber's helper," he called her, and there was much fun in talk of union hours. It was all fun to Dave. He liked to work with his hands, and there was, besides, the psychological joy of working with Hilda's wants instead of holding back against them. He became so much interested in the transformation of the little old place that he could scarcely stop work in time for the swim before dinner at night.

Hilda went tapping around the walls under the stovepipe holes and justified her suspicion that there had been a fireplace in every room, and together they ripped holes in the plaster walls and restored the ancient coziness. In a pair of boy's overalls, Hilda helped repair the lost shingles. New ones they sawed off at the corners and made irregular to match the old weather-beaten ones. And then the final coat of paint! David had obtained the formula used in whitewashing lighthouses, the whitewash that will withstand sun and sleet. It was a different house that smiled back out of the trees after Dave's two weeks' vacation. Hilda's taste and planning, Dave's practical knowledge, had worked hand in hand to no mean result.

The last night of his vacation they sat out on the screened porch; and Dave, smoking comfortable, looked into the shadowy world, flashing with a few last fireflies, and was vastly content. Hilda, swinging idly in the hammock, added a word now and then; the joy of work well done, the peace and permanence of being settled at last. Ten weeks of utter peace, against ten years of experience —— Oh, Dave was not a stupid man, and yet he counted on this fool's paradise, crashed into the wall of the waiting truth with as much hurt amazement, as bewildered resentment, as though he had not been married to Hilda long enough to know what was there!

It began, casually enough, when David spoke of their now having two perfect homes, this little country place for summer and their Cloverdale house for winter.

"They're nice places," Hilda agreed, swinging idly, her white dress a hazy blur in the shadows. "We can come nearer making this one perfect of its kind, though, than we can the other."

"What's the matter with the Cloverdale house?" Dave felt as though he were defending one child against the other.

"Only one bathroom," said Hilda promptly, "and too small a living room. Those are two things you can't change, either. There's no room ever to put in another bathroom."

"No, I guess not," David agreed. "Oh, well, we get along pretty well with the one."

"Oh, yes," Hilda agreed. "But that's why I really believe I like this place best. There's no limit to what we can do with this."

"As for instance?" Dave asked conversationally, puffing away on his pipe.

"Oh, we could put in a bathroom here all right, couldn't we?—with two cement tanks for draining like that one Zora had put in her studio."

Dave considered.

"Sure," he agreed. "That spring at the back is high enough to pipe and force the water to the second floor."

"And we could put in one of those furnaces that you have in the kitchen," Hilda went on. "And then we could come down here winter holidays, over Christmas, and so on."

"M-m-m ——" Dave puffed comfortably. "We'll do things like that, too, some time, when we're old and rich."

"We wouldn't have to be rich to do these things," said Hilda. "We could do these things next spring."

The comfortable puffing stopped. Dave had thought this a mildly interesting abstract discussion. Next spring! That made it an immediate problem.

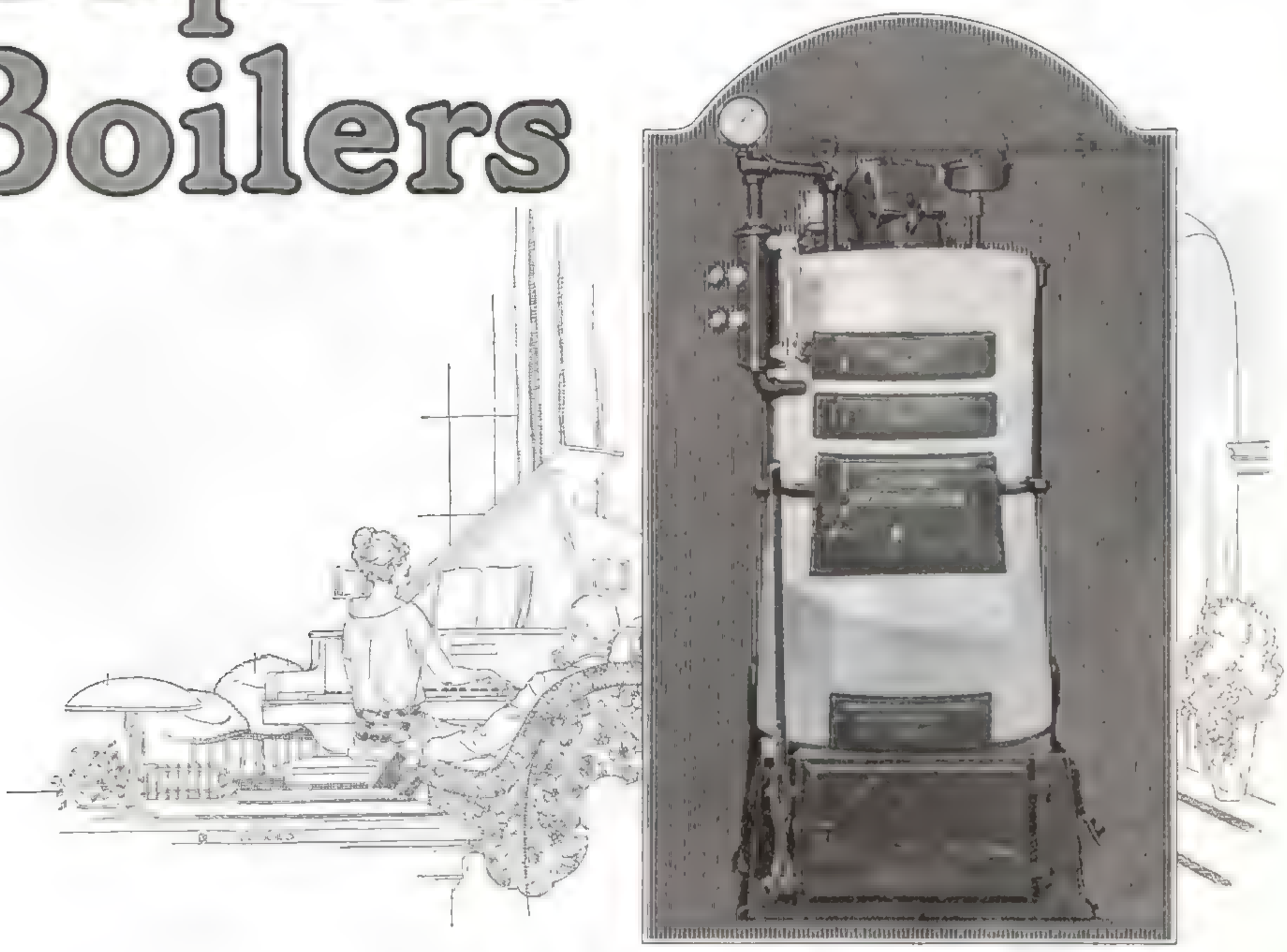
"It would cost six or seven hundred dollars, the least you could do those things for."

Hilda seemed unimpressed by figures.

"But think what a wonderful place it would make!" And then after a moment: "We've saved enough, just this summer, to do that and more."

(Continued on Page 81)

Capitol Boilers



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Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

make it easy to have clean hands

(Continued from Page 78)

Something inside David went suddenly cold and sick. Their precious summer's savings, the bank account growing for the first time, the bulwark against all the eventualities of old age and poverty, the bank account that stood for the turning of the ways! To Hilda, did it stand only for a new bathroom, for a pipeless furnace?

"You see," she was saying eagerly, "that is all this needs to make a really lovely place out of it. And when you think what we made it from! Why, this afternoon, didn't you see Mrs. Marcau, that rich artist's wife that's visiting Zora? They stopped to talk to me, and Mrs. Marcau said this was the most attractive place for miles around. And we've made it from just practically nothing."

David said nothing, waiting fearfully for Hilda to go on. And in a minute, she did, saying the very thing he feared, killing in a casual phrase the comforting, impossible dream of this one peaceful summer.

"But the Cloverdale house is nice too," said Hilda. "It'll do us beautifully until we can swing something bigger."

Until we can swing something bigger! Settled at last, a permanent goal! Fool—fool! Settled—with Hilda! Something in David's silence made his wife suddenly uneasy.

"I don't mean right now," she explained quickly. "I mean later, when we can really afford it."

"When we can really afford it! The way, I suppose you mean, that we can really afford to put another thousand into this house next spring. You mean that if we've got just money enough ahead to buy anything, we can afford to buy it. And if we haven't quite money enough, we can afford to buy it with a mortgage."

"But when you buy something that's really good and then make it better," Hilda urged. "You make it sound silly and extravagant to try to get ahead in the world. But what other way is there? If we had never tried to improve any, we'd still be living on a Hundred and Twenty-second Street."

David said nothing. The desolation of a dead dream settled all about him.

"I like us to get ahead," Hilda pleaded eagerly. "Don't you, Dave? I like to make things and keep making them and to have something a little better to work with each time. Why, how dull life would be if you had just to settle down and enjoy what you'd already made!"

Dave said nothing, holding tight rein over the anger of disappointment that was sweeping over him.

"You never understand how I feel, Dave. You act as though I were just a silly, extravagant wife, wanting to spend all you earn. I don't just spend; I make something out of what I spend. I work and scheme and plan and worry, and I manage well. Everybody says I get results for the least amount of money of anybody they ever saw. Everybody says I'm a good manager."

A good manager! Someway the phrase lifted the restraining hold David had been keeping on his anger. He had been holding tight, afraid of the bitterness that was sweeping over him; the bitterness, composite of ten years, of having slowly given up his fundamental wish, of nagging worry and haunting fear; ten years of bitterness that had been vague, crowded down into the subconscious where, almost unrecognised, it had grown sorer and sorer, festering away year after year. Now it was out in the open at last, and David was afraid of the anger that swept over him in the firefly stillness of the country porch. Hilda's phrase suddenly loosed the frightened clutch with which he had resolutely held it back.

"A good manager!" He laughed, a hard, bitter laugh. "Well, I'm glad you're satisfied with the way you've managed. Somebody ought to be. God knows, I've had little enough out of it. When we were first married, you managed to get a smoking stand you wanted for the parlor. It was a swell smoking stand, and you got it finally at half price; but even at half price it cost so much that I had to give up smoking to pay for it. Last year you got us into a golf club that cost so much I couldn't afford to play golf. We buy a house in Cloverdale and you improve it till the only way we can afford to live in it is by spending a third of the year in a run-down old farmhouse."

Hilda did not answer, staring at him blankly.

"A good manager! This summer, in the run-down old farmhouse, is the only time of peace I've had since we were married. And now you want to manage this into a five-thousand-dollar place, and I won't be able to afford to come here any more. A good manager! You may have managed a dollar effect for every dime you've spent what's that got to do with it? Every year you've managed us a year nearer the time when we'll have to live on one of the boys or cut our throats. You've managed all the pride and pleasure I used to have out of my work; my job's just a nightmare to me I'm so afraid of losing it. You've managed to kill my ambition. A good manager! You've managed all the peace and pleasure out of life for me."

"Oh, Dave!"

At Hilda's half-frightened, hurt cry in the darkness, David stopped abruptly. He was appalled at what he had said. A man who loved his wife, who had held his peace for ten years was not used to the iconoclastic truth. But he could not unsay it, could not crowd it back into the Pandora's box of the silent subconscious. It was out after ten years—and it was true. But Hilda had her truth too.

"But Dave, to do all the other way—what an awful life! Just always to sit tight and save—and save! What kind of life is that? I'd rather work my hands to the bone than just to fold them. I don't mind any kind of work—housework, any kind. It's been fun here, even doing the washing. But, except for just a vacation that you'd get tired of after a couple of weeks, what fun would it have been here if we hadn't made this place so beautiful? We've done something, made something. Haven't you liked this, this summer?"

"Yes," David admitted; "as long as we were doing things we could afford, I've liked it."

"But after this was all made, finished, everything done to it that could be done, like our Cloverdale house—what then? Just sit down and enjoy it the rest of your life? Could you do that yourself, Dave? Suppose I did the housework in Cloverdale, what is that? Work that takes a half my time and not a tenth of my mind. The boys in school all day, you just home evenings. I could put in my time making my own clothes and playing bridge, I suppose, the way Betty Vance does. But could you live that way yourself, Dave? Could you? Never to have anything new to plan on, to look forward to? To go right on just the same year after year, year after year? Just be contented—and save money? You say I'm restless. Wouldn't you be restless too?"

"I don't know," said David wearily. "Perhaps I would be."

That night, for the first time in their married life, they went to sleep with a misunderstanding stark between them. Quarrels, they had always patched up; they had never let the sun go down upon their wrath.

But this was not wrath. It was something colder, more tragic, more hopeless than wrath—two people, bound together for life and asking different things of life. The builder and the saver, one demanding progress, the other security; one ambitious, restless, the other cautious, responsible; two people who by very nature would pull in different directions—yet bound together.

David, going dully through his routine the next day, knew just how tightly he was bound to Hilda. Not by the legal tie alone, and the children, but by all the subtle and more binding ties of the spirit; by the magic of their honeymoon in the cheap boarding house at Lake Barnegat, by his wild terror for her the night little David was born, by her dauntless gallantry that time—just two days after Peter's arrival—when Dave's firm had failed and he had lost his job; bound by Hilda right now, her quick warm smile, her gayety, her enthusiasm, her infinite dearness.

Life without Hilda—David shuddered at the chill thought of it. Life with Hilda—more years like the ten they had had. Mightn't even love grow flat, held long enough in economic pressure?

Hilda was at the station in the car as usual that night when David wearily alighted, the young briskness of the summer all gone out of him. Hilda was in her crisp white linen; the birthday beads that made her hair so black, her eyes so truly amber, were about her tanned neck. She slid into the seat beside the driver's to let David take the wheel. And as he turned it toward the farmhouse: "Listen, Dave!" It was Hilda's old beginning, the herald of another plan.

David scarcely took his eyes from the rocky road.

"Listen, Dave! I've sold the house!"

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"Sold the house?" he repeated, dumfounded.

"Sold the house!" triumphantly. "If you're willing, of course. It isn't closed, of course, but they'll take it—Mr. and Mrs. Marcau. They want us to go ahead and have the bathroom put in, and the furnace. They're crazy about the house."

"For the love of heaven!" After a moment or two, "What'll they pay for it?"

Hilda paused to make the statement dramatic. Then: "Four thousand dollars!"

"Four thousand dollars! Good Lord!"

"And they think it's a bargain—they're crazy to get it."

"Four thousand dollars! The whole thing, bathroom and all will have cost us under two. But do you want to sell it, Hilda? Do you want to let it go?"

They had stopped the car beside the lonely country road. Hilda laid her hand over her husband's.

"Yes, Dave, I do," she said. "And we'll take what we make on it and put it into safe bonds. We can find some other cheap place to go summers. Dave darling, I've thought it all out today. I love you better than anything in the world, and I'm going to make you happy. A person can change if you try hard enough, I know. I'm going to change."

"Oh, Hilda dear, I was a brute last night. I've been sick over it all day."

"No, you weren't. You just told the truth. You're the one who has the worry and the burden of us all. From now on we're going to play the game your way. We're going to stay in Cloverdale winters and in some cheap country place summers, and we're going to get ahead. And I'm going to be contented, right along, year after year, year after year. Honestly, Dave darling, I love you better than anything else in the world. You'll see!"

The amber eyes were misted, and Dave felt a clutch in his throat.

"I can't take it, Hilda. You've got a right to find happiness in your own way. You're the sweetest thing; but Hilda, honey, I can't do it. I can't let you give up this place. You've worked over it and loved it—you've made it. I can't let you give it up."

"But, Dave, don't you see? I've had all the fun out of it already. I don't mind giving it up now. It's all done now. I'd just begin to get bored with it pretty soon now. Let the Marcaus do the getting bored with it and we'll invest the Marcaus' money."

"Do you mean," David asked incredulously, "that you don't mind worrying and working and scheming over a house and then giving it up to somebody else to enjoy the results?"

"Mind! I love it! That's my fun—making it. Don't ever worry about that, Dave. Why"—prodigally—"I'd ask nothing better than to go right through life making one home after another!"

"And never live in one of them?"

"Live in one or all or none of them—I wouldn't give a rap. It's making a place that I love, not living in it."

David looked sharply at his wife, then suddenly away from her, down the quiet road. Hilda, waiting for him to speak, felt repulsed by his silence, it lasted so long. Surely—oh, surely, she had done all she could. She was giving up the kind of life she liked best—was that not enough? Must she disown it too? Pretend she did not even like it? But her impulsive speech had not been meant to express the preferences she was giving up, merely to show Dave how little this one house meant to her. And now Dave's silence. Could they never understand each other?

Suddenly David turned in his driver's seat and looked at his wife.

"Are you sure you really mean what you've been saying, Hilda?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I mean it."

"That you don't care whether you live in a home you've made or not? That you'd like to start in right now, the way you did with this place, and go through all the work and worry of it again?"

"I'd love it," said Hilda honestly. "But I'm not going to. Don't worry, honey. I've thought it all out. I'm going to put all those thoughts right out of my head."

Another silence. This time Hilda could see that David was pondering over something. Then, "Hilda Thurston Birch," he said solemnly, "you are not going to put that out of your mind. You are going to do it."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are. You're going to start again immediately on another house, just as soon as we can find a place worth starting on."

"But, Dave dearest ——"

"Immediately, Hilda. We've had a gold mine in the family, the perfect combination, and neither of us has had the sense to see it. Do you realize that we've made two thousand dollars on this house—in three months? It takes us a darn sight longer than three months to save two thousand dollars. Why can't we do it again on another house—and again?"

"Fix up a house just to sell, you mean? To make money?"

"Why not? What a fool I've been never to have thought of it before. It's what you've been doing right along—taken a piece of property and made it more valuable. Why, Hilda, that's business. Look at what we're renting the Cloverdale house for! Haven't we sublet our last apartment for ten dollars more than we're paying for it just on the strength of about two hundred dollars' worth of furniture? Didn't old Jackson raise the rent on our Ninetieth Street apartment after we left it? Why, we've tried it out already—we know we can do it! I've got all the practical ability, you've got the taste, the ideas—you'd like it."

"Like it? I'd love it! To be able to do the thing you like best in the world and be paid for doing it! Not to have to feel that you're being restless and extravagant!"

"What a fool I've been! What an utter fool! To try to crush this out of you, to hold you back, to blame you for being restless when ——"

His wife silenced his self-reproaches in the immemorial way, and probably she was fair enough. Many a smarter man than Dave has failed to recognize sheer creative energy.

"I can tell Broughton what we are doing and keep right on there for a while anyhow. He doesn't care what you do outside as long as the specifications get written. We can ——"

He turned to look at his wife. "Why, Hilda, you're crying!"

"I know I am —— Oh, Dave!"

"Why, Hilda darling ——"

"I know, Dave. I c-can't help it—it's just sheer relief. I was going to do the other way if it k-killed me, and I would have done it too; but, oh, I was afraid of it. It's hard to change your whole self, and this seems so r-right and —— Oh, Dave, I do love you so!"

Dave's arm went over his wife's shoulder, tightened and held her.

"I love you, too, sweetheart," he said.

She leaned against him and his arm was very tight. Two lovers, different to the very depths of their beings, thinking in the same language at last. For more than love was waiting with them on that quiet country road.

David, his arm still tight around his wife, was planning already the first safe, sure, cautious steps—steps leading not to some vague, depressing thirty-thousand-dollar deal, but along a course as reassuringly familiar to David as his own back yard.

And Hilda, holding fast to David's other hand, the lover's mist still in her eyes, was narrowing her eyes a little, too, as she looked into the future—narrowing them in the look that David knew of old. Prophetic, practical, trustworthy—a strange mixture of peace and joyous excitement—the look of the born good manager with a challenging job ahead.

WILL LABOR RULE BRITAIN?

(Continued from Page 18)

and that it seems likely the coming winter will see an increase rather than a diminution of this number, and the appalling suffering and degradation of morale implied in it. Socialism, as a mass movement and not merely a professor's abstract theory, is a passionate protest against a state of society where it happens that, however desperately he may try, it is impossible for a man to find work that will earn bread for himself and his family. And for a generation past, a plausibly simple solution has been preached to the masses with eloquent sincerity, as early Christianity was preached, from street corners and the market place by men who believed in their gospel as the old apostles believed in theirs, and who could inoculate their belief.

They believe uncompromisingly—and it is the dogmatic religious fervor of their belief which makes socialism in Europe so dynamic a force—that the evils which afflict society are beyond remedy by any palliatives whatsoever, nothing less than a drastic top-to-bottom reconstruction of society will suffice. They believe that such a drastic reconstruction of society is essential in every politically conscious nation of the earth—with the possible exception of that embarrassing Russia, which most of them curse in their hearts. Their ultimate aim, reiterated explicitly over and over again, is world revolution. And, like Lenine, they believe that revolution in Great Britain and, by extension, the British Empire, is the primary condition for such world revolution, that such a shock at the nerve center of a political system extending all round the globe and commercially intertwined with every other nation would bring down in immediate collapse the institutions of them all—even ultimately, despite its majestic, comparatively self-sufficient isolation, those of the United States. They believe that in the British Labor Party, with its prospect of peaceful accession to the powers of government, they have the instrument for that cataclysmic change which shall produce the millennium, and that its day of opportunity has already dawned. Certain it is that should the present British Socialist-Labor Party step into the shoes of the Conservatives there is not a nation of the earth but will have to sit up and take notice.

It does not, of course, by any means follow that the 4,235,457 men and women who voted for the Labor Party at the last election are all of them convinced socialists. Far from it. But the leaders are. Those who imagine them as merely sordid intriguers make an error. They are, it may fairly be assumed—at least the majority of them—sincerely earnest men, idealists, so far as my personal knowledge of them goes. That is not necessarily reassuring. Lenine is universally admitted to be the most sublime of idealists. They are under no illusions that even half of their followers are whole-heartedly imbued with their doctrines—and even then they probably overestimate the number of the faithful. But the example of Soviet Russia has demonstrated the power of a determined and self-confident minority, once it gets into a position of advantage. Only history will show the extent to which the masses will support them in their ultimate schemes. The immediate point of interest is whether they will attain the power to initiate them. That million and a half unemployed is the barometer of their probability of success.

It is perhaps significant that the lawyers are beginning to come into the Labor Party. Two of them won seats at the last election. But the old-established leaders of the party are not necessarily personally representative of the industrial class they champion. Some of the second rank, such as Noel and Roden Buxton and Charles Trevelyan, are scions of wealthy and even aristocratic families. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the parliamentary leader of the party, was a schoolmaster. Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. Philip Snowden were both civil servants. But if the accession of the Labor Party to power may be anticipatively likened to the assembly of the French States-General in 1789 in its portent, these men are its Mirabeaus and Lafayettes. There are potential Dantons, Marats and Robespierres in plenty among the men who sit behind them.

The British Labor Party, if it comes to power, will come with a clearly defined immediate program. That program is too long to quote in full, but its chief points are:

A capital levy.

Nationalization of mines, railroads and land.

Denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles.

"The recognition of the real independence of Egypt and self-government for India."

General disarmament.

The capital levy is undoubtedly the first measure that would be introduced by a

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(Continued from Page 82

Labor Government. It is a measure the expediency of which has been heatedly discussed, and not by the Labor Party alone, for the past two years in England. The dominant problem for Great Britain is to get her industries started again at full capacity as soon as possible—to absorb those unemployed. At the present time the service of the national debt withdraws in taxation £395,000,000 per annum from its potential employment in the expansion of industry. The Labor Party proposes to wipe off £3,000,000,000 of war debt, involving an annual tax charge of £150,000,000, by a levy on private fortunes which, though exempting those below £5000, would grade steeply from 5 per cent upon that amount to 60 per cent upon fortunes of £1,000,000 and over.

After much debate, the consensus of British public opinion is that the theoretic advantages of such a measure would be altogether outweighed by the gigantic disturbance of commercial credit that must result from its practical application. This opinion is fortified by the experience of Switzerland, where the mere serious proposal of such a measure early this year, defeated though it was by a referendum, resulted in a financial panic and a shrinkage of 20 per cent in Swiss national credit, reflected in the fall of the exchange value of the Swiss franc from, approximately, its former four to the dollar to five to the dollar.

It is sometimes said in England that the adoption of the capital levy as a war cry at the last general election lost the Labor Party many votes. If so, those votes must have been middle-class votes: the British workingman certainly does not theorize about such abstruse matters. To him, the prospect of making the rich man pay cannot have been other than alluring. Whatever the truth of this, the capital levy still stands at the top of the Labor Party's program, and they will most certainly enforce it if and when they attain power. It must be remembered that the possibility of financial chaos is less alarming to the convinced socialist than to others not pledged to annihilate the archenemy, capitalism, at the earliest opportunity. Quite certainly, also, such a measure will be most strenuously resisted—and its application would reverberate in every market of the world. Not only the London Stock Exchange but Wall Street and the Paris Bourse would have an unpleasantly prolonged Black Friday.

The Treaty Condemned

The nationalization of mines, railroads and land is a domestic measure whose reactions outside Great Britain would be less pronounced. As far as the railroads and mines are concerned, one may doubt if their nationalization would find more bread for hungry Britishers. Those great industries, which at present are self-supporting and make some return to their shareholders, would be run by a new bureaucracy. If that does not mean that they would speedily become a charge on the state, then the world's experience of bureaucratic management between the years 1914 and 1919 is at fault. To most Englishmen the really serious aspect of such a measure is the probability that a Labor Government could not or would not resist the demands for an entirely uneconomic wage level from these highly organized key industries, and would thus purchase a very powerful if mercenary phalanx of support at the expense of the rest of the community. Nationalization of the land is a matter about which the socialists have been somewhat vague since the Russian Revolution proved that land nationalization merely meant the creation of a vast body of peasant proprietors, by no means sympathetic to a government of town-dweller doctrinaires.

The Labor Party has always been eloquent in its condemnation of the Treaty of Versailles, but it has never publicly stated what policy it would put forward if it were in a position to denounce that treaty. It is possible, indeed, that it has no defined policy. One of the most important leaders of the party, in conversation with me on this topic, could not or would not say more than that the party would deal with the situation as it arose. But almost inevitably, as a consequence of its international affiliations, its policy would be sympathetic to Germany, and the definite antagonism towards which England and France seem unfortunately in any case to be drifting would be hastened and accelerated

It is in its attitude to the maintenance of the British Empire—no longer quite an accurate term as applied to that world-wide commonwealth of self-governing English-speaking dominions, except so far as it indicates that their cohesion is still dependent upon that British Government to which they still look for protection—that a prospective Labor Government in England becomes chiefly of interest to other nations, as, at the same time, it most excites the misgivings of the average Englishman. In the comprehensive election manifesto of the Labor Party, the words "British Empire" or "British Commonwealth," like the word "Socialism," are not so much as mentioned. But that high priest of the Labor movement, Mr. Sidney Webb, in a recent review article entitled The Labor Party and the Empire, states that the party stands by "the formal declaration of policy with regard to the British Commonwealth of Nations made by the Labor Party in conference assembled, at Nottingham, in June, 1918, after six months' consideration by all its constituent organizations." It is a long and definite declaration which pivots upon this specific pronouncement: "We have no sympathy with the projects of 'Imperial Federation' in so far as these imply the subjection to a common Imperial Legislature wielding coercive power (including dangerous facilities for coercive Imperial taxation and for enforced military service), either of the existing Self-Governing Dominions, whose autonomy would thereby be invaded; or of the United Kingdom, whose freedom of democratic self-development would be thereby hampered; or of India and the Colonial dependencies, which would thereby run the risk of being further exploited for the benefit of a 'White Empire.'" It is in that disclaimer of special interest in a "White Empire" that one day will come the rub for the British Socialists.

The Suez Canal

The election manifesto refers to the empire only indirectly in its demand for "the recognition of the real independence of Egypt and self-government for India." To self-government for India, Great Britain for good or evil is already committed, and the independence of Egypt, save for the military control of the Suez Canal, which Bernhardi, speaking strategically, accurately described as the spinal column of the British Empire, has been formally granted. If the Labor Party's demand for the real independence of Egypt has any significance, it means presumably that they would relinquish this military control—an attitude not likely to reassure the average Britisher's doubts of their soundness on the question of imperial defense.

It is, in fact, in Australia, which would be removed more than 1000 miles farther from help if the Suez Canal were no longer controlled by Britain, that a Labor Government established in the next few years is likely to meet its most difficult problem. One day or other, the question of whether that great sparsely inhabited island shall be partly yellow or all white is going to be fought out. On this point another and one of the most prominent of the Labor leaders stated definitely to me in conversation, with the understanding that his words might be reported, that he thought the Australians were adopting an unreasonable dog-in-the-manger attitude towards the swarming Oriental populations north of them, that it was absurd for them to expect to keep such immense spaces all white or empty, and that for himself rather than fight on such a matter he would surrender tropical Australia to the Japanese. Judging from numerous statements in a similar strain to be found scattered through the socialist press, he fairly represented the attitude of his party on this matter. Now from a standpoint of pure humanitarianism it may be unreasonable to shut the overcrowded Oriental out of these vast vacant spaces, but as a matter of practical politics it is certain that white Australia will never throw those spaces open except under duress of force—and surrender to such a threat of Oriental force by a British Government would most certainly detonate such an explosion of indignant racial feeling as would considerably astonish the government that perpetrated it.

In this matter, as in the matter of disarmament, the socialists are bemused by an illusion. Quite sincerely they look forward to a day when nationalities will be obliterated and there will be no more wars. It is perhaps the most noble ideal towards which humanity can strive, but it is still merely an ideal, and its day is not yet. But the socialists believe with an almost pathetic obstinacy that the basic condition for such a frontierless internationalism already exists. They assume the existence of a class-conscious international proletariat fundamentally at one all over the world in a common and single-minded struggle against international capitalism, which, if it could only gain control of the machinery of government, would instantly institute a regime of world-wide peace.

It is an illusion. The class-conscious international proletariat is a figment of the imagination. Class-conscious Britishers, Frenchmen and Germans are quite ready to strike against their respective employers in industrial disputes, and even to acquiesce in the resolutions of international sympathy passed by their trade-union representatives, but when the national organism of which they form part goes to war, those class-conscious workers bayonet and shoot each other with alacrity and even enthusiasm. It was amply demonstrated in the Great War. It would be demonstrated particularly in any conflict between the white and the Oriental races in the Pacific, for, despite the fraternal and even fervid coöperation between his leaders and Hindu agitators, for example, the white workman not only instinctively resents the competition of his Oriental brother, satisfied as he is with a lower standard of life; he dislikes him personally. Nothing is more certain in such a case, whatever pact had been entered into by an internationally inspired government, than that every class in the British Commonwealth of Nations would be irresistibly unanimous in its resolve to fight. But it might happen that, had a British Labor Government been in power for a few years, its humanitarian zeal for disarmament would have rendered effective military action impossible. That would, very certainly, be the end of the British Empire. Each component part would disintegrate to take care of itself.

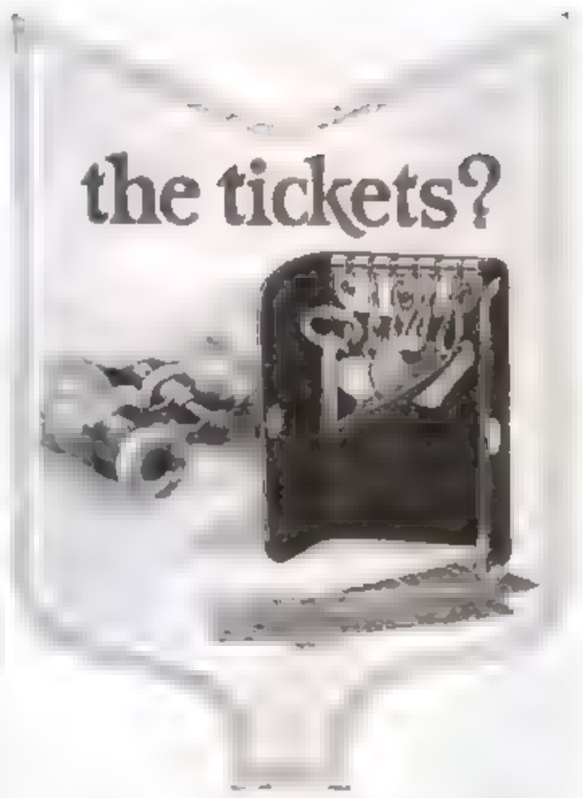
Disarmament is more than an ideal; in a measure consistent with safety, it is an imperative necessity for overburdened Great Britain. The Washington Conference demonstrated the distance to which not only Great Britain but the entire British Empire was prepared to go in pursuit of that ideal. The old two-power British naval standard did not include dominion fleets, the new limited one-power standard does. But the millennium is not yet established, and however desirable disarmament may be, it must, if worse evils are not to be unleashed upon the world, be conducted with due regard to the principle of national safety.

Shocking the House

The principle enunciated by its prospective government startles the majority of Englishmen. In the debate on disarmament initiated by the Labor Party in the House of Commons on July 23, 1923, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the presumable first Labor Premier, said, with the quiet deliberation characteristic of him: "Patriotism is not enough. It is quite true that by these military expenditures the mere existence of a nation may be maintained. . . . The mere existence of a state is not an end in itself. The existence of a nationality, of a nation, is only justified in so far as that nation means the moral and intellectual qualities of its own people and means a great moral lead to the other nations of the world. . . . I think we can say with a great deal of assurance and truth that the more a nation spends on mere defense the more it neglects the moral and social riches which alone make its continued existence of value to the rest of the world."

Never before in the House of Commons has a responsible statesman got up and announced that he was not primarily concerned to defend the mere existence of the nation he had every probability of governing!

And it was not mere verbiage. The British parliamentary Labor Party is composed of socialists who firmly believe in a possible international commonwealth of the class-conscious proletariat, and who have already instrumented the deliberate policy to which they are pledged. In May of this year, the accredited representatives of the British official opposition, including the secretary of the Labor Party, Mr. Arthur Henderson, M. P., and a proxy representative of its leader, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M. P., met



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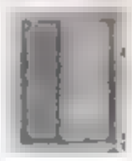

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Here it comes!

What a welcome the smiling Eskimo kid and his delightful drink always get from everybody! Whenever people are thirsty, they always call for Clicquot Club.

Its tingling taste and gingery fragrance are popular with just about everybody—old or young or in between, men and women and kids. *They all like it.*

Clicquot Club is pure. Spring water, real Jamaica ginger, excellent fruit flavors—all these good things are in the happy blend that's been a favorite for thirty-eight years.

Try the other Clicquot Club drinks—Sarsaparilla, Root Beer, Birch Beer. Order them by the case from your grocer or druggist.

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Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
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Clicquot
Pronounced Klee-Ko
Club
GINGER ALE

the socialist representatives of twenty-nine other countries at Hamburg, where they formed themselves into that new International irreverently dubbed by Moscow the Two-and-a-half International—neither the Second nor the Third. But the British Labor Party considers it of such importance that its doings are given the place of honor in the 136-page Report of the Executive Committee of the Labor Party, issued on June 26, 1923, and Pages 7 to 21 are devoted to a full account of its deliberations and decisions.

Delegates from all the other British socialist organizations accompanied those of the parliamentary Labor Party, and the report commences with the statement that "as all these organizations are but parts of the one British Labour and Socialist Movement, the British delegation to the Hamburg Conference was one delegation seeking common agreement on all questions with which the International had to deal." So any possibility of a British Labor Government, however constituted, declaring later on that it was not effectively bound by the decisions of that International was eliminated in advance.

The Congress, of course, debated many questions and passed a multitude of resolutions. Those resolutions are all brought to a focus in Sections 1, 3, 4 and 5 of the Constitution of the Labor and Socialist International—or, as it "internationally" calls itself, the *Sozialistische Arbeiter Internationale* These sections are:

(1) The Labour and Socialist International (L.S.I.) is a union of such parties as accept the economic emancipation of the workers from capitalist domination and the establishment of the Socialist Commonwealth as their object, and the class struggle, which finds its expression in the independent political and industrial action of the workers, as a means of realising that object.

(3) . . . The resolutions of the International will imply a self-imposed limitation of the autonomy of the affiliated organizations.

(4) The L.S.I. is not only an effective instrument in peace but just as absolutely essential during war.

In conflicts between nations the International shall be recognised as the highest authority.

(5) The carrying out of this task is entrusted by the L.S.I. to (a) the International Congress, (b) the Executive Committee, (c) the Bureau, (d) the Administrative Committee, (e) the Secretariat.

It will be noted that one of the affiliated organizations, which under Section 3 accepted a limitation of its autonomy and under Section 4 agrees in conflicts between nations to recognize the International as the highest authority, is the party which is confident that it will form the next British Government.

The Executive Committee

The International Congress—to which "the carrying out of this task is entrusted"—is a body wherein the respective voting powers of its constituents are already determined. Britain and Germany have thirty votes each; France and Czecho-Slovakia are on a footing of equality, with sixteen each; Italy, Belgium and Austria are bracketed with fifteen; and America is put on a par with Sweden, Russia and Denmark at only twelve votes. It is not probable that America will be seriously perturbed about this. The only country to which this interesting arrangement is a matter of possible practical politics is Britain.

The executive committee is under the chairmanship of Mr. Arthur Henderson, M. P., secretary and chief whip of the British Labor Party. The British representation upon it is constituted by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M. P., Mr. Thomas, M. P., and Mr. Henderson. America is represented by two gentlemen named Hillquit and Berger.

As to the secretariat—"the Congress unanimously endorsed the decision that London should be the seat of the Secretariat, and that Tom Shaw (Great Britain) and Friedrich Adler (Austria) should be Joint Secretaries." Mr. Tom Shaw is a Labor M. P., and Friedrich Adler is the gentleman who murdered Count Stürgkh, the Austrian Prime Minister, on October 21, 1916, and was sentenced to death for the crime in May, 1917, but was pardoned at the intercession of the Russian Workmen and Soldiers' Council, at that time being nursed by the Central Empires for that anti-Kerensky revolution which so nearly won the war for Germany. All this is curiously reminiscent of Karl Marx's famous instruction to the Geneva Internationale of 1870:

(1) England is the only country where a real Socialist revolution can be made;
(2) The English people cannot make this revolution;
(3) Foreigners must make it for them;
(4) The foreign members must, therefore, retain their seats at the London Board.

Apart from conscientiously giving these particulars—except the biographical ones in its annual report, the British Labor Party refrains from advertising this interesting body to which it has explicitly surrendered its autonomy. The last conference of this International, held in England at the beginning of August, was not even reported in any of the British socialist papers. But despite this modesty, it is likely to get a good deal of publicity before the British Labor Party becomes the British Government.

Nevertheless, the majority of Englishmen are convinced that the arrival of a Labor Government is only a matter of time and not even the Labor Party would pretend that, outside its own supporters, the prospect is regarded with enthusiasm. The average thinking Britisher is equally convinced that not only would a Socialist-Labor Government mean an economic and political convulsion at home but that it would be the deathblow to the British Empire. The British Isles are to the British Empire what Vienna was to the old Austro-Hungarian Empire; forty million people are artificially maintained in them just as some two millions were artificially maintained in Vienna, because they are, as Vienna was, the central clearinghouse for a vast, complex, far-stretching web of commercial, financial and administrative activities. With the loss of the Austrian Empire, Vienna starved. If there were no longer a British Empire centering upon Great Britain, some twenty millions of Britishers would immediately find themselves surplus to the means of subsistence.

Britain's Problem

It is possible that the population of Great Britain will find itself drastically reduced in any case during the next decade—indeed, one of the prominent Labor leaders told me equably that in his opinion it was inevitable—and if such reduction were effected gradually by emigration and restriction of the birth rate it is arguable that it might be a good thing. But reduction by such a famine as the idealist Russian Communists procured for Russia is an unpleasant prospect, and the average Englishman has very small confidence in a possible government which explicitly subordinates the mere existence of the British nation to the sublime concept of an international socialist commonwealth, with the class struggle as a means of reaching that object.

How best to meet the danger is the problem which is exercising Great Britain today. That million and a half unemployed is alarmingly portentous. Probably not 10 per cent of them—certainly not 10 per cent of the four million who voted Labor at the last election—are genuinely imbued with the principles of the class-conscious proletariat so fondly believed in by the socialist doctrinaires. They will be found to be Britishers first, and proletarians a long way afterwards, if that issue is ever put before them. But they are gaunt and hungry men bewildered by suffering, they have been for years systematically educated to a chronic hostility against the employing class, and, desperate as they are in their distress, it is too much to expect that they should not plunge at the panacea so persistently and plausibly offered them.

Great Britain has taxed herself heavily—some people say excessively—in a tremendous effort to restore herself to economic health, but she cannot instantaneously restore purchasing power to a Continent that seems bent on ruining itself. And until that Continent is restored, the number of British unemployed will not sensibly diminish, and the prospect of a socialist government will come nearer and nearer.

Of course, if all the Conservative and Liberal members of the present Parliament united to present a common front against Labor, they would have—as things are—an immense majority. But such a union could not occur. Many Liberals would join Labor. Besides which, such a combination is regarded by the Liberal Party as highly inexpedient. Its point of view, as explained to me by a prominent Liberal

(Continued on Page 88)

Portraying the New Nash Six Sedan for Seven

A glance at the illustration above serves instantly to indicate the lengths Nash has gone to assure this new six-cylinder, seven-passenger Sedan pre-eminent preference in its field.

Unique and compelling charm has been awarded the car by a new slanting-windshield body design reproduced with the most authentic artistry by coachwork craftsmen internationally celebrated for the character of their motor car conceptions.

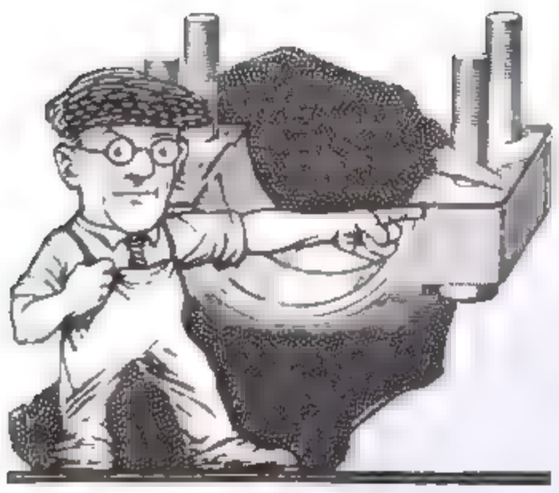
Agreeably commodious and comfortable for seven full-grown people, it nevertheless retains all the shapely symmetry of a less roomy model.

And ranking equal in importance to the new body are the new Nash advancements relating particularly to the engineering of the car and the extensively attractive equipment.

Features and appointments: New [illegible] Nash Blue in color; clear-vision windshield; [illegible] ng boards; heater; [illegible] y platinum finish hardware; [illegible] n; smoothness; and power.

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis.

(2001)



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What do you pay for the wrong way?

When the bearings of your motor require adjustment, your serviceman can use various kinds of shims.

There are shims of solid metal that must be filed to the correct thickness. Not always accurate, and costly to make.

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You, as a car owner, are interested only in the *right* way to adjust bearings.

When your serviceman uses Laminum, those tiny pieces of metal which PEEL, he reduces time and labor almost in half and does a better job, accurate to the thousandth of an inch.

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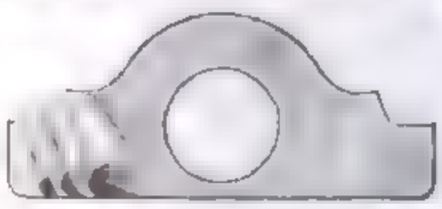

"Just peel 'em down to fit"

We have an interesting little book that tells all about bearing adjustments. We'd like to send it together with a sample shim. A letter will bring both.

The Kit for Car Dealers

An all-steel box containing an assortment of 250 shims for one special make of car—nothing else. Necessary in the Service Dept. of any automobile dealer. Also, kits of 250 shims for *all* makes of cars.

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205-14th Street
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(Continued from Page 86)

politician who will probably be a cabinet minister if and when there is another Liberal Government, is that the separate existence of the Liberal Party provides a third party as an alternative to the extremes of Conservatism and Labor. Abolish that alternative, and the lists are set for naked class war. It would be to force an issue profoundly repugnant to most Englishmen. Outside the socialists, few Britishers believe in the class war. They regard it as a pernicious and suicidal fallacy. But it is nevertheless probable that by the pressure of events they will be driven to accept that clear-cut right-and-left cleavage they deplore. The socialists proclaim that it is already a fact. "There are only two parties in politics today," said Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in the House of Commons on July sixteenth; the Labor Party emphasizes it in heavy type in its pamphlet reprint of his speech—"the Capitalist Party and the Labor and Socialist Party."

Such a cleavage, accepted by the older parties, would in all likelihood mean a decisive accession of strength to the Labor ranks, at least temporarily. If you proclaim that you expect only the haves to vote for you, it would be surprising if the have-nots were not unanimous on the other side. And in Great Britain the have-nots immensely outnumber the haves. But ultimately the decision will rest with the great middle class.

For the suffrages of this all-important middle class the socialists are eagerly bidding. A year or two ago they modified the constitution of the Labor Party to include all workers with hand or brain. They invented the term "the black-coated proletariat." But so far their success has not been conspicuous. I asked several of the more important Labor leaders what they thought of the attitude of the middle classes.

Objectors and Pro-Germans

"It is surprising how the middle classes are coming into the movement," said one, "and the enthusiasm which they bring. Middle-class people are constantly coming to me and begging to be shown how they can help the cause—and their help is gratuitous and often at the cost of self-sacrifice, very different from the industrial class, which always expects some sort of remuneration for whatever work it does. It is the middle class which will make socialism a success."

"Hostile for the most part," said another, "but gradually coming round."

"Decidedly hostile," said a third.

There is no doubt that this third diagnosis is the most correct. The others were misled by that floating percentage of idealists whose political ideas are dominated by a generous sympathy for the under dog, which is to be found equally among the wealthy class.

The truth is that the middle class is decidedly hostile to the proletariat which is not black-coated, and the hostility is heartily reciprocated despite the efforts of the socialist leaders to impress upon both classes the solidarity of all wage earners and the cessation of official sneers at the bourgeoisie. The great British middle class fights a desperate economic struggle to keep itself socially superior to the industrial class, and something very remarkable will have to happen before it changes that attitude. Call it snobbery if you will; it is the attitude which, translated into commercial activity, has meant prosperity for the British race. It is highly individualistic, and even if it is underpaid, overtaxed, and exploited both by capitalist combines and by the proletariat, whose children are educated chiefly at its expense, it will not listen to plausible theories of the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution. Its instinct rather than its conscious reason tells it that such collective ownership means, in practice, bureaucracy; and it hates bureaucracy as it hates the income-tax collector. It is also intensely—the international socialist would say barbarously—patriotic. It has been profoundly shocked by the consistent display of anti-national, not merely international, sentiment on the part of the more tactless socialists, such as the recent insulting reference by Mr. Kirkwood, M.P., in the House of Commons to the Union Jack as "that rag!"—a deliberate insult to the national consciousness which passed unrebuked and unapologized for by the leaders of the Labor Party. Furthermore, most of the prominent socialists were either conscientious objectors or avowed pro-Germans during the war—and both are anathema to the British middle class.

The Power of the Middle Class

It is often asked whether a Socialist Government will not provoke a Fascisti movement in England. It will—but not before the Socialist Government is a fact. It is characteristic of the Britisher as of the American that he hates to waste energy on organized preparation for eventualities that may never arise. The absence of universal military service in Britain and America before the war was a symptom of this ingrained disposition. It completely deceived the methodical German into believing that first Britain and then America would be powerless on the field of battle. But the swiftness and efficiency with which the English-speaking peoples can organize themselves to meet an emergency when it does occur, is no less symptomatic. It is symptomatic of what will occur in Britain if ever it finds itself under such a government as the socialists propose for themselves.

A sample of what will happen has been given already in England. At the end of September, 1919, all the British railroads were suddenly paralyzed by a great strike. There is no doubt that this was intended by revolutionary organizers to be the first phase of a general strike and an eventual republic with "all power to the workers." But they forgot the middle class. That middle class was totally unorganized, but it spontaneously decided that this kind of thing could not be allowed. It did not give a straw for the nominal issues in dispute; it had to get to business itself and its families had to have food—that was all it bothered itself about. In almost embarrassing hundreds of thousands of voluntary workers it manned the railroads, it organized and ran vast motor-lorry services, it saw to it that coal, food and milk supplies were distributed and that the transportation system of the country still functioned. In a few days the railroad strike was broken. The general strike was never called. And, having given this demonstration of its potentialities for dealing with trouble, the great middle class put on its black coats again and went back to its desks.

There is therefore no organized Fascisti movement in England—yet. The constant socialist references to one show how profoundly they fear its appearance. It is even said, by people who should know, that the socialists themselves have more than once attempted to organize a dummy Fascisti movement, with the object of discrediting it in advance. If so, they have failed. There will be no Fascisti movement in England until—as happened in Italy before the advent of Mussolini—exultant socialists and communists attempt to hold up the entire nation for the benefit of a section and insult the national flag. It is only three years since, as I can personally remember, it meant death to show an Italian national flag in many Italian cities. If anything approaching that state of affairs should occur in Britain—and the British Government of tomorrow may not improbably be composed of doctrinaires who tolerate if they do not applaud parliamentary references by their followers to the British flag as "that rag" in their enthusiasm for the red-flagged International Socialist Commonwealth of the day after tomorrow—then Fascismo will arise in England as it did in Italy, and with the same result.

The men it will crush are not necessarily mere demagogues out for loot; they are for the most part sincere idealists. But they are premature in their international ideal, and often obnoxious in their single-minded fanaticism. The middle class in any country is suspicious of far-reaching ideals. Its main purpose in life is to get on with its job, and its loyalties are held, very passionately, near at home. The middle class in Italy found it could not get on with its job, while at the same time its patriotic sentiments were outraged. It founded Fascismo, and in rather unexpected association with a surprising number of Italian workmen it cleared out the interrupters rather roughly. The middle class and 50 per cent of the industrial class in Britain will do the same if the necessity arises.

Based on a Myth

So far as one can estimate probabilities, it is highly probable that a British Socialist-Labor Government will accede to power within the next five years. On all sides in Britain one hears the sentiment that since it is inevitable it would be a good thing to have it happen and get it over. And here it is appropriate to quote a few words from Mr. Shaw Desmond, an active member of the British Labor Party since 1906, and described by himself as "still a Socialist."

"The day after 'the revolution,' if it comes," he writes, "there will come the counter-revolution. The barricades will be taken back by the comrades of the men who man them. And the whole direct action structure will dissolve into thin air."

The British socialists of today disclaim direct action and the barricades. They think they see the gate to power opening before them without that unpleasant preliminary. But Mr. Shaw Desmond's prophecy may be taken as a parable applicable to their constitutional revolution. For the class-conscious proletariat on which their dreams are based is a myth.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1923.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

NAME OF — POST OFFICE ADDRESS

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company — Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Managing Editor, None

Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock are:

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under the will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
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Fidelity Philadelphia Trust Company, New York, N. Y.
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of August, 1923.

[SEAL]

W. C. TURNER,
Notary Public
(My commission expires [illegible])

The New Jordan Victoria

THERE are a lot of people in this country who have been waiting for some leading manufacturer to build a roomy, comfortable, distinctive body of characteristic Jordan style—and of the desirable Victoria type.

Such a body must be roomy enough to carry four people with unusual regard for comfort, but compact enough to be used as a personal car.

The woman wants a car in which she does not have to feel and act like a chauffeur. She wants a personal, individual, intimate car, easy to handle, easy to park.

The man wants a car for business or golf—large enough for a foursome but compact enough to be used in his daily affairs.

So we have built the Jordan Victoria, for town and country use.

The driver's seat is purposely big, broad, loungy. Rear seat widest we have ever seen—disappearing seat full size, built for comfort.

Lines are low, with the modern modified radius at the rear corners. There is lots of head room. A handy compartment inside for parcels. A trunk deck outside if you want to carry bulkier luggage.

Deliveries of the Jordan Victoria will begin in limited numbers this month.

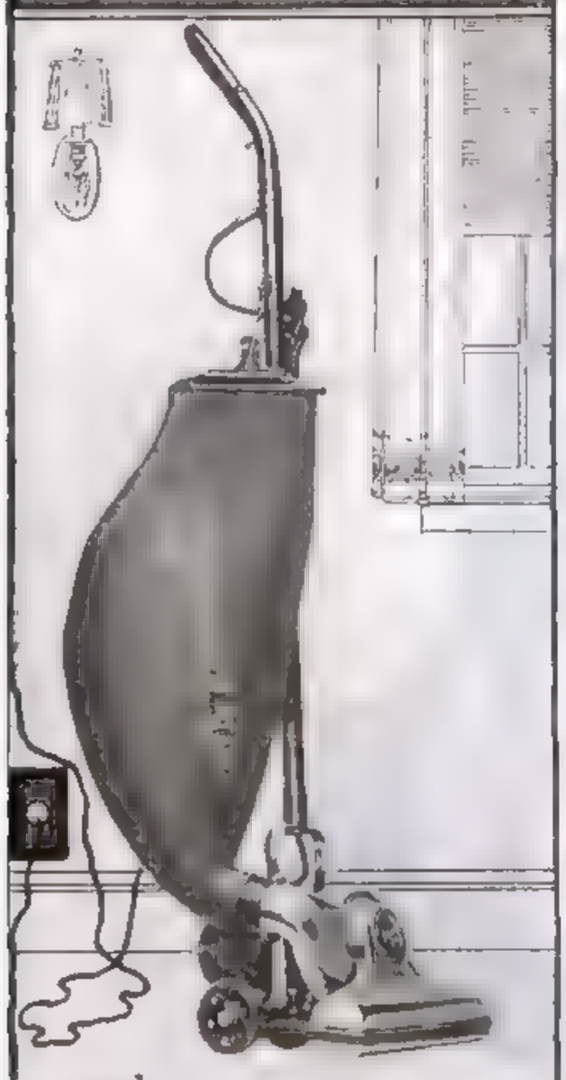
JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, [illegible]

Mop by Vacuum with the

SWEEPER-VAC

the vacuum cleaner with the Vac-Mop



THE Vac-Mop, given only with the Sweeper-Vac, provides yet other important uses for this famous all-purpose Cleaner.

Hardwood floors, linoleum and walls are now mopped by vacuum, eliminating the shaking of mops and chasing dirt.

Plus the Vac-Mop and remarkably efficient attachments, the Sweeper-Vac also combines both types of vacuum cleaners in one. It cleans by strong suction plus a motor-driven brush, or, when desired, by powerful suction alone.

PNEUVAC COMPANY
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164 Fremont St., Worcester, Mass.

Kindly send, without obligation, your booklet describing the two-in-one Sweeper-Vac and its wonderful Vac-Mop.

THE JOY DODGERS

(Continued from Page 22)

her progress when she heard her mother talking to someone over the phone.

"Who'd you say?" she was asking. "Mr. Dowse! Good land! Of course, send him right up! And have someone show him which elevator to take, will you?" Then turning to Loline, "It's pa! What you suppose has happened?"

A few moments later Mr. Dowse, the truculence of his eyebrows reduced to a minimum, and appearing somewhat sheepish, was explaining in person:

"Doc Perrin got after me, and you know how he is when he gets started. I'd had one of my attacks, no worse than usual, and I'd called him up to have him leave some more of that pepsin mixture. What's he do, though, but come around that evenin' and give me a goin' over. Well, he looks mighty serious and tells me a lot of things with long names to 'em, and says I got to quit—right off. Talked about blood pressure and arteries and so on until—well, I might's well own up, he threw a scare into me. Says I got to get out and play, and cut down on the food and smokin'. Maybe he's right about it. Anyway, I've fixed things up at the office so's I can get away for a spell. Bartlett knows all my policies most as well as I do, I expect; and so I've come on to join the joy-huntin' expedition."

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad!" said Loline. "And you don't look at all well. Does he, Mr. Kane?"

Teddy inspected Pa Dowse critically.

"Looks a bit like ground under repair, I should say."

Ma Dowse, after an anxious moment, glanced questioningly at Cynthia and said nothing.

"Suppose," suggested Cynthia, avoiding any direct stare at Mr. Dowse's dusty and travel-creased business suit, "we have dinner sent up tonight?"

This was agreed upon, and while she was phoning the order to Room Service Mr. Dowse began making discoveries.

"Why, ma, what you had done to your hair? And Loline too! I bet you've both gone and had one of them permanents put in."

"How do you like it?" asked Mrs. Dowse.

"Why, all right, I guess. Ain't it kind of fancy for an old lady, though?"

"Am I an old lady, Nat? Year younger than you, you know."

"That's so, Millie, and I take it back. Hanged if you do look a day over forty with your hair all waved up like that, 'specially in that dress. New, ain't it?"

"Came yesterday," said Ma Dowse. "Mrs. Kane has been helping us do some shopping. What about Loline's?"

"Gosh!" was the paternal comment as he viewed Loline in her first really and truly evening gown. "Not much on sleeves or back, is it? But that's an awful pretty shade of green."

"Jade," corrected Loline. "And Mrs. Kane says I really ought to have a jade necklace to match, but they were frightfully expensive, so I didn't get one."

"Huh!" said Pa Dowse. "We'll take a chance it won't break us. You get one tomorrow."

Which item, as it turned out, was only a mild initiation for N. J. Dowse. He had made a bold plunge, however, and even if he did have rather a shock next morning as he sat down with his check book to dispose of an accumulated stack of bills, he got through them without any acute rise of blood pressure. Though latent, his sporting tendencies were there, or else he never would have become the shoe-button king. And at luncheon he listened approvingly to Loline's account of their recent doings.

"We've had just the best time, papa. Shopping every morning—and Mrs. Kane does know the nicest places to buy things. Not in those big department stores where there's always such a mob, but in little uptown shops on the side streets. Why, some of them are just like private houses, with the most gorgeous persons to receive you, as if you were a duchess or a princess. Honest!"

"Well, maybe you're just as good."

"Papa!" protested Loline. "And we've had luncheons in the smartest little restaurants; a Russian place where the walls were covered with the weirdest pictures, and a French café where nearly all the women smoked cigarettes, at quaint tea rooms, and in the peacock room at the Plutoria, where —— Say, who do you suppose we saw there? The Abbeys, from the Heights—Mr. and Mrs., and Patricia. They didn't pretend to see us, but I bet they did."

"Huh!" said Mr. Dowse, indicating much scorn of the Abbeys.

"And we saw some more Dorsham folks one afternoon at the Ritz—the Jarvis Pecks. They were just strolling through to take a look at the dancing, but we were having tea and crumpets with Mr. and Mrs. Kane. The Pecks just stared. We've seen such a lot of good plays too—nearly every night. You must go to that Russian thing. I can't say the name right yet, but it's awfully clever. And tomorrow there's to be quite an important first night. Mr. Kane will get another ticket for you. And next week ——"

"I dunno about next week, Loline. Two or three days is about all I can stand of New York at a time. I wouldn't know what to do with myself."

"Oh, Teddy will keep you occupied, Mr. Dowse," suggested Cynthia. "I'm sure he is planning it all out now. Aren't you, Teddy?"

"Eh? Oh—er—of course. No end of stunts."

If Teddy was a trifle vague at the time as to how he was to entertain Mr. Dowse, he had quite a clear line of action mapped after a half hour's coaching from Cynthia. So the two males spent much of the next forenoon getting an outfit of sporting clothes for Mr. Dowse. True, the Dorsham button magnate did object violently at first to the notion of knickerbockers and fancy-topped golf stockings; but Teddy insisted that at winter resorts such motley was the only wear. And when Pa Dowse finally saw himself arrayed in plus fours and a pivot-sleeved jacket he admitted that the costume wasn't so bad. He selected three suits. Then they went after white flannel trousers, Shetland sweaters, golf shirts, a deerskin coat, shoes of various kinds, and a full outfit of evening clothes—which decided Mr. Dowse that he needed a whole wardrobe trunk for his own things. They lunched at the one club of which Teddy was still a member, and Mr. Dowse was presented to several young men whose talk was chiefly of Southern golf courses and how soon they would be able to get to them.

"We go down to Piny Pines next week," said Teddy, "then to some joint in Georgia, and we'll knock around there until the East Coast opens up. Pick you up at Ormond, maybe."

After luncheon he mentioned Terry McQuade. "Runs the best indoor-golf school in town," he explained, "and there's nobody like him for giving one a good backswing. Too bad you can't have a full course with Terry, but a few lessons will help your game a lot."

So for an hour that afternoon, and every day during his subsequent stay in town, Mr. Dowse listened to the picturesquely profane advice of the sturdy little Scot, and drove balls into a canvas screen until he was lame in many muscles. Teddy's cure for that was a Turkish bath, where a merciless rubber hammered and pounded the Dowse frame with fiendish vigor.

Touching on his experiences that night, describing the agonies of the assault on the marble slab, the half hour in the hot room and the shock of the cold plunge, Pa Dowse declared that if this was joy hunting he wished he could go back to the factory.

"Sakes!" said Ma Dowse. "You men can't stand anything. I'd like to see you go through a fifteen-curl wave and a full facial. Then you'd have something to tell about. Here, lemme put those studs in for you. You'll never be ready for dinner, and we got to be at the theater by quarter of nine, anyway."

"Out until midnight again, I expect," complained Mr. Dowse. "Say, I hope we get some place soon where I can make up my sleep."

XI

UNDER cold gray clouds that threatened an early snow flurry, the Skyland Limited roared out across the bleak Jersey meadows, with the steam hissing in the pipes that heated the drawing-room and two compartments occupied by the Dowse party. Early the next afternoon, as they boarded the hotel motorbus, the Dowses had for the first time the thrill of stepping from winter back into Indian summer. After ten minutes of Carolina sunshine, Pa Dowse had discarded his overcoat and was mopping his face, for he was still incased in underwear suitable for a Dorsham cold snap. Bare-legged pickaninnies before roadside cabins, live oaks in full leafage, and a great bed of cannas and salvias flaming in front of the hotel entrance brought delighted squeals from Loline. Teddy, who had been hailed by the driver as an old friend, was getting news of early arrivals. On the wide verandas were women guests in thin dresses and middle-aged golfers in linen knickers. It was all as advertised in the resort booklets.

For three weeks the Dowses lingered at Piny Pines, but after the second day not one of them realized how rapidly the time was slipping by. It is the second day that counts. Without the aid of Cynthia and Teddy Kane, it might have been a dreary day followed by drearier ones. There is no loneliness quite so keen as that which isolation in a crowd can bring—a little family group straying off into veranda corners, dining silently in the midst of merry dinner parties, wandering unnoticed and unspoken to through buzzing corridors and lobbies. Among the hundreds at Topaz Inn were a few dozens who seemed to be strangers in a strange land. The Dowses noted them and turned eagerly to Cynthia Kane.

Cynthia was on the job. It was she who produced the Mergles. The Dowses had noticed this oddly mated couple during their first dinner at Topaz Inn—a puffy-eyed, stubby-built little man, with absurdly small hands and oversized ears; a ponderous wife with ripply chins and a quite obvious coppery-red transformation crowning a lined but elaborately made-up face. Also there was a slim, unimpressive youth with sleek black hair who seemed to be enduring his parents' society with cynical boredom. The three had a table just across the main aisle from the Dowse-Kane combination, and the Dowses thought them odd-looking folks.

But then, gazing around the brilliantly lighted dining room, the Dowses decided that the guests at Piny Pines were, on the whole, a queer lot. There was a haggard-faced old dowager with her yellowish white hair puffed and ratted to an imposing pile, and an obsolete diamond dog collar around her scrawny throat; an amazingly obese middle-aged woman who seemed wholly unconscious of the beefy revelations of her dinner dress; an actressy-looking person of doubtful age whose scarlet lips smiled here and there at most of the males who looked her way; a pink-cheeked old sport with curly gray hair who chatted gayly with a quite young and probably quite recently acquired wife; others who were freaky in their own peculiar manner.

Barely an hour later, however, as they pushed through the crowded lobby in search of contiguous easy-chairs, Cynthia called out cordially, "Why, Mrs. Mergle! Isn't it just lovely to find you here again!"

Mrs. Mergle did not deny that it was, and nudged her husband.

"You remember Mr. and Mrs. Kane, Sam?"

"I'll say I do! Didn't we go into the mixed putting together once and almost win the booby prize?"

"And your son is with you again, isn't he?" suggested Cynthia.

"Oh, yes," sighed Mrs. Mergle. "Poor Bertie's tonsils trouble him just as soon as the weather gets cold, so he'll have to skip another year of college."

Bertie, lighting a cigarette and trying to edge out of the picture, seemed to be bearing up well under the disaster. He was ahooed back into the circle as the Dowses were presented, and looked Loline over with mild disfavor. Presently he smothered a yawn and queried indolently, "Dance?"

"I—I don't know as I dare try it," fluttered Loline. "I'm awfully rusty. If you wouldn't mind my watching ——"

Thus ensnared, Bertie towed her off to the ballroom, where a jazz orchestra was in full riot.

Glowing with friendliness, Mrs. Dowse asked Mrs. Mergle all about the bead bag she was knitting, admiring the work extravagantly. Mrs. Mergle said she would give her a copy of the directions and told her just where to send for the beads and what number needles to use.

Meanwhile the men were talking golf. All the men were, in fact, save one chalky-faced old fellow in a wheel chair, and a few

(Continued on Page 93)

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It is a made-to-order audience, these readers of Farm & Fireside in your community. It is an audience of intelligent, prosperous farm families who through years of association have come to look upon Farm & Fireside as a guide to better farming, as an inspiration to better living, as a reliable catalog of the world's best merchandise.

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And when you *concentrate* your selling upon this merchandise and upon these families you are reaching out to a receptive, ready-to-buy audience, you are taking advantage of the confidence already established in this nationally-advertised merchandise, you are "cashing in" on the popularity and prestige of this great national farm magazine.

Try Concentrated Selling in your store—during a special Farm & Fireside Week. It will increase your sales, it will bring new customers to you—just as it has done for the merchants we have mentioned in the preceding paragraphs.

We will gladly help you. Just write and say, "Tell us more about Concentrated Selling," and we will tell you how we are co-operating with merchants everywhere in increasing retail sales. Address your letter to Retail Sales Director, Suite 4-A, at the address below.

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Colgate Talc Preparations
Congoleum Rugs
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
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Vapo Stove Co., The
Vellastic Underwear
Victor Talking Machine
Wayne Kerosene and Gasoline Engines
Weather Bird Shoes
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

(Continued from Page 90)

who had already gathered around the card tables for bridge or poker. Mergle admitted that he was a good deal of a duffer; still, he had made a sixty that morning on the first nine and hoped to do better.

"How about a game tomorrow?" he suggested.

Dowse shook his head.

"I'm rotten. Gotta brush up first. Maybe I'll take you on later. What you think, Kane?"

"Oh, the pro here will have you hitting 'em out strong in a day or so. I'll sign you up for lessons first thing in the morning. I'm dated for a foursome myself, but we'll whale around over the course together in the afternoon."

But Cynthia had overheard. After listening to some of her whispered but concise remarks, Teddy proceeded to hunt up his friends and cancel his foursome engagement. Also Cynthia buzzed about and found two more matrons whom she introduced to Mrs. Dowse. One was the amazingly stout woman, who proved to be interested in the making of bead bags too. But just at the moment she was anxious to find two more for bridge. Wouldn't Mrs. Mergle and Mrs. Dowse sit in? Mrs. Mergle would; but Ma Dowse, who had once tried duplicate whist, and whose head was still awhirl from one attempt to play an open hand under Cynthia's coaching, would rather look on. And after the bejeweled dowager had been rounded up to fill the table, and Ma Dowse had heard her sharply cross-examine her partner as to what she meant by a business double, or if she took out in no trumps with a five-card major—well, Mrs. Dowse was silently thankful. She was almost audibly so when she found that they were playing for stakes, although "the usual half cent" did not sound particularly desperate. Still, in the Dowse code of family ethics, gambling was one of the cardinal sins. And when at 11:15 the game ended Mrs. Dowse was genuinely shocked to observe the number and size of the bills which the dowager stowed away in her gold-mesh purse as the result of being the only winner. Yet she decided that tomorrow she would begin a course with the bridge expert Mrs. Kane had mentioned. Perhaps Mrs. Mergle and some of the others occasionally played just for fun.

It was precisely at 10:15, while the orchestra was playing the last fox trot, that Cynthia discovered a forlorn Loline stranded in a corner of the ballroom.

"Why, whatever are you doing here all alone?" demanded Cynthia. Then, noting a trembling lower lip, she went on, "Now let's take a stroll on the veranda while you tell me all about it."

"I tried a fox trot with that Mergle boy," explained Loline, between sobs. "I—I was awful."

"He didn't say so, did he?"

"N-n-no. He just stopped and left me."

"The young bounder!" exclaimed Cynthia. "But never mind. I'll engage time for you with Mademoiselle Latour for tomorrow afternoon. She'll soon get you doing the new steps."

So the Dowses found themselves hard at work learning to play. It was either that or sit on the side lines, and the Dowses chose the work. Their several tasks may have been frivolous, but they were far from simple. Under the contemptuous stare of a burry-tongued Scotchman, Mr. Dowse vainly tried to coördinate unused muscles and a mind which had hitherto been concentrated mainly on the manufacture of shoe buttons. He floundered wretchedly among the intricate mysteries of stance and grip and pivoting from the hips, and after a long session on the practice tee he was told that his swing was "a rare mess, mon; an extra r-r-rare mess." His heels dragged as he sought the comfort of the clubhouse shower bath. Ma Dowse had no better luck with the crotchety bridge expert during the long hour when she was attempting to understand the lead of fourth best or top of a sequence and why a finesse against partner was almost a matter for the criminal courts. And if Cynthia was handled somewhat gentler by Mademoiselle Latour as she struggled with the slow balance step, she was sharply told of her faults later in the day when an English riding master took her out for her first canter through the pines.

Yet before the beginning of another week Dowse had come victoriously through a foursome, with Teddy as a partner; Ma Dowse had accomplished three rows on a bead bag and had played a no-trump dummy hand in a strictly family game, including Cynthia; and Loline, with Teddy leading and counting the beats, had known the satisfaction of doing the newest fox-trotting vagary almost under the very nose of the cynical Bertie Mergle.

The Dowses began to know people and to be known. As they trailed down the green-carpeted aisle to their meals they exchanged nods and smiles with other guests. Ma Dowse found that Mrs. Ruppell, the superstout woman, was terribly worried about her weight and had a daughter in the same boarding school that Loline had been sent to; also that Mrs. Crocker Smith, the dowager, was the widow of the original Crocker Smith, whose tooth-powder cans had for so many years stood on the bathroom shelf, and that one of the Crocker Smith sons had a summer home at Canaan Lake, only a dozen miles from Dorsham. Also the dowager had shown Mrs. Dowse pictures of her Italian villa to which she would return in April. But Pa Dowse's discovery was one which he seemed to think much more important.

"Remember that bald-headed man with the ribboned eyeglasses that Kane introduced last night in the lobby? Well, we got him into a foursome today and we're gonna have another tomorrow. Know who he is?"

"A Mr. Waller or Winter, wasn't he?" guessed Ma Dowse.

"Werner—Jacob S. Werner. He's president of the Werner Shoe Company, that's all. Say, I been after their business for years, but they've been tied up with the Gallup people. Guess I'll have a little talk with Werner first chance I get. Might mean a big thing."

"Wouldn't that be nice?" vaguely commented Mrs. Dowse.

Then on the nineteenth Sam Mergle—it was "Sam" and "Nat" during the second week and from that time on—had a birthday party. Mrs. Mergle and Mrs. Dowse, with the assistance of the head waiter and the chef, planned it all out as a surprise—the big table with the great bunch of long-stemmed roses, the candle-covered cake that was to be brought in with the ices, the place cards and the favors for the dozen guests who had been asked to join in celebrating the event.

But Sam must have had some inkling of the affair, for that afternoon, as they finished the round, he passed the word to the right ones to "Come up to the room at 7:15, old man." Mrs. Dowse had received a similar hint from Mrs. Mergle, and though she had never been present at a cocktail party, she knew quite well that one was impending. She found herself facing an unanticipated phase of their new life, almost a crisis. For up to within a few years Mrs. Dowse had been a White Ribboner, at times an active one; and Mr. Dowse had been a liberal contributor to the league whose efforts had finally put the ban of the law on all liquor whose alcoholic content was more than one-half of one per cent. In Dorsham they called it rum. True, she was aware that since prohibition had been written into the Constitution, Pa Dowse had secreted somewhere in the cellar a number of bottles of the stuff; that he occasionally invited business friends down there "to inspect the furnace"; and that now and then, with a cold coming on, he had slipped furtively down alone, a small glass in his hand. But the Dowses had counted themselves as being strong temperance people.

Yet here were their newly made friends, the Mergles—nice folks, too—bidding them, almost openly, to this kind of an affair. As they dressed for dinner the Dowses discussed it.

"It's something we've always talked down," suggested Ma Dowse.

"I know," said Dowse; "against my principles. But I don't just see how we're goin' to get out of it this time, ma. What would the Mergles think? We don't have to do more'n go through the motions."

They marshaled the well-known sophistries.

"Anyway, Loline can't go," announced Mrs. Dowse.

"Certainly not! But we ought to be of an age where a taste won't hurt us much. Werner'll be there, I expect."

Werner was, and the Ruppells, and Mrs. Crocker Smith, and the actressy-looking person of the vivid lips, who turned out to be only a Mrs. Blanding, whose stockbroker husband had been called back to New York by a break in the market; and the Teddy Kanes, of course. Even Bertie Mergle, his

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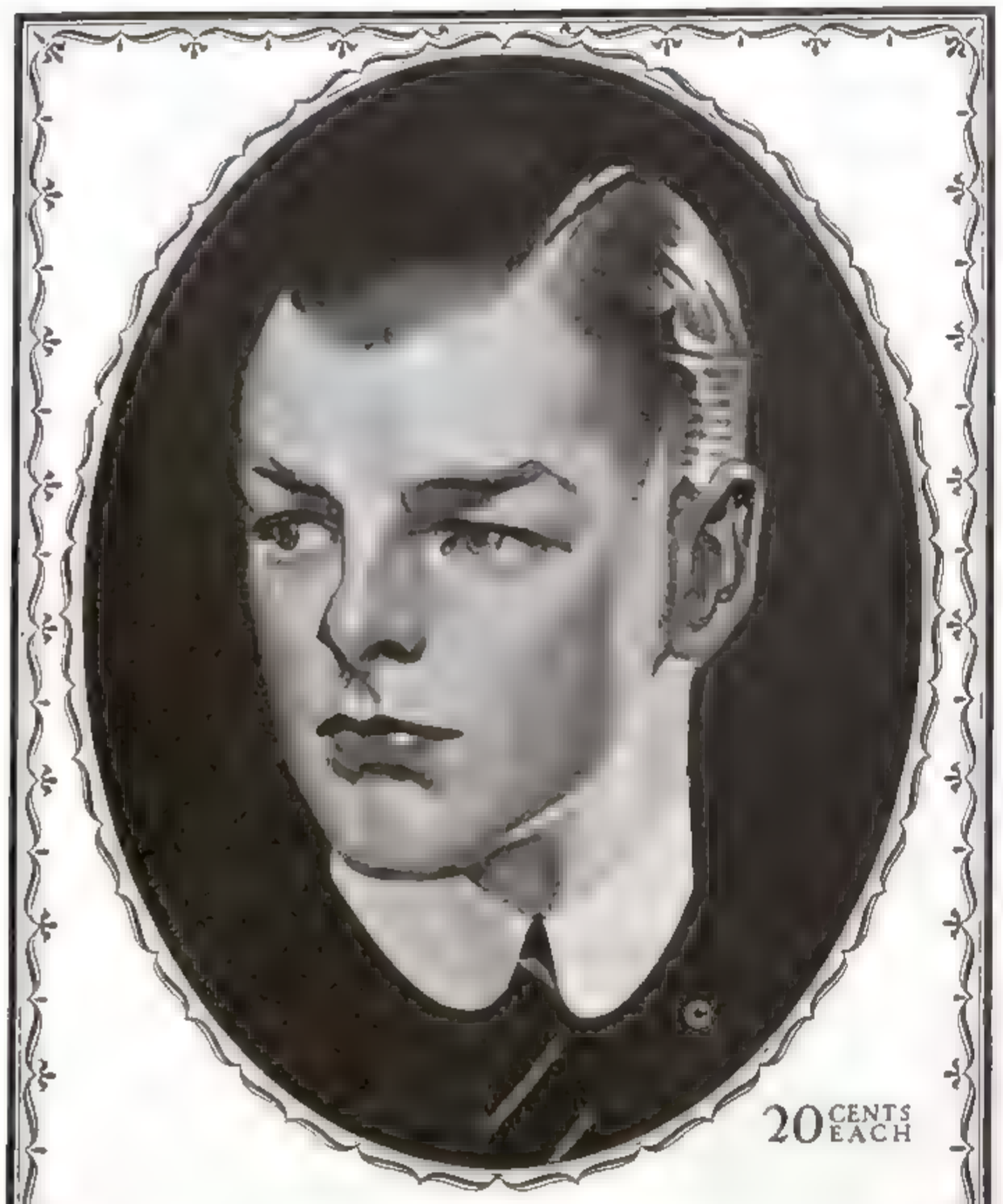

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hair looking as if it had been ironed on hot, was among those present.

"Where's Loline?" asked Mrs Mergle.

"Oh, she—she hadn't quite finished dressing," lied Ma Dowse.

The company occupied the three chairs, sat on the beds and window sills, and leaned against the wardrobe trunks. Mergle in his shirt sleeves appeared at the bathroom door and called for help. Teddy responded nobly. There was measuring of orange juice, the adding of lemon and sugar, and the cutting of the authentic-appearing lead cap to which Mergle pointed with pride as assuring genuine bonded goods. Teddy grinned tolerantly and explained his five-four-one formula. Then they emerged, Teddy handling the two-quart silver shaker—a post-Volstead production—with an expert wrist oscillation which many ape but few attain. Mergle followed with a tray of nested glasses. Mrs. Mergle passed caviar-spread crackers. The Mergles, it seems, carried all their own scenery, even to dainty paper napkins. There were toasts:

"Many of 'em, old man, but none without me." "Here's to mud in your eye, Sam," and "Well, over the hot sands."

The chatter livened. Mrs. Dowse, having taken two sips, backed into a corner and was preparing to hide her glass behind a framed photo on the dressing table. But just then Mr. Ruppell discovered her defection and became noisily eloquent in mock reproof.

"No reneging, Mrs. Dowse! Here, Sam! Look who's desecrating your birthday! Come now! To our genial host, and no heel taps!"

Desperately Ma Dowse drained her glass.

"Hold 'em!" announced Mergle. "Dividend's due!"

Pa Dowse, who had gone through the motions quite promptly, found himself talking to the fascinating Mrs. Blanding, and almost before he knew it, Sam had refilled his glass. He was about to protest when he noted that Mrs. Blanding was holding out hers for him to clink.

"What is the Constitution between friends?" she was murmuring.

Wonderful eyes had Mrs. Blanding. For the first time in many years Mr. Dowse felt romantic.

"Sam's some great little mixer, eh?" he responded.

Jacob Werner, who had somehow perched himself on a wardrobe trunk, was demanding jovially, "Who's all right?"

Mr Dowse responded boomingly, "Sam Mergle! He's all right!"

After which Mr. Ruppell, in a husky tenor, burst into song "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" Mr Dowse was joining in lustily when he glanced towards the other side of the room and saw Loline. Bertie Mergle had evidently been sent down to rescue her. He was urging her to take a taste from his glass. Loline, confused and embarrassed, took a swallow and shivered rather fetchingly. A hurried look told Dowse that her mother, who was still talking to Ruppell, had not noticed Oh, well, why worry over a spoonful? Loline was of age, anyway.

It was after eight when the birthday party crowded into the elevator for the descent to the dining room. They made a clattering entrance. Other guests, busy with fish or roast, eyed them with knowing smiles. The head waiter, conscious of a recent ten-dollar tip, summoned his assistants imperiously. Places were found amid a lively exchange of jest and badinage. The dinner progressed merrily.

Cynthia Kane, between replies to the heavy gallantry of Jacob Werner, noted the becoming flush on Mrs. Dowse's cheeks as she listened to Sam Mergle's account of how he made his first thousand; kept track of the three-handed affair going on between Ruppell, Pa Dowse and Mrs. Blanding; and watched Loline overcoming her shyness enough to roll her dark eyes at Bertie with sufficient coyness to make him forget his boredom. Cynthia nodded approvingly at Teddy, who chuckled behind one of Mrs. Ruppell's massive shoulders. Probably the Dowses thought they were indulging in a wild party! Still, for initiates, they were not doing so badly. There was applause when the lighted birthday cake was brought in. Sam Mergle was urged to make a speech.

"You go to blazes!" was his reply.

But after ices and coffee, cigars were lighted and the company filed out much less noisily than they had come in. The Kanes and Bertie and Loline went to the ballroom for dancing, the other ladies following to watch. Nat Dowse and Jacob Werner found adjoining rockers in the lobby and talked confidentially as they smoked.

It was nearly midnight when the elder Dowses found themselves alone in their room. No, the shattering of former ideals was not mentioned; the breaking of life-long customs was not touched upon.

"You weren't in to see Bertie Mergle dancing with Loline, were you, Nat?" said Ma Dowse. "Three times!"

"That so?" said Pa Dowse, struggling out of a crumpled dress shirt. "Must have been while I was chinnin' with Jake Werner. What do you think I pulled off with Jake, Millie? A record-breaking order! Means I'll have to wire Bartlett tomorrow to put the plant on double shifts. Not so worse, eh?"

Mrs. Dowse said that it was wonderful how things came about

"You know, Nat," she added, "the Mergles are going down to that place in Georgia next week. Mrs. Mergle says we ought to go too."

"Well, why not?" asked Pa Dowse, yawning.

XII

FEBRUARY. To be exact, mid-February. The British ministry had just weathered another crisis, the German mark had taken one more spectacular plunge toward zero, two of our leading movie stars had bewilderingly announced and denied that they were to be married, Bernard Shaw had said something particularly annoying about English intelligence or the lack of it, the Supreme Court had handed down an important decision which had made railroad stocks jumpy, and Mr. Dempsey had agreed, providing a king's ransom was paid before entering the ring, to knock the block off another ambitious contender some time next July. The world wabbled around on its axis with unusual turbulency, if you believed the headlines.

At least, climatic conditions were as bad as possible. From somewhere in Manitoba an area of high pressure had wandered down to meet a 29.56 barometer reading in the Mississippi Valley, and the result, as anybody might have guessed, was an isothermic whirligig which messed up the daily weather map something scandalous. The Atlantic Seaboard, from the Frying Pan to York Nubble, was lashed by wintry gales; in Tennessee, Georgia and the Carolinas a sleet storm laid low miles of telegraph wires; Philadelphia, New York and Boston, not to mention smaller cities whose inhabitants were just as uncomfortable, found transit facilities hopelessly clogged by another record-breaking snowfall; at Saranac Lake the mercury touched 45 below; and in Dorsham, New Hampshire, Zeke spent a whole forenoon shoveling a tunnel from the east door to the drifted driveway.

Much of this information Mr. Dowse gleaned from a two-day-old New York paper as he sat in the grateful shade of the clubhouse veranda smoking an after-breakfast cigar. His short legs were more or less becomingly clad in baggy linen knickers, and on his head he wore an eyeleted fiber helmet whose green-lined brim framed a face that flamed like a setting sun, save for the nose, which blazed meteor red. Not for him the mahogany tint which darker-skinned men acquired. He burned and peeled, burned and peeled, until the overworked cuticle just naturally quit putting on new layers. He had lost twenty pounds or so, mainly from around the waistline, but his shrewd blue eyes were clear, and he no longer puffed as he finished a flight of stairs.

Tossing the newspaper into a near-by chair, he watched an outraged caddie captain driving back to their pen a squad of half-grown negro boys; glanced critically out over wide stretches of dewy fairways and vividly verdant putting greens; sniffed the soft morning air, pungent of long-leafed pine; and cocked his head to watch a gaudy-crested woodpecker tapping his way up the tall trunk of a palmetto. A faint southwesterly breeze was filtering in from the placid Gulf, which could be seen shimmering just beyond the palm-studded Keys.

"Well, look who's here!" roared someone at his elbow. "Nat Dowse, big as life!"

"Hello, Sam, old scout! Guessed this was where you'd be showing up."

"Got enough of that East Coast mob, eh?" said Mergle. "Thought you would. But you won't be exactly lonesome here. This is high tide, you know, for Florida. Sleeping 'em in the corridors. Hope they fixed you up all right."

(Continued on Page 96)

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The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

(Continued from Page 94)

"Sure thing! Teddy Kane knows the manager. How's the old game, Sam?"

"Spotty as a leopard skin, Nat. But I came near breaking a hundred on the short course yesterday. How you hittin' 'em?"

"Only fair, Sam. Think I got that slice ironed out, though. Kane keeps after me like a foreman jazzing up a new hand."

"Great boy, that Teddy," said Mergle. "And that little wife of his is about the nicest ever. You must have done 'em a good turn sometime."

"Oh, a little business deal we're in on," evaded Dowse. "I expect you're all booked up for the week, Nat?"

"I should say not! Just came over to scout for a fourth man. We're dated for a 9:20 starting time, so you better unlimber your weapons. Gosh, but it's good to get you in the game again!"

They tramped into the locker room arm in arm, as friends who meet after long years. It had been exactly four weeks since they parted at St. Augustine: the Mergles to go to their favorite resort on the West Coast; the Dowses to do a sight-seeing tour, under the guidance of Teddy and Cynthia, along the more populous Atlantic shore of the subtropical peninsula.

For Nat Dowse it had meant chiefly encountering the difficulties of a new golf course every few days—the baffling mysteries of sand putting greens, unexpected carries, the disasters that lurk in maliciously placed water hazards. But he had nearly conquered that confusion which comes from stepping out on strange tees; and from Teddy he had learned the trick of playing an unfamiliar course by the card, as a navigator reckons his position at sea.

Aside from this, he had fleeting impressions of getting lost in the mazes of great hotels, of watching an automobile race on the Ormond beach, of taking long drives on splendid boulevards, with glimpses of the ocean between stucco villas blazing with flowering vines, of being pedaled by a chatty darky through coconut groves, of giving innumerable tips, of watching gay surf-bathing scenes; of the nuisance of having to put on white flannel trousers, blue coat and straw hat every afternoon, and of changing to dinner clothes every evening; of Biscayne Bay glittering in the sunlight; of paying twenty-five dollars for a ten-minute ride in a hydroplane; of reading his name in a New York paper among the Palm Beach arrivals; of seeing William Jennings Bryan drinking orangeade at a sidewalk booth; and of watching a Supreme Court judge top his drive into a bunker.

He felt that he was no longer the N. J. Dowse whose importance was acknowledged only within the walls of his shoe-button factory. He had seen things, and been seen; he had rubbed elbows with great personages. He had passed the stage where he was ashamed to have a caddie watch him play golf. He had discarded as countrified many of the notions which in Dorsham, New Hampshire, he had regarded as fixed principles. Perhaps his moral fiber had been weakened, his sense of ethical values dulled. At times he wondered. At any rate, he had become accustomed to drinking strong liquors when and as offered, without regarding the indulgence as a wild adventure.

Also Mr. Dowse had done his first gambling. Some newly made friends had asked the Kanes and the Dowses to a dinner at an "exclusive" club. Afterwards, as a matter of course, all had adjourned to a beautifully appointed, chastely decorated room where were half a dozen roulette tables, with gentlemanly croupiers in immaculate evening dress waiting to reward the lucky or rake in the unfortunately placed counters. Quite willingly, Teddy explained his system of playing the nought and double nought. Pa Dowse invested fifty dollars in pale-lavender-marked chips and watched the ivory ball deftly spin against the silently rotating wheel. He placed his bets as directed, doubling and redoubling. For some reason the system failed to work. Mr. Dowse bought other stacks and dribbled them on various numbers cautiously. At the end of an hour he had won back nearly all he had previously lost. Then he yawned and told Ma Dowse they'd better be getting to the hotel, as he was signed up for an early start in the morning.

"I can get more fun out of dollar Nassau in a good foursome," he told Teddy.

Yet he felt a certain satisfaction in having tried the thing and come off practically unscathed; as if he had reached into a cage and patted a lion. He might not be a devil of a fellow, but there wasn't much hayseed left in his hair.

That morning he suggested to Sam that they play a quarter a hole on the side.

When Mrs. Dowse and Mrs. Mergle met, in the lobby lace shop, they kissed. Mrs. Mergle told Mrs. Dowse how well she was looking.

"Ten years younger," she insisted. "And you've been reducing."

Mrs. Dowse laughed and shook her head.

"It's some new corsets I was fitted to in Miami," she explained. "Or perhaps it was at one of those Palm Beach shops. We've been chasing around so."

"You must have had a lovely time."

"Yes; but hectic."

She had appropriated the word from Cynthia. But Ma Dowse was quite honest in describing the tour as hectic. That had been her reaction to this scramble along the Florida East Coast. Packing and unpacking trunks and bags, seeing that Nat did not leave a drawerful of collars and shirts, or forget to put in his shaving kit from the bathroom; trying to remember the names of all the new people she met; giving the right tip to the right chambermaid; getting used to being among crowds of strangers; keeping in mind various room numbers and floors.

There had been compensations, of course. Her bead bag had been much admired, and she had started another, of a more intricate pattern than the first. That Mrs. Dreer, from Pittsburgh, had shown her how to do it. Nice folks, the Dreers. You would never guess he was such an important man in the steel trust—that is, unless you noted Mrs. Dreer's jewels when she was fully decorated for a formal dinner. But Ma Dowse herself was not wholly unadorned these days—or evenings. Besides rings and brooches, there was her new choker string of pearls, which Nat had rather sheepishly given her after his first indiscreet dalliance. He wouldn't say how much it had cost, but she had priced similar ones, and gasped. Then there were two new dinner gowns she had picked up, with Cynthia's advice. The steel-beaded one had made Pa Dowse's eyes bulge at first, but he had survived the shock. What Dorsham would have thought of it she did not dare guess. Anyway, she no longer felt dowdified as she entered a hotel dining room.

In other respects she was conscious of having made progress; and you may call it up or down, as you choose. Mrs. Dowse was not wholly certain herself. She had played that Chinese game for a dollar a corner, bridge for a quarter of a cent a point. She had chatted for half an hour with a soft-voiced, pansy-eyed woman whose marital difficulties were being freely reported on the front pages of the daily newspapers. The soft-spoken person had told her how nearly impossible it was to find a competent governess for her dear little Roy. As an offset to this, however, Mrs. Dowse had shared the shade of a beach umbrella for nearly as long with an Episcopal bishop, who had spoken interestingly about schools for the poor whites in the mountains of North Carolina. True, the bishop wore a somewhat scant bathing suit and had hairy legs. And somewhere Mrs. Dowse had had pointed out to her a great opera singer, escorted by two Russian wolfhounds and a pudgy little man with a hooked nose; a best-seller novelist who was amazingly bald; and the overdressed widow of the man whose baking powder she had always used.

But for all that, she was glad to meet Mrs. Mergle again and get where she knew they were to stay for at least a month without having to pack up and move on. Mrs. Dowse and Mrs. Mergle found a lot to say to each other. They preempted a veranda corner, where they talked for two hours steadily. Mrs. Dowse told about the Dreers. They were coming over soon.

"They must get here in time for the Washington's Birthday dinner," said Mrs. Mergle. "That's our big affair, you know. And I want you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, from Cleveland. She's great fun, Mrs. Barclay. Wins golf tournaments, and dances, and plays a splendid game of bridge. We'll get a table together for the big party."

Then there were moments when Mrs. Dowse longed for a quiet evening in the living room of the old home at Dorsham, with her sewing table at her elbow, and Nat snoring in the big leather chair. Very often, too, as she tried to find something simple and wholesome on long dinner menus, she wished she could exchange this purée-mongol stuff for a plate of old Maria's bean soup, or a thousand of these varnished rolls for one honest-to-goodness raised biscuit. She would like to spend another morning bossing her starchy maids about getting the windows washed and the rugs vacuum-cleaned. Instead, she met four other ladies in the south sun parlor and planned a booth for an outdoor bazaar for the benefit of some hospital which she had never seen and never would see.

Perhaps Loline could have given a more definite and satisfactory account of that journey-filled month. Most of it she had enjoyed; during nearly all of it she had been busy. There had been her lessons—dancing, bridge, swimming, riding and golf. Only in the latter sport had she failed miserably. She could see no fun at all in tramping around over crowded courses, being glared at as a nuisance by impatient males and getting the back of her neck burned. Only a few of the girls did it, anyway, and if papa thought she was ever going to be a Glenna Collett he was sadly mistaken.

Outwardly there had been no radical change in Loline. She had acquired some smart sport suits and the knack of wearing them. She had added to her stock of evening dresses and afternoon hats; and she had been about much with the younger set at various resort hotels, thanks to the tireless tact of Mrs. Kane. But she had not been transformed into a social butterfly—no.

Loline had experimented with rouge and lip sticks, and had not cared for the effect. Oh, a little color for evening, but just a little. She had considered having her eyebrows plucked, but had left them as they were. She had tried cigarettes and cocktails and decided that she liked the taste of neither. With a natural sense of rhythm, she had become an exceptionably good dancer. She had learned to dive off a springboard without landing flat, and she had almost mastered the Australian crawl. Her bridge was passable, if some acid-tongued matron across the table didn't ask too often why she hadn't finessed the jack through. Anyway, she had won two prizes.

These small triumphs had helped banish much of her self-consciousness. She had achieved some degree of poise, and her mode of standing or sitting was no longer woodeny. Neither hairdressers nor facial experts had made of Loline a beauty, but occasionally a young man or a not-too-old widower sought an introduction. Mothers spoke of her as "that rather sweet-looking Miss Dowse."

Her reunion with Bertie Mergle did not occur until they met coming down to dinner that night, and a crowded elevator is not a propitious setting for that sort of thing.

"Been doing the giddy tourist act, eh?" said Bertie. "That'd bore me stiff."

"I survived it, you see," countered Loline crisply.

Two months ago she would have mumbled something and ducked her chin.

Bertie looked her over casually, appraising the Paris-labeled, Grand-Street-built evening frock, perhaps noting her tanned shoulders and arms, and then he turned to the strip of mirror in the elevator cage and carefully inspected the sleek glossiness of his own hair and adjusted to a nicety the ends of his black bow tie. But several times during dinner Cynthia caught him gazing across the intervening tables at Loline.

Later in the evening, when Mr. Dowse came from the desk with the night mail, he asked, "Where's Loline?"

"Oh, she's dancing with Bertie Mergle," said Ma Dowse.

Loline had been dancing with Bertie, but at that moment she was sitting in the Cherokee-rose-hung arbor which faced the cement tennis courts, watching Bertie smoke cigarettes and listening to his wise words. He was speaking of the coming dinner that was supposed to honor the natal day of our first President.

"Don't let the old folks ring you in with them that night," he advised. "They're going to have a table in the regular dining room, with a flock of dead ones at it. Nothing to that. You come with our bunch. Special dinner at the club. There'll be a room party first, of course, two or three of 'em. Tucker Ross is giving one, and so's Doc Baker. Doc don't really belong with the young crowd, but he horns in. And lemme tip you off that the Doc is some sporty old bird. He was the one with the curly gray hair that was dancing with the Trimble squab when we first went in. I saw him looking you over. Pawing and cuddling are his specialties. Just thought I'd give you a hint."

"Thank you, Bertie."

Loline said it quietly and did not appear to be terrorized.

"It'll be a wet night, too," went on Bertie, "so you gotta watch your step. Tucker stirs up stiff ones, and they say the Doc dopes his with absinthe. Some of these kids are speedy travelers too. That little Blodgett girl with the baby face and the hard eyes. The amount she can put away and still do the Snake's Hips without wabbling! But if you pass every other round you'll be all right—unless the pace gets too wild."

"Perhaps I'd better not go then," suggested Loline.

"Aw, you'd miss all the fun. And there'll be only a few who'll really cut loose. I'll be looking after you, you know."

"That's nice of you, Bertie."

"Huh! Easiest thing I do. You know, Loline, I'm not strong for any particular girl of that crowd. Either too swift or too slow. But you—say, you're about right, Loline."

In his enthusiasm Bertie had slipped an arm around her shoulders and was drawing her to him. Loline pushed him firmly away.

"I'd rather you wouldn't, Bertie."

"Just as you say," agreed Bertie carelessly. "Some like it and some don't. You're all right, though, Loline. How about a swim in the pool tomorrow? The gang will be on hand about 11:30."

"I'll be there," said Loline. "Let's go back to the hotel."

And by the next evening Loline had met most of the bunch. She made dates with some of them for riding, for bridge and for a picnic on the Keys.

Cynthia Kane found her job growing easier. She could have devoted much of her time to acquaintances among the sprinkling of younger married couples who leavened with youth the mass of middle-aged and elderly guests in the great hotel. But she stuck close to the Dowses and saw to it that Teddy did his duty, also.

"But what's the sense?" protested Teddy. "They're getting on fine."

"I hate soldiering, though," said Cynthia.

Thus prodded, Teddy took Pa Dowse to a practice tee and put him through a workout with every club in the bag.

"Let the head do it, old man," he coached. "Slow back, stiff wrist, with the left knee bent in, and throw the club from you as you come through. No, don't push it out. Snap it with the wrists as you meet the ball. Never mind that bunk about the follow through. The club'll pull you through if your swing is right. There! That's more like it. You kept the body out that time and slapped the pill. Now a few with the mid-iron."

For more than half a century the twenty-second of February had meant to N. J. Dowse simply a day towards the close of the shortest month; of late years merely another day spent at the shoe-button factory. But from now on it was to be a day to be remembered with a glow of pride not in any way connected with Mount Vernon or symbolized by cherry trees or hatchets. In his personal calendar it was the day marking the close of his first golf tournament.

True, with a qualifying score of a hundred and ten, he had just made the tail end of the fifth and last flight—the long-grass division. He had earned his first place in the winners' bracket by reason of the rare scruples of a second-sixteen man who withdrew rather than play out of his class. His second opponent he caught on an off day, the third had eaten unwisely of crab-meat salad; but in the final, Pa Dowse, remembering most of Teddy's advice and putting uncannily, had absolutely played his head off, smearing his victim with a five-and-four defeat. And in the awed presence of Sam Mergle, the locker-room steward and a group of caddies, he had been presented by the club secretary with a five-inch silver cup mounted on an imitation ebony base. There is no denying that Mr. Dowse strutted as he carried his trophy away.

With Sam Mergle he did assume a modesty which might have deceived a sleep-walking moron.

"I just had the feel of the clubs, that's all," he explained. But in reporting his victory to Ma Dowse, at length and in detail, he did no such injustice to his prowess. "Why, Millie, I had that bird licked after the third hole, when I ran down a fifteen-footer! Honest, I was sinkin' 'em from any part of the green!"

(Continued on Page 101)

"Direct from Whitman's"

THE store that sells the Sampler sells also the ten separate packages represented in the Sampler.

It sells the QUALITY GROUP of candies, Whitman's Pleasure Island, Salmagundi, Standard Chocolates and other well-known assortments.

It sells a variety of the other packages put up by Whitman's to suit every taste.

It is a *selected* store, usually the leading drug store, and it is protected in the sale of Whitman's in order to enlist its whole-hearted co-operation in serving you these perfect candies in perfect condition.

Such stores receive every package of Whitman's *direct*—not through a jobber. Frequent shipments are made them by express.

They are pledged to care for Whitman's candies carefully and are deeply interested in your continued satisfaction with WHITMAN'S.

There is such a store in nearly every neighborhood in the land, an almost perfect system of candy distribution, on a national scale.

Any package of Whitman's that does not entirely please you, for any reason, will be taken back by either the Whitman dealer or by the makers—

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

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This booklet illustrates and describes the Whitman candies and packages. Helpful in selecting gifts and planning Christmas lists. A special service for Americans abroad and in the Army and Navy. Write for booklet.

Whitman's
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PALM

What the eyes of others see

Many a woman fails to realize the bad impression made by complexion defects: coarse texture, enlarged pores, a few scattered blackheads, ugly pimples. When her mirror reflects a sallow, lifeless skin she simply applies more rouge.

These attempts at concealment deceive no one. Critical eyes take note of every imperfection and judge beauty by them.

The wise woman will appraise her own appearance just as frankly as she does that of others.

A poor complexion is easily transformed into a good one by following simple rules of skin hygiene.

Do this today

When you make ready for bed, give your face a thorough cleansing. Remove every trace of dirt, oil and perspiration, and powder and rouge.

To do this you must use soap and water, for no other means is effective. But be sure that the soap you use is mild and soothing. Most women prefer Palmolive.

Massage the smooth, creamy lather of this mildest toilet soap thoroughly into the skin. Don't be afraid to be thorough—there is no danger of irritation. Rinse with warm water, finish with a dash of cold, then dry.

In the morning a dash of cold water will revive and invigorate and bring a becoming color to your cheeks.

If your skin is inclined to dryness, use cold cream. Your thoroughly clean, invigorated skin will quickly and beneficially absorb it. Oily skin needs cold cream only in moderation. Except in very cold weather it isn't needed.

How this benefits

This thorough daily cleansing is the first step in keeping natural complexion beauty. The tiny pores very quickly become clogged if regular cleansing is neglected.

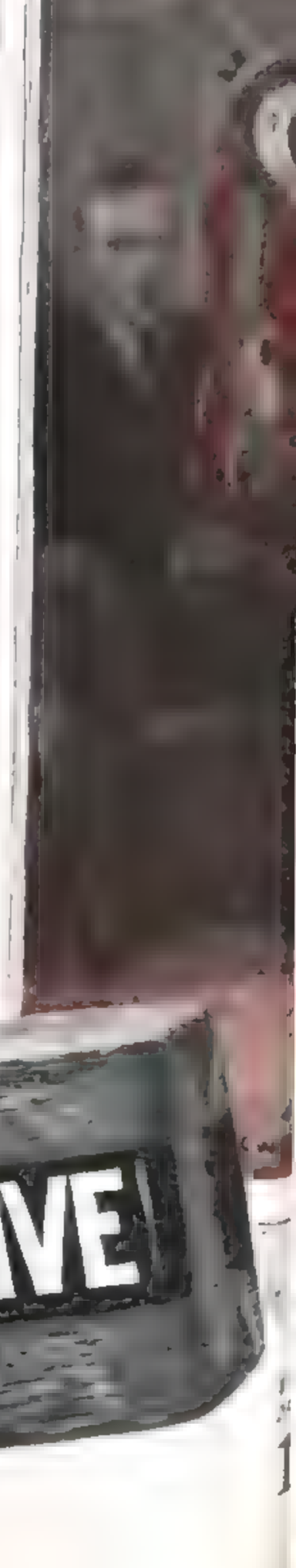
This results in enlargement, which gives skin a coarse appearance. It causes irritation as the pores try to throw out this foreign matter. Disfiguring blotches result. This critical condition often causes women to resort to harsh methods, which only further inflame and irritate. The safe remedy is regular gentle cleansing.

The problem of keeping a good complexion is solved when you learn the secret of beautifying cleansing. Good cosmetics don't harm if applied to clean skin and removed before sleep.

Popular price, too

Palmolive is a moderate-price luxury, due to its production in enormous quantities. World-wide demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night.

Thus while the quality of Palmolive would justify a much higher price, we are able to offer it for only 10c a cake, the price of ordinary soap. Thus this long-wearing, delightful, beneficial soap is within the reach of all for every toilet purpose.



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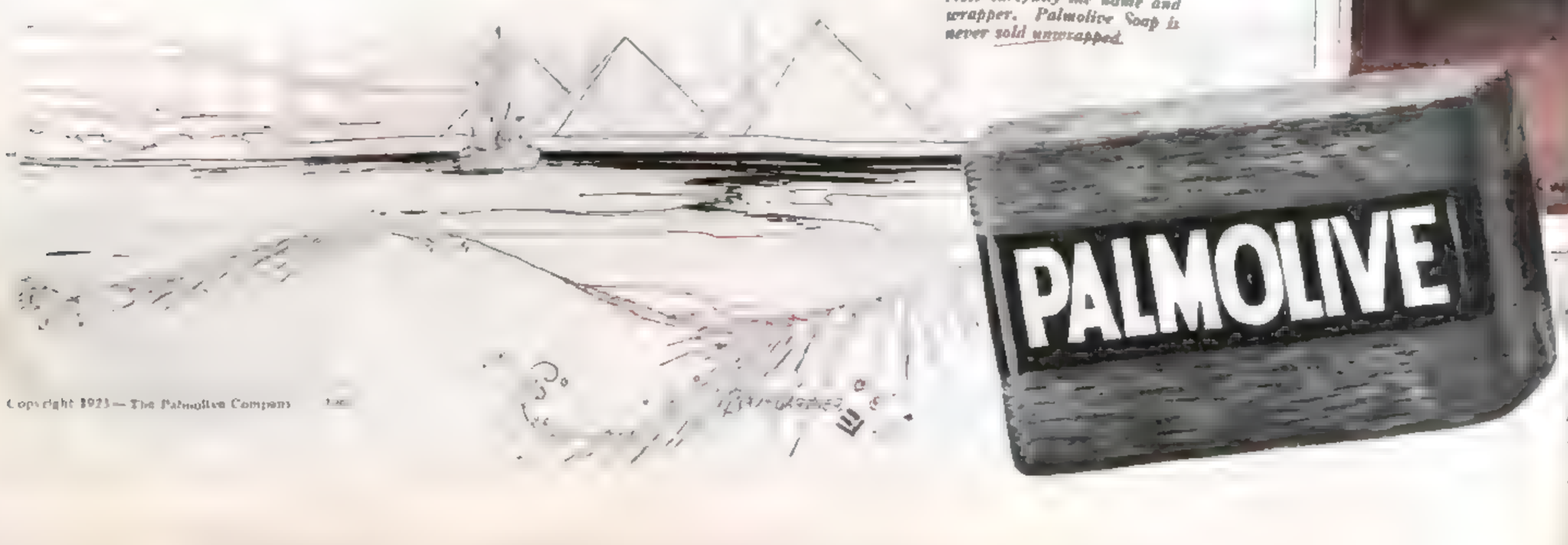

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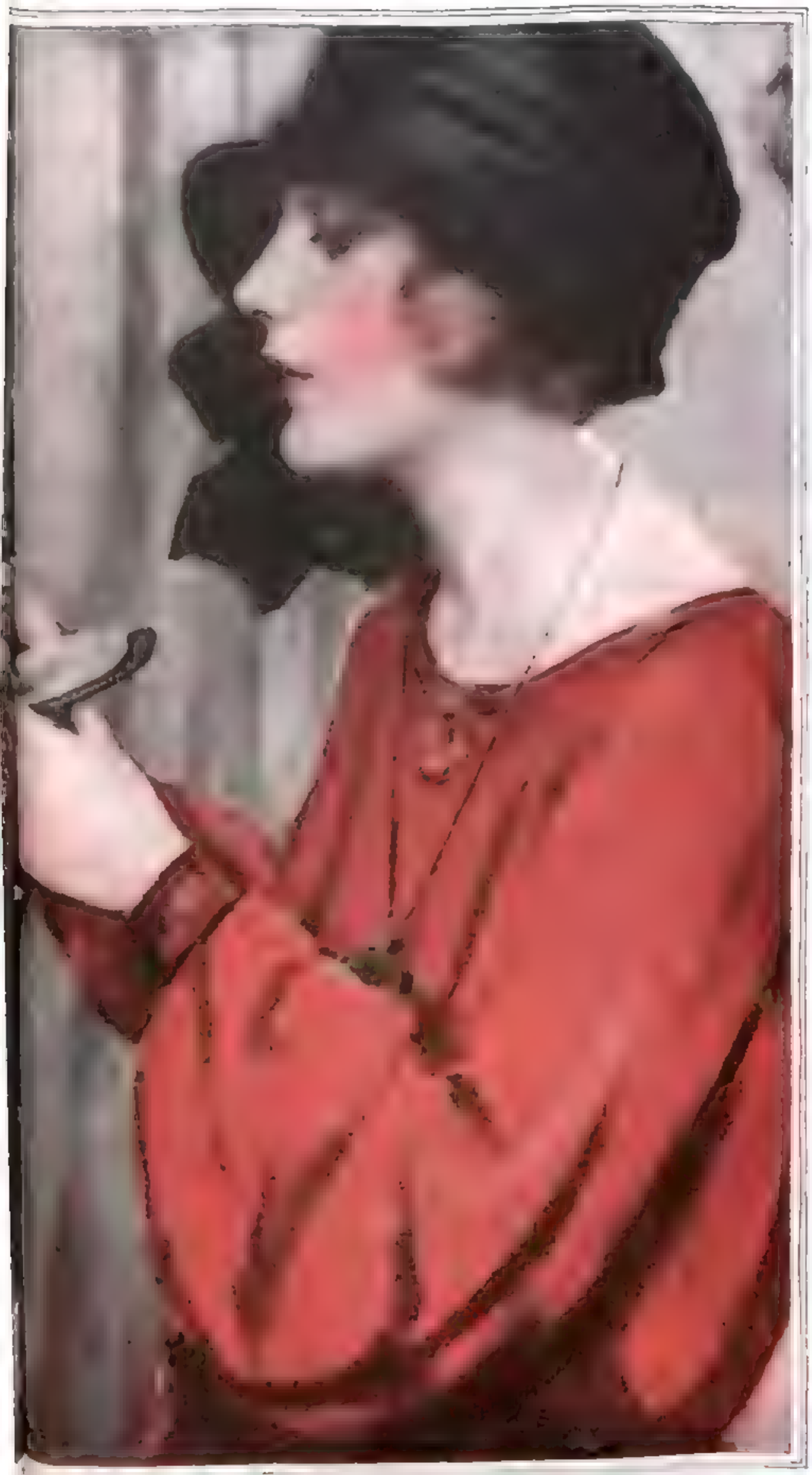
OLIVE



Copying Cleopatra

In selecting Palmolive as your favorite soap you are following the example of Cleopatra, who used a crude form of "Palmolive" in the days of ancient Egypt. Flagons of palm and olive oils equipped her sumptuous marble bath to be used both as cleanser and lotion. It is these same rare oriental oils scientifically blended, which give Palmolive the creamy mildness and rich, mossy green color.

Palm and olive oils are the most perfect of all soap ingredients, combining supreme mildness with thoroughly efficient cleansing qualities. Their combination in Palmolive has produced a world-famous soap which women select for its beautifying qualities and men for its thoroughness.

Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Select a Body from 38 Types

Get it in one hour!

Thirty-eight standard bodies for light commercial cars! Complete coverage of every present-day business need! Some one of these thirty-eight Martin-Parry bodies will fit the requirements of your delivery service, exactly.

And Martin-Parry service-of-supply furnishes immediate satisfaction of the needs of every commercial car user in America, wherever located. Any one of thirty-two distributing plants located in all logical distributing centers can install or ship a body in from twenty minutes to two hours.

Martin-Parry price is lower. Standardized construction and a great public response to the Martin-Parry offer of service have enabled enormous quantity production and a 50% reduction in price in the last two years.

Martin-Parry maintenance is lower. Engineers design Martin-Parry bodies with every stress and strain calculated and put ample strength there to meet it.

Repairs cost less. In case of an accident, a damaged or broken part can be replaced by a new standardized part as easily as changing a tire.

Martin-Parry service and bodies will give you satisfaction plus—and save you money.

Martin-Parry Corporation—General Offices: York, Pa.
Factories: York, Pa. Indianapolis, Ind. Lumberton, Miss.

Martin-Parry National Assembling and Servicing Branches

Martin-Parry Bodies are sold by reliable chassis dealers everywhere

Martin-Parry

Largest Commercial Body Builders in the World

A STANDARDIZED LINE OF THIRTY-EIGHT COMMERCIAL BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

(Continued from Page 98)

Ah, well, who knows what Walter tells Mrs. Hagen?

"It will do nicely to put flowers in," commented Mrs. Dowse inadequately. "But do hurry with your bath, Nat. We've asked the whole crowd to be here at half past seven, you know."

So is it any wonder that, all through that festive evening, few seemed to have caught more thoroughly than Nat Dowse the carnival spirit of the occasion? With a tricolored paper cocked hat set jauntily over one ear and a stalk of celery in the lapel of his dinner coat, he vied with Teddy Kane and Mrs. Pat Barclay as being the life of the party. He tossed toy balloons about, accompanied the orchestra by blowing a tin trumpet, threw confetti bombs at perfectly strange ladies, missed the capon course entirely while he was trying to dance a waltz with Mrs. Mergle, and on the slightest encouragement from Sam, sang I'm Fu' the Noo, despite the head-shakings of Mrs. Dowse. Perhaps it was just as well that Loline was not there, for her paternal parent was certainly in a frisky mood. Oh, there were others! But few, if any, whose playfulness had so long been bottled up.

At 1:30 A.M. Ma Dowse, leaning across a table in the grill, suggested that it was time they went to bed.

"Why the rush, Millie?" he demanded. "Remember, we're gonna be a long time dead."

■■■■

AT SOME time during March, generally well along toward the end, the Florida spring is apt to take a sudden forward leap into summer. It is a temporary jump, to be sure; but to the timid Northern snowbirds, as the local newspapers dub the winter tourists, the change is a menacing one. They feel the hot, dry southeaster; see the parched Bermuda-grass fairways turn brown; watch the tomato-red sun sink sizzling into the Gulf and think that they have been caught unawares. They ask each other, "If Florida can be like this in March, how can it be endured in April, or in May?" and, like a flock of frightened sheep, they go scurrying North, missing some six weeks or more of perfectly modulated days and wonderful one-blanket nights.

When the stampede began the Dowses were reluctant to join it. Why, they were just beginning to know such a nice lot of people! Their own kind too. Precisely what they meant by the qualifying phrase the Dowses would have found difficult to define. Cynthia could have told, for she had picked them out. For Nat Dowse it meant that the men with whom he played golf and poker, and with whom he swapped yarns and confidences, were more or less congenial souls whose careers matched his in many points. Most of them had but recently, within the last ten or a dozen years, reached the upper rungs of financial success. They were nearly all in the fifties, or just over. Somewhere they had mills or factories or corporations so soundly organized that the regular flow of dividends no longer depended upon their personal supervision. And they were learning, as he was, how to spend the surplus without wincing at imposing weekly hotel bills or the rapid melting away of a roll of crisp new bank notes that went for tips and sundries. Back in Dorsham the faithful Zeke was being paid every Saturday less than Mr. Dowse gave a fifteen-year-old darky boy for toting his golf bag three hours a day for six days out of the seven. The same N. J. Dowse who had been accustomed to walk a mile to the button factory and back in all weathers, now summoned a wheel chair to take him to the club, a third of that distance. But Sam Mergle and the others did it. Should he play the cheap skate? What if Sam did have perhaps a million or so more than he did? He had enough to travel along with the rest. Why, that Werner order alone would pay his whole winter's expense.

Then, too, these new chums of his, in spite of all their money, tried to put on no fancy frills of culture and that sort of thing. They said "ain't" if they wanted to, or dropped the final g's, or asked "How many do you lay?" Some even stuck to the round haircut for the back of the neck. Just plain, everyday sort of fellows, and he knew half a dozen who could buy up the whole of Dorsham Heights. Yet they slapped him on the back and called him Nat. They were his kind and he was their kind. Those Dorsham swells could go hang.

To a certain degree, Mrs. Dowse found the middle-aged wives of Nat's friends companionable. Few of them were getting as much fun out of this resort-hotel existence as did their menfolks. Most of them were eating too much and getting too little exercise. But with bridge parties, and watching the bathing, and afternoon teas, and an exchange of hotel gossip and sweater-knitting directions, they managed to pass the long days and longer evenings without being too much bored.

Loline was having her own experiences, sweet and bitter. When she was busy with her various lessons, or was included in some of the many activities of the young crowd, she was happy. But she was finding that young people in a hotel could be just as cruelly snobbish as those at the Dorsham Country Club. There were sets and cliques. With most of these groups Loline did not fit in. They regarded her as old-maidish, slow. But generally there were two or three others who were excluded on the same grounds, and these got together. Then, of course, there was Bertie Mergle.

In fairness to Loline it must be admitted that Bertie was not her ultimate ideal, not her pluperfect hero. He was too much enamored of Bertie for that. But one learns to overlook things, even an obtrusive ego. Bertie had his good points. His vices were minor ones. He did not go the pace that some of the sporty youths hit up, or spend his father's money so carelessly. He could be gentle and kind, in his way; and always, as Loline was well aware nowadays, his eyes met hers with a friendly, eager look in them. If she had not been conscious of her own plainness, she might have listed Bertie as a real admirer—her first.

At least once every twenty-four hours Nat Dowse would demand of his wife, "Where's Loline, ma?"

And as a rule Ma Dowse would reply, "Oh, she's off somewhere with Bertie Mergle."

"Huh!"

The grunted response implied no more than that Pa Dowse was satisfied that Loline was all right.

But occasionally Ma Dowse secretly indulged in a knowing smile. She and Mrs. Mergle would now and then smile together. They were getting to be fast friends, Mrs. Dowse and Mrs. Mergle. Mrs. Mergle had told her of the little girl they had lost. She would have been just about Loline's age.

So when the hundreds in the big dining room had thinned to dozens, when suddenly the crowds at the starting tees had dwindled to a few foursomes and twosomes, when that strangely barren appearance began to settle over the place, from locker room to lobby, Cynthia Kane announced that it was high time they were following the crowd.

"Suppose we go back to Piny Pines for a few weeks?" she suggested.

"But the Mergles are going to the Springs," objected Mrs. Dowse. "And the Barclays and the Dreers are there now."

"Sure!" said Mr. Dowse. "Sam and I are going into the Senior Tournament up there."

"Then Teddy will wire at once for reservations," said Cynthia.

A matter of drawing-rooms sent the Mergles off two trains ahead of the Dowses, and it was a forlorn Nat who wandered about the almost deserted grounds and golf club for a whole day. The weather had turned cool again, back to a comfortable seventy-six in the shade; the lowly scrub palmetto was broadcasting its honey-scented pollen on the Gulf breeze; the pink and white oleanders had burst into full bloom; quail piped fearlessly on the nearly empty fairways; and far up in the cloudless blue sky the frigate bird silhouetted his slim black wings as he soared effortless on lazy errands.

"All mighty fine," commented Dowse to Teddy, "but there's nobody to it. Seems too bad to have to leave it."

"I see they had snow up in North Carolina yesterday," added Teddy, like a Job's comforter. "Doesn't seem possible. Better save out some heavy knickers in case the trunks are late."

Their arrival at the Springs could hardly have been more spectacular if it had been staged by a press agent. Some sort of lawn fête was just breaking up as the bus landed them in front of the hotel, and Sam Mergle, having bribed the orchestra to play Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here, greeted them noisily. Behind him came the Ruppells, and Jake Werner, and the Dreers, and Mrs. Blanding, still husbandless. Nat Dowse was shaken by both hands at the same time, hammered on the back, poked in the ribs. Mrs. Dowse was embraced by three ladies. Bertie Mergle had Loline by the arm. It was almost an ovation.

In the confusion of their triumphal entry, none of the Dowses noticed two spectators who stared at this outburst of enthusiastic friendship with much amazement.

Of course, a room party followed. It was a big one, and luckily the trunks had come on the same train with them. They had barely time to get into their dinner clothes when Sam Mergle came to pilot them to the new scene of festivities. Fifteen persons had crowded into the room and were waiting to drink to the late arrivals. There was cheering as they were ushered in.

"Guess you know everyone," said Sam. "All old friends of yours. Oh, I forgot, though—Mr. and Mrs. Madden. But they're from your state, Nat. You ought to know 'em. Madden, this is Nat Dowse; Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Dowse."

And the Dowses found themselves gazing at the Maddens, of Dorsham Heights; the Maddens, whose century-old home, with its leaded fanlights, quaint dormers and noble elms, stood directly opposite the glaring new mansion which Dowse had built. In Dorsham the Maddens were the leaders of the most exclusive set; they had the high seats, ruled the inner circle. It had been said of Dorsham, borrowing the well-known quip about the Boston Brahmans, that "the Putneys spoke only to Maddens, the Maddens only to God."

But local tradition is a fixed thing, nontransportable. Only a nation-wide fame or front-page notoriety of the current week counts for much in the graded democracy of resort hotels. There one leaves his past, and rises to ephemeral prominence only as his peculiar talents can command the spotlight. The genial mixer, the winner of the low-medal score, the stunt artist who can yodel or lead a Paul Jones, comes to the top.

At the Springs, the Maddens found themselves among the obscure. Only through a chance acquaintance with the Dreers had they been included in the party, and even then they were conscious of being on the fringe of it. And now they were being presented, as casual outsiders, to the honored guests of the occasion—the shoe-button Dowses! Yet there was an appreciative flicker in the gray eyes of Mr. Madden as he stepped forward.

"One really ought to know his neighbors, as Mr. Mergle says. How are you, Dowse?"

"I'm fine, Madden," stoutly returned Pa Dowse. "Glad to see you here."

As for Mrs. Madden's greeting to Ma Dowse—well, you could hardly call it effusive. It was gracious enough, in a perfunctory way. And Mrs. Dowse's response was a creditable example of dignified reserve.

A moment later glasses were raised as Sam Mergle bellowed a toast.

"To Nat and Millie," he announced. "They don't make 'em any better."

Mrs. Madden hesitated, glanced across at her husband, caught his eye twinkle, and drank to the sentiment with such mental reservations as seemed fitting. And at dinner she very kindly asked Mrs. Dowse when they expected to occupy their new home.

Late that evening, as Nat Dowse helped unhook and unsnap Mrs. Dowse's much-admired dinner gown, he chuckled.

"Guess we showed the Maddens a thing or two—eh, Millie?"

"She was rather nice to me at dinner," said Ma Dowse.

"Well, why shouldn't she be? Look who you are, old girl!"

"But really, Nat, if it hadn't been for Cynthia Kane ——"

She left the sentence in the air.

"Yes, I expect so," agreed Pa Dowse. "No denying but what she's delivered the goods. We ain't joy dodgers any more."

"But after we get home, Nat, do—do you think the Maddens will ——"

"I don't give a hoot what the Maddens do or don't do."

Next morning, when Nat Dowse, fortified against the crisp breeze that came down from the mountains by fuzzy woolen stockings, heavy knickers and a deerskin coat, sallied out to Number One tee, he found himself paired with Madden against Mergle and Jake Werner. Their combined skill, assisted by the hook that developed in Werner's drive, netted them three dollars each, and had you listened to their exchange of felicities as they won the match with two pars on the sixteenth, you would have questioned neither the stability nor the endurance of their cordial relations.

Meanwhile Teddy, who was finding his services less and less in demand, had picked

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up old friends of his own. Among them was none other than Nick Mulford.

"Why, you old deserter!" Nick had hailed him. "Where you been keeping yourself all this time?"

"Oh, knocking around the same old joints. Just drifted up from the West Coast."

"But—but we heard you'd done a nose dive, Teddy, after you'd sold out and vanished so sudden. This doesn't look like it."

"You can hear a lot," said Teddy, shrugging his shoulders. "Some of it's so and some isn't."

"Everybody's been asking for you, especially Chet Porter. He's been trying to get track of you for the last month."

"Oh, has he? I expect he'd like to unload some more phony stock on me. Well, you tell him there's nothing doing, Nick."

"You'll have a chance to tell him yourself next week. He's due down here then. How's Cinnie?"

But within ten minutes they had organized a foursome and had dropped all trivial personal affairs for the important business of chipping straight to the pin and trying to run down birdies.

Also Cynthia was discovering, for the first time in months, that she had time on her hands. Ma Dowse having accepted an invitation from Mrs. Dreer, was off for an all-day motor trip, in company with Mrs. Mergle and another friend. Loline and Bertie were riding. Next day it was much the same, and the next.

There was an innate honesty about Cynthia Kane which would not allow her to be content when she felt she was getting something for nothing. So she had a plain talk with Mr. Dowse.

"You don't need us any longer," she told him.

"Eh? Think we've had a full course, do you? But I signed up for a year."

"Or six months. That's nearly up. And you'll be going back to Dorsham soon, I suppose."

"Dorsham? Not for quite a while. That is, not to stay. I've got to run up there for a few days before long, just to get things in shape, and then I'll come back. You see, the Mergles want us to join 'em in a trip abroad. Maybe the Dreers will go along too. Anyway, Sam and I have made up our minds that it's time we blew our families to the grand tour. I expect we'll have to show the womenfolks London and Paris and the Riviera and Switzerland, and do the usual sight-seein' stunts. But Sam and I are gonna take the clubs along and try out a few of those Scotch and English courses in between. Might find some in France too. So it won't be so bad."

"Splendid!" said Cynthia. "Then, of course, we—we are through. I hope you think the experiment has been a success, Mr. Dowse; that we have been able to show you something about the art of living."

"I'll say you have, young woman. Ma and I were talking about it only the other night. We may not be experts yet, but I guess we're out of the kindergarten class. You've come across, both of you."

"Thank you. We have enjoyed it. And now—well, I suppose we have worked ourselves out of a job. Shall we call it six months?"

"Just a moment." Mr. Dowse had produced his check book and was busy with his fountain pen. "There! That satisfactory?"

"Why," gasped Cynthia, "you—you've made it out for ten!"

"I'm figuring it as piecework, and if that suits me it ought to suit you. There's a two weeks' vacation coming to you right here. So don't hurry about packing your trunks."

It was a luminous-eyed Cynthia who flitted about the hotel looking for Teddy. She finally found him coming up from the grill, and she waved the check at him.

"We've been fired, Teddy dear! But we've been paid off too. Look at this!"

Teddy stared. Then, with nothing but a potted palm to hide him from a scandalized chambermaid, he gave Cynthia a bear hug.

"Good Lord, old girl!" he breathed in her ear. "Couldn't stymie you, could they? Some grand little pal, I'll tell the court!"

But it was only a few hours later that Teddy himself encountered what he would have described as a good break. He was found and cornered by the newly arrived Chet Porter.

"You didn't get any of my letters?" demanded Chet.

"No," said Teddy. "Been skittering about."

"Then you don't know, you poor sap?"

"That's why I'm such a sap, I suppose. Know what, for instance?"

"That I've made a killing for you, old man. Cleaned up couple hundred thousand as it stands."

For a moment Teddy gauped at him.

"Now, Chet," he protested, "don't expect me to fall for any of that movie stuff young hero finds he owns gusher in Mexico It simply doesn't happen."

"Right you are, Teddy. Couldn't sell that oil stock for a hatful of German marks. It's that radio stuff that's been skyrocketing. Our firm got in on a big merger. We own twenty shares for every original, and they're cutting melons every quarterly meeting. Wait until you see how much you have piled up in the bank! Lucky stiff! And all you've been doing the last few months, I suppose, has been just playing around."

"Oh, yes," echoed Teddy, somewhat dazed, "playing around."

But when he had fully recovered his mental balance, about the third day following, you must give him credit for framing quite a definite and brilliant line of action. Having thought it all out, he confided in Cynthia:

"Tell you what, Cinnie, we'll just breeze back to Roaring Rock, get us a nice place and slip in with the old crowd just as though nothing had happened. We'll open with one of our wild parties, eh?"

"No," said Cynthia.

"Wha-a-at?"

"We'll do nothing of the kind. I'm fed up on wild parties, Teddy. They don't get you anywhere, and they're too expensive for us. We're not going to do another crash—not if I can help it. And we are not going back to Roaring Rock."

"But—but what then?"

"How about Dorsham?"

"Dorsham!" Teddy said it as if she had named Patagonia or some place in Siam.

"It's one of the prettiest little towns in New England, and quite a lot of nice people live there," went on Cynthia. "You fairly raved about the Dorsham Country Club and the golf course. You know you did. And don't you remember what a quaint, comfortable old house that was of the Dowse's? With a fresh coat of paint and a little inside altering and the right kind of furniture it would be a perfect dear of a place. Strictly Colonial all through, it ought to be; old mahogany rush-bottomed chairs, rag rugs, old-fashioned wall paper. It would be such fun to fix it up. And there is that formal garden opposite the east door, with the low box borders and the beds of hollyhocks and columbines and tiger lilies and phlox. Mrs. Dowse told me all about it. And pretty soon it will be time to be getting it in shape ——"

"But see here, Cinnie, why get so excited about the old Dowse place?"

"Because I've bought it, Teddy dear, and we're going to live there. All the old furniture too. I almost bought old Maria and Zeke, but not quite. They're going to be moved up to the new house."

Once more Teddy was stunned by the unexpectedness of Cynthia. After a moment or so he was able to ask faintly, "But winters, Cinnie? What about winters?"

"Oh, perhaps we can afford to get away for a few months of Florida; but in a cottage or bungalow somewhere; not in any resort hotel with the rest of the joy hunters. I've had my share of that, Teddy—quite. It's all right if you like it, but if you don't—well, you want something else."

"All right, Cynthia. You generally get what you want. You seem to be right most of the time too. So Dorsham it is."

Dorsham it would have been, anyway. So, wandering somewhere about England, Scotland or the Continent are the Dowses and Mergles—perhaps the Dreers too. And no doubt Sam Mergle and Nat Dowse have tested the windy traps of Troon, the rolling fairways of St. Andrews. In due time they will tackle Aix-les-Bains and Mentone and the course at Biarritz. And Ma Dowse and Mrs. Mergle will go shopping in Regent Street and in the Rue de Rivoli. And in old cathedrals and in new Ritz hotels, before the solemn majesty of the Matterhorn and behind a striped umbrella at Deauville, Bertie Mergle will be mooning fondly at Loline Dowse—perhaps trying to decide just when and how to break the big news to their respective mothers.

And in Dorsham, New Hampshire, Teddy Kane, with a handicap cut to six, has had his name engraved on the Challengers' Cup; while Cynthia, her exquisite shoulders hidden under a gingham morning dress, is calling excitedly for Teddy to come out in the garden and see her first hollyhocks.

(THE END)

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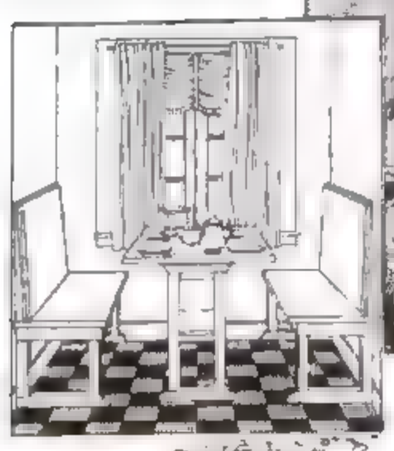

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RÔLES

(Continued from Page 36)

"The other morning—yesterday ——"

She stopped short at the expression on his face.

"Yesterday morning?" He was looking at her intently, with growing excitement and interest. "But I didn't know you were really there!"

She blushed deeply.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He did not answer. He pushed open the wicket gate and went into the garden. She followed him along the narrow brick path, like one who walks in sleep. The dew was heavy on the rosebushes. The sun had come up in the eastern sky. Mist was rolling away before the bright light as a dream vanishes at waking.

Oliver stopped short in the path, turned around and held out his arms. And she came into them, like one who walks in sleep.

"Was it like this in your dream?" he whispered.

"Did you—have the same dream?" she asked in wonder.

"Was yours—this?"

"At the same time?"

"Yesterday."

"And then—I couldn't sleep—I came out into the garden, really."

"While I was dreaming of you in the garden."

"It's like The Brushwood Boy, isn't it? How they found each other at last."

"Why do you pretend not to love me?" he whispered.

And for the first time they kissed.

Then she heard his voice murmuring triumphantly, "You do love me! You do love me! Why do you pretend?"

She could not speak, could not remember who she was, nor where, for the storm that was breaking over her.

"Tell me that you do."

"Yes."

"Say it."

"I love you."

"Oh, I knew you'd come back to me, Gwynne!"

She tore herself from his arms, white and shaking. Looked at him in terror. Gwynne! It was Gwynne he loved! And Eva had no right to love him!

"Darling! Why—what's the matter?"

He tried to take her again in his arms, but she resisted him.

"No," she said, with tears in her voice. "It wasn't true. I don't love you."

"But, dearest ——"

"I don't! I don't! It wasn't true."

His face set, white and stern.

"You were only playing with me, Gwynne?"

"Yes."

His mouth twisted. She was afraid of his hurt and angry eyes. Dropped her own. They waited a moment. Neither spoke. Birds were waking and calling in the trees. And the fresh dewy smell of early morning and of roses was all about them.

"Gwynne," he said at last, in a shaking low voice, "I've stood all I can. I can't—go on. I've waited. I've tried to please you. I haven't thought of anything but you—how I could make you happy—make you love me. But now I see it's no use. I'm through."

Her heart stood still. She could not speak.

"What do you want, Gwynne?" he asked. "Shall I set you free?"

Oh, the pain in his voice! He had made it cold and steady, he was looking at her bravely and steadily; but the bitter pain that she knew was in his heart wrung her own. And then she knew that she must go to his arms and give him the love and tenderness he needed. What did her own life matter? He was hurt. And she must comfort him.

As she wavered, as she turned to him, the gate of the garden opened, and Oliver's faithful old butler came down the path, coughing discreetly, and bearing a tray.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he said. "But I thought I should wait up with this telegram, in case it might be important."

Eva tore open the envelope and read:

"Miss Eva Grahame injured in accident. Better come at once."

Suddenly all the fears of the past weeks seemed to leave Eva, she found the courage she had waited for so long; and without waiting to reflect, automatically she handed the telegram to Oliver. He read it twice—looked at her in bewilderment.

"It must be a mistake," he said. "They must have sent you someone else's message."

"No. It's for me."

"But, Gwynne ——"

"I am not Gwynne," she said. "I'm Eva Grahame. It's Gwynne who's hurt. And you must go to her."

XXXIII

"YES, I tried to break my silly neck," cheerfully announced the lady in the hospital bed to her assembled visitors. "But I only succeeded in smashing two ribs and an ankle. Have you ever heard of anything so stupid? There'd have been some corking publicity in really doing myself in to get at Burrage, but ribs are such an anticlimax. I don't suppose he even feels complimented by a mere fracture."

"Oh, my poor, poor darling!" exclaimed Aunt Fannie, who, having wept steadily all the way on the train, was unusually demonstrative. "Are you in dreadful pain, Gwynne?"

"I will be if you joggle the bed like that, Aunt Fannie. And for heaven's sake don't drip down my neck. Why is Eva skulking off there in a corner? It wasn't you who pushed me downstairs, or into our silly game, either. I'm all to blame, you know, absolutely!" she announced determinedly to her relatives. "Eva was simply bullied into this, please understand that clearly."

"Oh! I'm so ashamed," wailed Eva, who had not looked at Oliver once since they entered the room, nor in fact throughout the entire journey.

"Of all stupid drivel!" cried Gwynne. "Even for you! What have you got to be ashamed of?"

Eva blushed so hotly that tears came into her eyes.

"Don't scorch yourself," remarked Gwynne unfeelingly. "Well, Oliver? Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Do you want me to, Gwynne?" asked Oliver gravely.

Aunt Fannie gasped. And Mrs. Sheldon sank down into a stiff hospital chair, looking as if the whole situation had quite overcome her. She was pale, and had scarcely uttered a word since they left Midland.

Gwynne's surprise had changed to laughter. "Priceless!" she gurgled. "Simply priceless! I must coax Oliver for a kiss. Isn't that delicious?"

"I am not at all sure that it is," replied Aunt Fannie grimly, darting a look of intense dislike at Eva, and then looking quickly at Oliver's quite impassive face. "But we mustn't upset you now, Gwynne. The nurse cautioned me."

"You don't think I'd get upset about kissing Oliver, do you?" crowed Gwynne. "Positively you are all too funny! I always knew relations were something of a scream, but I didn't know they were so utterly comic! Why, all of you look like undertakers."

She lay back on her pillows, shaking with laughter, and putting one hand to her bandaged side.

"Oh, my poor ribs! Do stop being so funnily gloomy!" she begged. "I'm surprised you didn't come draped in mourning."

The trained nurse slipped into the room with noiseless efficiency.

"Now, Mrs. Sheldon ——" she remonstrated in her most professional manner.

"Go away!" cried Gwynne. "I'm recovering rapidly. I've never been so cheered up in my life. But do throw out those roses. I never could bear the scent of them."

She waved toward a lordly cluster of American Beauties sent by her manager. A quick glance went from Oliver to Eva. She would not look at him, but her color deepened and her lips trembled.

The nurse went out with the roses, stopping on the way to whisper to Aunt Fannie.

"We must go now," announced that little lady briskly, attempting to marshal her flock.

But Oliver gently placed the unresisting Eva in a chair and brought one for Aunt Fannie.

"Wait just a minute, please," he said in a tone of quiet authority. "There's one thing we've got to settle immediately. I can't believe that it will upset Gwynne to discuss it. And even if it does—there is something due from her to—to Miss Grahame."

"I can't imagine what you mean, Oliver!" cried Aunt Fannie, bristling.

"Surely you must realize, Aunt Fannie, that there is only one victim of Gwynne's—peculiar method of amusing herself."

"Victim! Don't be absurd, Oliver."

"Oliver is quite right," said Mrs. Sheldon unexpectedly, in her quiet, gentle voice. "Our first thought should be of—our dear Eva."

Eva gasped. Mrs. Sheldon gently took her hand.

"It is only a matter of simple justice to see that this poor child doesn't suffer from ——"

"Only a matter of common decency!" interrupted Oliver fiercely. "I suppose you understand, Gwynne, the sort of thing to which you've exposed Miss Grahame if this affair becomes known?"

"Well, upon my word, Oliver! And you, too, Isobel!" exclaimed Aunt Fannie indignantly. "Naturally, I'm just as anxious as you to hush up any scandal, but I think it's simply outrageous of you—when poor Gwynne is so ill ——"

"Pipe down, champion!" cried Gwynne with shocking disrespect. "Of course, it's very sweet of you to defend me, but I can always do that for myself, thank you. Besides, I don't think a family feud will do much to improve my health, though, normally, I adore vendettas."

"Oh, my dear Gwynne," said Mrs. Sheldon, distressed. "I hope that you think ——"

"Never mind. I didn't mean it," replied Gwynne, smiling at her. "It's just my vigorous way of expressing myself. I know you're much too nice to Billingsgate, though Aunt Fannie and I love it. Now, Oliver, I confess! I've been a perfect beast to Eva. Name the atonement."

"Since it was you who got her into the scrape, Gwynne, you had better decide how to get her out," said Oliver.

"I think you are simply horrid to Gwynne, Oliver!" said Aunt Fannie. "How can you take that tone with her, when she ——"

(Continued on Page 109)

"Well, Oliver? Aren't You Going to Kiss Me?" "Do You Want Me to, Gwynne?" Asked Oliver Gravely

HALF A CENTURY AGO with his little Swiss oven, Daniel Peter could make only a few pounds of milk chocolate a day.

TODAY, in the Peter's American factories alone, several thousand pounds are made every hour.

The same fine original blend of fifty years ago

HALF a century ago in the tiny Swiss village of Vevey, the neighbors of Daniel Peter used to laugh at him for "fussing around day and night in his kitchen." But Peter was too absorbed to notice or care. He was intent on one idea.

And at last he won out. Peter not only originated milk chocolate—one of the most perfect food-confections ever worked out—but he perfected the *Peter's blend*.

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Today *Peter's* is the same fine blend perfected by Daniel Peter—the blend that has remained the standard of quality for two generations.

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And the *Peter's* process is still a secret. In our big American factory only foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work.

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Ask for *Peter's* today.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Co., [illegible] Jefferson Street, New York, [illegible] Chicago

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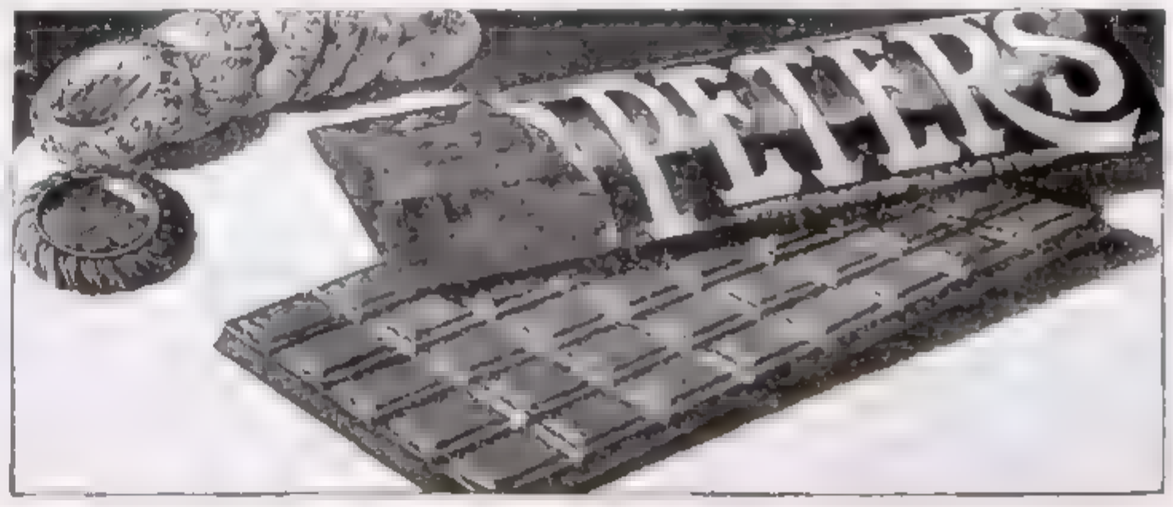

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Certain-teed Interior Enamel in a delicate shade for the walls and ceilings. Snow White Enamel for trim, Inlaid Dutch Tile Linoleum on floor.

Certain-teed Battleship Linoleum in buildings, hotels, hospitals, gymnasiums, dormitories, etc.

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Certain-teed Floor Varnish for attractive, enduring floors, Flat Wall Paint for walls and ceilings, Inside White, House Paint for wood trim

A *Certain-teed* Linoleum Rug is easily cleaned and makes a bright and attractive room.

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This nation "has now reached a point where it costs more to distribute and serve than it does to produce. Commodity values are lost in a maze of service costs", etc.

Report of Joint Committee of 67th Congress on Marketing & Distribution

Certain-teed for years has recognized this, and has pioneered in policies which have lowered the cost of both manufacture and distribution.

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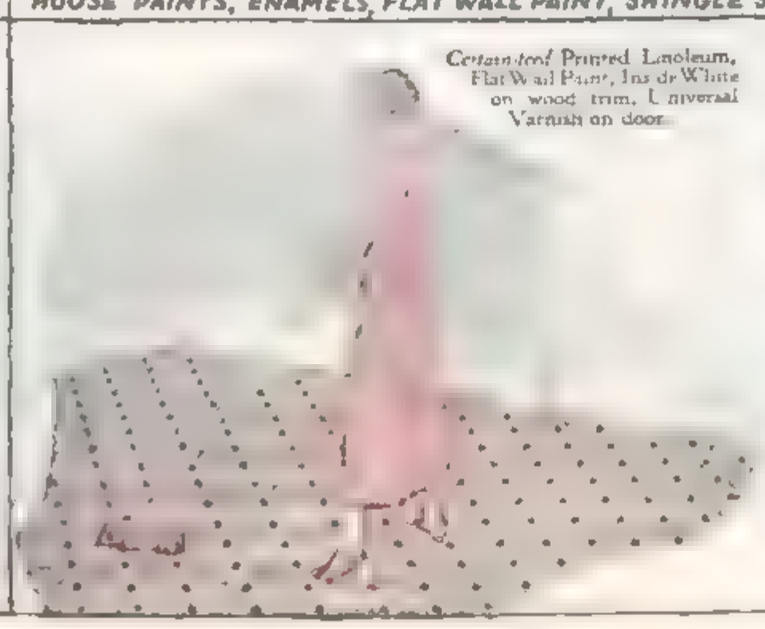
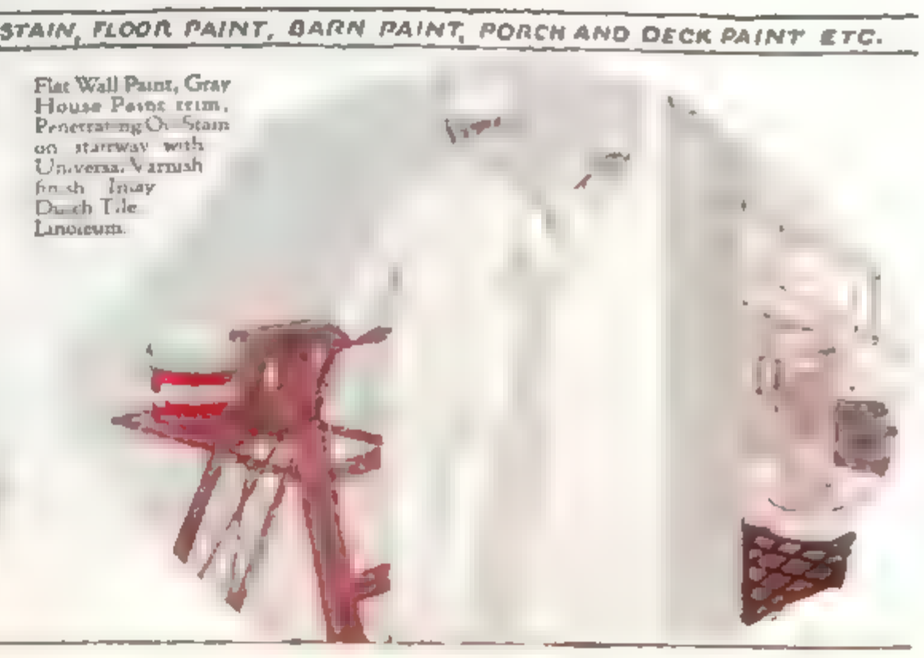
Certain-teed Outside White with Gray Tint for exterior trim. Universal Varnish on door.



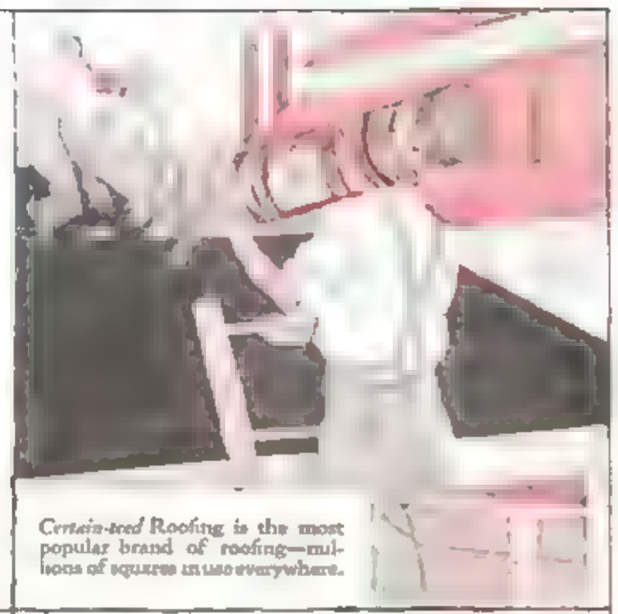
Certain-teed Printed Linoleum, Flat Wall Paint, Inside White on wood trim, Universal Varnish on door.



Flat Wall Paint, Gray House Paint trim, Penetrating Oil Stain on stairway with Universal Varnish finish. Inlay Dutch Tile Linoleum.

Certain-teed Enamels, Paints and Varnishes meet all requirements for interior and exterior use.

Certain-teed Insulating Paper for all sheathing purposes. Certain-teed Shingles on roof. *Certain-teed* House Paint protects woodwork.



Certain-teed Roofing is the most popular brand of roofing—millions of squares in use everywhere.

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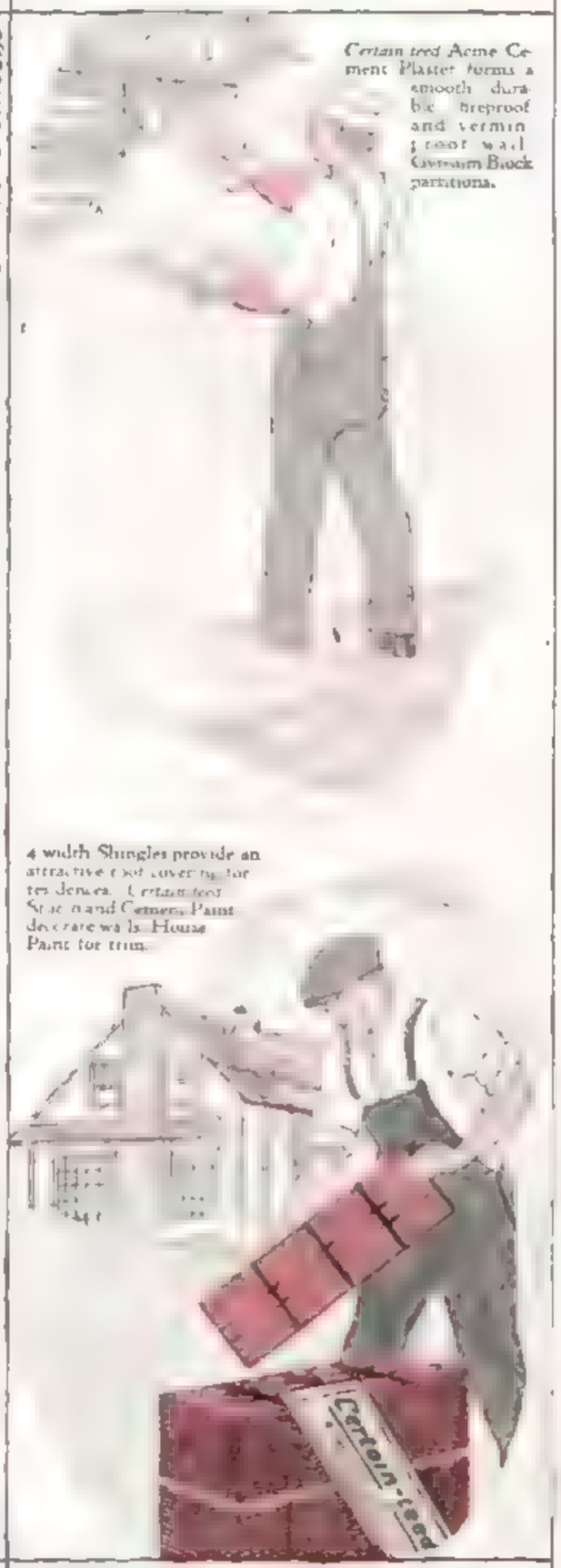
We call this label the Seal of a hundred satisfactions because we put it on more than a hundred different products which we know are all right, and will give you the best value for your money. This label represents CERTAIN satisfaction—quality guaranTEED

President

GYPSUM BLOCKS FOR WALLS AND PARTITIONS, CRUSHED GYPSUM ROCK FOR CEMENT PLANTS, PLASTER OF PARIS ETC

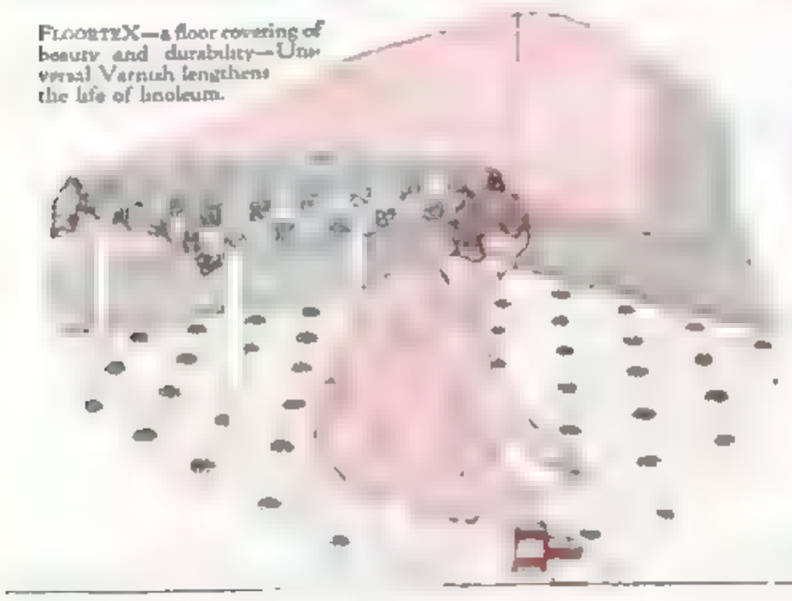


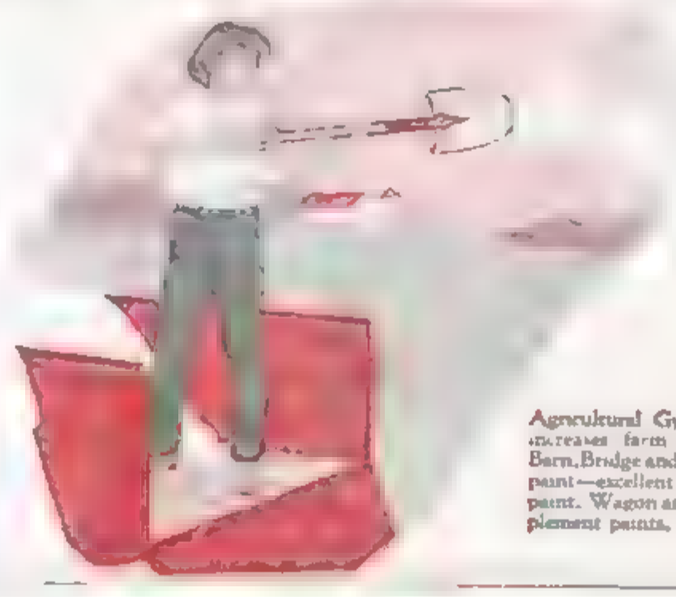
Certain-teed Acme Cement Plaster forms a smooth durable fireproof and vermin proof wall. Certain-teed Gypsum Block partitions.

4 width Shingles provide an attractive roof covering for residences. Certain-teed Stucco and Cement Paint decorate walls. House Paint for trim.

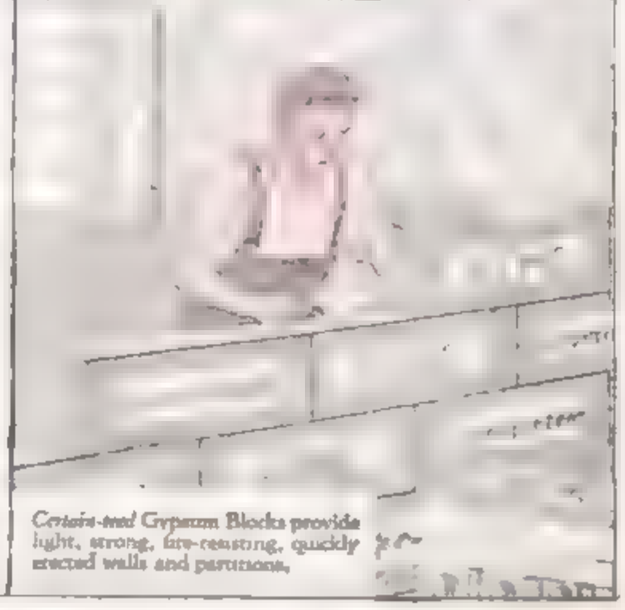
GYPSUM HARD WALL PLASTER, KEENES CEMENT, AGRICULTURAL GYPSUM, MOULDING PLASTER, STUCCO, ETC.

FLOORTEX—a floor covering of beauty and durability—Universal Varnish lengthens the life of linoleum.





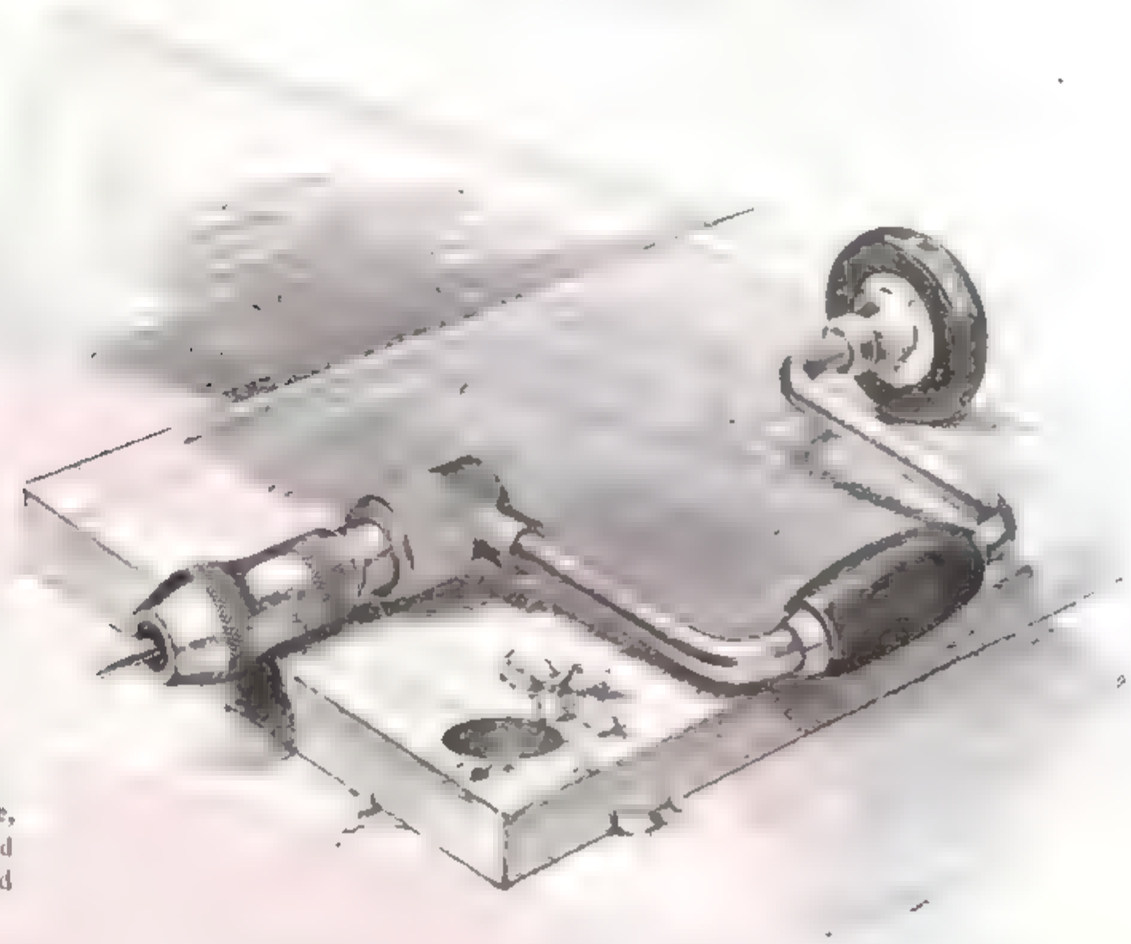
Agricultural Gypsum increases farm yield. Barn, Bridge and Roof paint—excellent utility paint. Wagon and implement paints.



Certain-teed Gypsum Blocks provide light, strong, fire-resisting, quickly erected walls and partitions.

Balanced qualities –

The quality of material used in Stanley tools and hardware has always balanced their superior design. This accounts for the preference of carpenters and woodworkers for products that bear the name Stanley.



For example, the Stanley Bit Brace, well known to workers in wood, has found equal favor with those who use tools around the home.

STANLEY

STANLEY SW Butts and Hinges – Carpenters Tools STANLEY TOOLS

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

GARAGE HARDWARE—DOOR BUTTS HINGES AND BOLTS—CARPENTERS AND HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

© The S. Wks

(Continued from Page 104

"Naturally, he's on his high horse," said Gwynne cheerfully. "I'd be more unrelenting and dignified than that if someone had played such a good joke on me. We certainly fooled them, didn't we, Eva?"

"Not me," declared Aunt Fannie quickly.

"Oh, yes! Of course you'd say that now," Gwynne jeered.

"Didn't I tell you, Oliver? At Mrs. Mobley's dance?"

"Yes," said Oliver. "But how did you know?"

"Maternal instinct, I suppose?" mocked Gwynne.

"Not at all," said Aunt Fannie firmly. "Common sense. And a knowledge of your character."

"Well?"

"I knew that no matter how much you had changed, Gwynne," declared Aunt Fannie, "I knew that no matter how good and sweet you were pretending to be—just to annoy me!—you would never, never, trip over anyone's feet when dancing!"

"Good heavens, did you do that, Eva?" cried Gwynne. "Well, that settles it. I can never go back to Midland again. You've damaged my reputation just as much as I have yours."

"I don't suppose you had any intention of coming back, anyway," accused Aunt Fannie bitterly. "So don't grope about for excuses."

"Right-o, Sherlock Holmes," asserted Gwynne. "Nothing could make me go back, now I've got a career. They say Burrage thought I was pretty good, even if he did see me only in one act. But can you beat it, Eva? Guess who snatched our big scene in the second act right away from us, and played it at only ten minutes' notice, and simply knocked the great man cold!"

"I can't imagine," said Eva.

"My understudy!" crowed Gwynne. Then, at the blank look on Eva's face: "Oh, I forgot! You don't know who my understudy was. And that's the whole point of the story. Do you remember the thin girl who brought back my coat to you, and was, in a way, the lady who introduced us? Well, I hunted her up, in my gratitude, and made her general understudy—without ever intending to let her get a chance at my part, of course—and there you are. Just like in a theatrical story ——"

"I've been wondering," said Eva, "who could have sent the telegram to me. It wasn't signed. Who knew my name and address—I mean yours?"

"My maid, Salusha. She addressed the envelope, you remember, that time I wrote to you—as Mrs. Oliver Sheldon."

Gwynne darted a mischievous glance at Eva. And she blushed.

"Wasn't it clever of her," said Gwynne, "to remember? And to know that she ought to wire my only known friend? Still, it would have been rather dramatic if you'd read in the morning papers that you were dead. I think the reporters killed me."

"Oh!" gasped Eva, turning pale. "Mamma! I'd forgotten all about mamma! I must wire her at once."

"Your mother, Miss Grahame?" asked Aunt Fannie coldly. "May I ask who and where she is?"

"Mamma is in Canada, stranded," replied Eva, with an innocent smile. "She's an actress, and the daughter of your Aunt Jerusha."

"Of Aunt Jerusha!"

"Your aunt, and Gwynne's great-aunt, and my grandmother," said Eva.

"Then that explains us!" cried Gwynne excitedly. Then she fell back on the pillows with a groan. "Another relation! Good Lord, Eva, you're my cousin."

"Yes," said Eva timidly. "I'm afraid I am—if you don't mind."

"Oh, that's all right," said Gwynne nobly. "Sit on the bed and kiss me, but don't joggle."

"Isn't it strange there seems to be no way of dodging the natural affections?" she added, when the kiss was over. "I didn't mind a bit, though usually I hate being pawed over. I suppose I'm getting softened by love, or something of the sort. Oh! I forgot to tell you, Eva, I'm in love with Hal."

"I don't mind," said Eva happily.

"But he's in love with me too."

"I don't mind," repeated Eva.

"And I don't object to Oliver's being in love with you."

"But he isn't!" cried Eva, flushing hotly.

"I am," said Oliver.

She dared not look at him.

"I—I thought it was only—because you thought I was Gwynne," she faltered.

"No," he said firmly. "It's you, Eva."

"Oh! Are you sure? It isn't just because I—you think I ——"

"Don't be a perfect goose, Eva," cried Gwynne. "Don't you see how it is? You are the right me inside my outside."

"Yes," said Mrs. Sheldon unexpectedly. "I think all of us realize that. And that everything will be arranged to protect our dear Eva," she added firmly. "Don't you agree with me, Gwynne? There mustn't be any scandal or gossip. We mustn't let the world into our secret at all. I shall take Eva abroad with me, at once. Don't you think that the best plan, Oliver? And we shall live very quietly somewhere until—until everything can be settled."

"Don't you and Eva decide on Paris, though," said Gwynne selfishly. "I'm going there myself. It's ever so much smarter now than Reno."

XXXIV

"WELL, I shall never get over my surprise that Gwynne's divorce caused so little gossip," remarked one of Aunt Fannie's devoted friends. "But then I suppose it was because everyone had seen it coming for such a long time. I always said their marriage could never last. I said it was a mistake at the time, I remember. Oliver is heartbroken, I suppose?"

"Oh, do you?" replied Aunt Fannie.

"Yes, but then I've noticed that these devoted men always marry again. Do you think he will, Fannie? Of course, Gwynne intends to. Or do you think she really wants a career? I must say, none of it seems to upset you, Fannie. But of course you'll miss Gwynne."

"No, I shan't," said Aunt Fannie. "I'm going to be with her. Delia and I. She says we are the only two things she wants out of her whole past life."

"Really? But, Fannie ——"

"I shall live in New York and watch Gwynne become a famous actress. It will be the next best thing to being one myself. She is going into the producing end of the game too. And perhaps she can find something for me to do there too. I've always known I could design costumes."

"How amusing, Fannie! At your age!"

"Well, why shouldn't I amuse myself at any age I can? And I've Gwynne to thank for releasing me from a perfectly stupid, useless life here. Oh! You don't know Gwynne at all. And no one here has ever appreciated her. She says she wants better things for the theater. And so the first play she produces will be one of her husband's."

"Her husband!"

"There, I've let the cat out of the bag, haven't I?" said Aunt Fannie, smiling. "Gwynne is going to marry a very charming and talented young man. And I'm awfully fond of him."

"Oh! I see. So that is why—I thought as much! But what about Oliver?"

"Well," said Aunt Fannie, "as you say—so devoted. If he ever does marry again it probably will be someone who looks ever so much like Gwynne."

"Faithful to type, at any rate. How very amusing!"

"Yes—isn't life?" remarked Aunt Fannie.

Almost at the same moment, but under a bluer sky, Eva and Oliver were talking of the same thing—themselves—now the most interesting of all subjects.

"But do you—do you mind very much—my making axes?" inquired Oliver anxiously.

"No; how absurd, dear! I think axes are wonderfully interesting," murmured Eva.

"You darling! Tell me—I want everything to be just right for you, Eva just as you've always planned—and dreamed. How shall we be married, dear?"

"Oh, in a church, of course! With heaps and heaps of flowers."

"But very quietly? No people? No fuss and feathers?"

"Oh, Oliver! Every girl wants fuss and feathers with her one—and only—wedding!"

"Sweetest, loveliest Eva. Her only wedding?"

"Of course! Of course! Why, Oliver!"

"I'm sorry, dear."

"Don't—please don't—ever be cynical about marriage, Oliver. It's like—religion, I think. One's got to have faith—or it can't last."

"Oh, Eva, I'm not good enough for you! My angel!"

"I'd like a white satin wedding gown with orange blossoms, and a train yards long, please, Oliver."

"Miles long, princess. And what shall my gift to you be?"

"Pearls."

"Pearls it shall be."

"And then—Italy—in the spring."

"Italy—in the spring."

"And then—back to Midland again, Oliver. Home."

"Home. How sweetly you say that, Eva."

"And then ——"

"Then?"

"Just—contentment, Oliver."

"Sure there's nothing else you want, my darling?"

"Yes—if you don't mind ——"

"Tell me."

"I'd like—I'd like to remodel your house, please, Oliver."

"History repeats itself," he groaned. "What do you want to do—turn it into a medieval monastery?"

"No. It's only the east wing. I'd like—I'd like to turn it into—a modern nursery."

(THE END)

Herding Icebergs, Iceberg Lake, Glacier National Park

Jewelry You Like to Wear

Krementz jewelry is made for gentlemen. It is of high quality, with its designs pleasing and in the latest style.

Originally Krementz fame started with a collar button; then, as now, the finest it is possible to make. Worn in every civilized country. Price 25c. ea.

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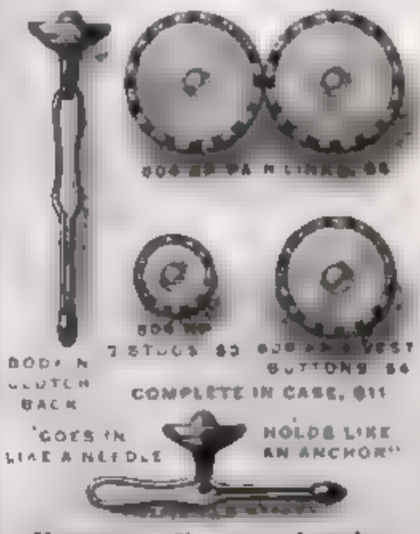
Krementz spool links are made with a one-piece, inseparable post. This post is the proper length for holding the cuff in its correct position. Pair illustrated in white gold. Price $3.50.



Krementz Evening Jewelry. Long noted for its correctness. The choice of particular people. Most of the better shops carry Krementz exclusively. The set illustrated has white mother-of-pearl center set with half pearl; rims, white metal and black enamel.

A fully illustrated Krementz booklet will be sent free upon request. Address us, please, at 49 Chestnut Street, Newark, N.J.

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In schools, libraries, churches, club houses, banks, office buildings, hotels, hospitals, industrial buildings—or wherever hard constant wear prevails Blabon floors have combined advantages not found in any other type of floor. Blabon floors of Linoleum or Cork Carpet have no cracks and no splinters. Their soft colors prevent eye-strain.

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Blabon Printed Linoleums—even more moderate in price—are adapted to closets, store rooms and all places that get less wear.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon.

Blabon Rugs are genuine linoleum in rich and attractive patterns. Durable, sanitary, mothproof. They lie flat without fastening.

We will send free upon request our illustrated linoleum booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home" and our Linoleum Rug Folder showing 24 patterns in actual colors.

Every home-maker should also have our new treatise, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home"—with beautiful full color illustrations of harmoniously decorated and tastefully furnished interiors. It explains the correct use of color and materials, and is a real money-saver in home furnishing. Sent upon receipt of 15 cents, but worth much more. Write for it today!

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Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 72 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

THE PARADE OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS

(Continued from Page 13)

opportunity come. They must remain on parade, fruitlessly hep-hep-hep-hep-hepping along, poor chaps! If only President Coolidge would do something that would help them. But he hasn't, up to the time of writing, and he probably won't. He doesn't have to. His politics is to take his time, assimilate his problems, establish his position, and in reality, save in such pressing matters as the coal strike, which is impending as this is written, he has no call to anticipate anything until it comes time to deliver his message to Congress in December.

All he has to do is to say nothing, or, as the sporting vernacular has it, not to tip his hand. He is under no obligation to do otherwise. It isn't probable that any political appointment, say, save that of his own secretary, was ever discussed with Coolidge by the political leaders of his party while he was Vice President; or any political policy. He doesn't owe anything to these candidates for the place he has now, and that is what he is paying them—nothing. There are no strings on him, save the basic party strings, the strings of the fundamentals of Republicanism; and, perhaps, a few New England strings.

And the wooden soldiers must endlessly parade. Hep! Hep! Hep-hep-hep! Or, Mark time! Up-down! Up-down! Up-down! As you were! Present arms! The Commander in Chief is passing by. And he isn't saying a word.

Republicans of Differing Stripes

The military technic of that preceding paragraph is probably faulty, but the idea is there. The wooden soldiers alibi their woodenness by saying that it is up to them to give the new man a chance; that they can do nothing, in the circumstances, except let Nature take its course. It surely is up to them to do both of those annoying things. There isn't a mind reader among them and, failing that facility for discovering what the new President has in mind, they must await the performance. Hep! Hep! Hep-hep-hep!

This being the situation on September first, as it indubitably is, there is no need to discuss the chances or probabilities of any individual wooden soldier. They all will be obliged to maintain company formation until more comes out of the White House than the guarded and laconic utterances of President Coolidge and more is done in the White House than the methodical conduct of the day-by-day business. However, the state of the Republican Party, nationally, is fitting for discussion at this time, for that is a condition, and not a theory or an assumption, and so is the state of the Republican Party, congressionally, because much that will happen in November, 1924, depends on what the Congress will do that, without extra session, will convene in December.

Like the national Democratic Party, the national Republican Party is a medium rather than a materialization. It lingers laxly because there is, as yet, no national alternative. It is a huge, shapeless, incompact, moribund affair that sprawls across the politics of the country, and remains there sprawling because the people, although knowing its condition, have not taken the inevitable steps of clearing it away and making a new and representative party of it. It holds within its folds such a conglomeration of quasi Republicans that any man may justly claim it stands for anything, using his not-disputed claim of membership as a criterion.

La Follette calls himself a Republican and so does Lodge. Brookhart calls himself a Republican and so does Brandegee. Norris calls himself a Republican and so does Watson, and between these extremes come men with all shades of political opinion and all levers for political action. You can find anything you are looking for in this political grab bag and catchall, the Republican Party, from a covered but insistent communism to a hide-bound conservatism, from a socialistic paternalism to a welcome for an autocracy.

Time was when Republicanism meant something tangible, concrete, such as protection, sound money, and thus and so; but now it means anything and is everything. It is the sport of class and cult and bloc and blatherskite. It doesn't know where it is going and it isn't on its way.

Nevertheless, it will still sprawl across the scene until it is time for the nominating convention in 1924, retaining its faded identity as a chief political instrument in this country, and that next nominating convention will set forth a candidate for the Presidency who will be one of the two regular party candidates. Thus, it is necessary to treat of it as an entity rather than as an ectoplasm; as vital instead of vaporous; and so we come to the troubles of it, which are various, numerous and harassing.

No time need be wasted on the obvious troubles such as whatever points the Democratic politicians can rake up as issues between them and the Republican politicians. They will be manufactured, artificial and of no particular account; details, minor quibbles, interpretations and construings. There is no outstanding issue, clear cut and fairly drawn, between the obsolete Republican Party and the senescent Democratic Party. Each of them is a repository for all shades, grades and gaspings of political opinion and practice from pure democracy to impure absolutism.

However, taking the Republican Party as it sprawls, we find that the farmers in the great agrarian states are on one of their periodical rampages against it and all its works, and especially against all its non-agricultural works. Our politics has been enlivened, from earliest days to now, with political uprisings by the farmers and their associated interests; and in many instances those uprisings have had reactions and reflexes that the professional politicians shudder over even until this day. The latest mostly farmer one was the Populist uprising, which was at its peak in the '90's of the last century, and petered out along about 1900. The Progressive flare-up in 1912 was more catholic. All classes of citizens clung to the stick of that rocket.

Now we have another that has various ramifications. It is typified in some sections by the Nonpartisan League, in others by a Farmer-Labor coalition, and in others by unorganized but emphatic revolt that hasn't a set name but has a set purpose. The purpose is to get a higher price for farm products, to get a dirt farmer on the Federal Reserve Board; in general, to relieve the agrarian financial stringency one way or another, but relieve it.

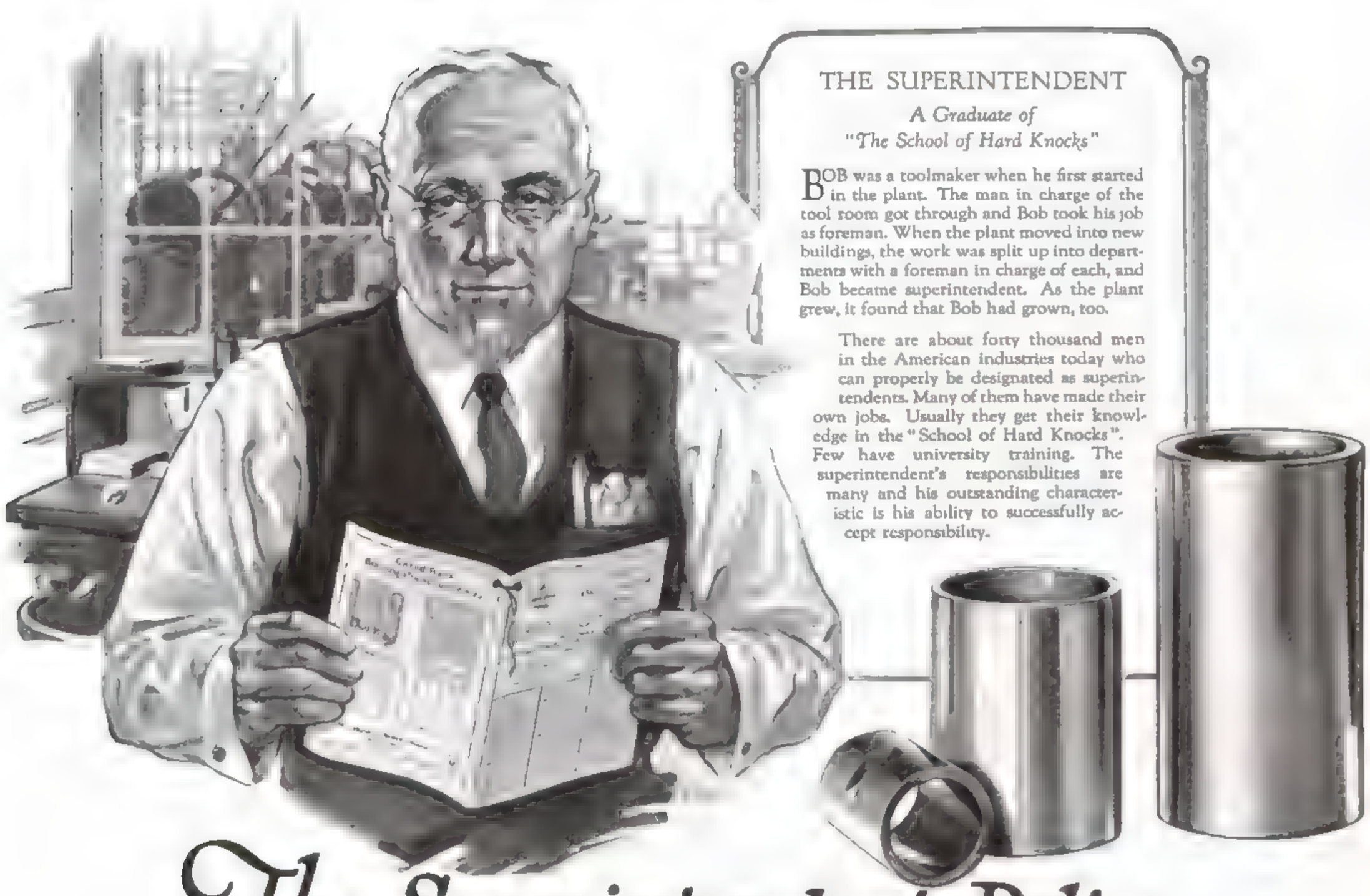
No Chance to Duck

There was a devastating political demonstration of this revolt in the Minnesota senatorial election not so long ago. The farmers, ably and amiably assisted by the foot-loose Democrats, wiped up the presumably dominant Republican Party in that state—wiped it up and, for the time being, wiped it out. The conditions that brought that Minnesota result about are not unique to Minnesota. They exist in Nebraska and in Kansas, in the Dakotas, in Colorado and in other agricultural states hitherto, and when regular and not on the rampage, citadels of Republicanism.

It isn't likely that this rampage will disperse before 1924. Indeed, it is likely that it will just be going good about convention time, and the Republican politicians will have to do something about or for it. They cannot duck it or side-step it or evade it in any way. And the specter of it horripilates them all. Without exception, even now, they are goose-fleshed and bristled from head to heels. Something always is happening to take the joy out of life for the politician, and as a joy-killer the uprising of the farmers, and their associates, beneficiaries, hangers-on and joiners-in, is champion. You cannot deflate agriculture and inflate everything else without getting a roar from the farmer that can be heard from Julesburg, Colorado, to Fostoria, Ohio, and back precincts west, east, north and south of crosses marking these fanciful boundaries. They are roaring now, and there is a large amount of justice in their roar.

So, what to do? You answer it. I cannot, nor can the politicians. They do not know what to do, or where, precisely, they are at. It may easily be the case that if the Republicans nominate a man to whom the farmers and their revolutionary associates

(Continued on Page 112)



THE SUPERINTENDENT

A Graduate of
"The School of Hard Knocks"

BOB was a toolmaker when he first started in the plant. The man in charge of the tool room got through and Bob took his job as foreman. When the plant moved into new buildings, the work was split up into departments with a foreman in charge of each, and Bob became superintendent. As the plant grew, it found that Bob had grown, too.

There are about forty thousand men in the American industries today who can properly be designated as superintendents. Many of them have made their own jobs. Usually they get their knowledge in the "School of Hard Knocks". Few have university training. The superintendent's responsibilities are many and his outstanding characteristic is his ability to successfully accept responsibility.

The Superintendent Relies on Bunting Bushings—

"BUNTING BUSHINGS take the grouch out of superintendents"

Ruby Bunting

THEY were facing the old problem again out in the box-like office set into a corner of the machine shop. Bob, the grizzled Superintendent, had worked out many a proposition in that same little room, but today he was up against more odds than usual. Sales were good, but an aggressive competitor had reduced his prices three times in three years. A sharp cost reduction was unmistakably necessary.

"It looks like the whole thing is up to you, Bob", said the President.

"Don't let it worry you, we will make it some way", replied Bob. "For instance, here is something I ran onto yesterday — It's Bunting's list of 'Ready-Made' Bearings. Say, I have been turning up our bronze bushings in lots of from five to fifty of a size when I could have bought them already machined and ready for assembling.

"The Bunting Company runs these stock sizes through in enormous quantities and I can obtain them right out of stock from their plant or any of their five branches.

"That's one place I can save a lot of money."

Superintendents in nearly 2000 plants in the United States are seeing to it today that BUNTING "Ready-Made" Bronze Bushing Bearings are specified on their blueprints, so that this important item is permanently taken off the trouble list.

These "Ready-Made" Bushing Bearings are always in stock at the Bunting factory and at the branches in New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Boston and San Francisco. They fit most any ordinary application.

Superintendents—Write for stock list #10 or send your blueprints or samples for quotations.

Made to Order Sizes—We have Pattern and Tool Equipment for over ten thousand different sizes and designs. Where it is not convenient to use stock sizes, our quotation on special requirements will prove of interest.

CONVENIENT CARTONS OF BUNTING REPLACEMENT BUSHINGS.

Auto Parts Jobbers—Write for stock list 11 showing Piston Pin bushings and stock list 102 showing Spring Bolt bushings for all popular automotive vehicles.

Cored and Solid Bronze Bars of Bunting Phosphor Bronze in 31 stock sizes. **Mill Supply Jobbers**—Write for stock list 7.

THE BUNTING BRASS AND BRONZE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

Branches and Warehouses at

New York, 245 W. 54th St., Circle 0844
Cleveland, 710 St. Clair Ave. N. E., Main 5991
Boston, 36 Oliver St., Main 8488
San Francisco, 198 Second Street, Douglas 6245
Chicago, 722 S. Michigan Ave., Wabash 9153

BUNTING
BUSHING BEARINGS

PATENTED

(Continued from Page 110)

take exception, or from whom they cannot expect much redress, some unnominated opportunist will promise all that is required, and then will come a third-party movement that could do a lot of uncomfortable things to the plans both of the Republicans and of the Democrats.

In the present excited state of the aggregate agrarian mind, that is what makes Henry Ford so great a bogy to the regular party men, for the farmers look kindly on Henry, but, also, it has been shown that a lot of town dwellers have caught the rampageous infection and they look with sympathy on Henry, also. And with Smith Brookhart, and Magnus Johnson, and many others prodding at them constantly, the dissatisfied farmers may raise hob with everything.

For example, suppose there were three contestants for the Presidency—a Republican, a Democrat and some Farmer-Labor, Independent, Progressive or other irregular—and, as may easily be the case, none of the three gets a majority of the electoral votes and the election is thrown into the House of Representatives. The Constitution provides, in this extremity, that the House shall elect the President, voting for the three candidates who received the three highest votes in the regular election, and that each state shall have one vote, a majority of all the states shall elect, and two-thirds shall be a quorum. That means, of course, that the delegation will vote the state, and if it is a Republican delegation it will vote for the Republican candidate; if it is Democratic it will vote for the Democratic candidate. The House elected in 1922, which will go into session on the first Monday of December, 1923, is the House that will do the voting, not the House to be elected at the time of the presidential elections in 1924.

According to the figures of the Republican National Committee, the present House of Representatives has twenty-two state delegations which have a Republican majority of members, twenty state delegations which have a Democratic majority of members, and six states where the delegations are evenly divided. Then what? Twenty-two Republican votes will not give a majority of forty-eight votes; nor twenty Democratic. What can be done about those six states where there are ties? Deadlock, probably. Then, if there is no choice by March fourth, the Vice President shall act as President. The vice-presidential candidate having the greatest number of electoral votes becomes Vice President, if that number is a majority of the electoral college, but if it isn't, the Senate must elect a Vice President from the two leading candidates, and that Vice President will become President.

Bloc Intrigues

Far-fetched, you think? Not a bit of it! In the present state of political temper in the United States that contingency may easily occur. And the fact that it may easily occur is what is worrying the politicians exceedingly, because they see the makings of it in these various phases of political revolt now apparent. Two things are certain: If all the discontented get together on one man with their sort of appeal they may make a lot of mischief for the regular programs; and you may be sure that great care will be used by the Republicans and Democrats in selecting their 1924 candidates for Vice President. There will be other considerations than those of geography.

Coupled with this situation are the active, placed forces in revolt—the senators and representatives who, though labeled Republicans officially, have relabeled themselves as Progressives, and will control the balance of power both in the Senate and the House of the forthcoming Sixty-eighth Congress. This Progressive bloc, which is expected to operate in Congress to the great lack of peace of mind for the regular Republicans, and, probably, with considerable open or covert assistance from the Democrats, is an amorphous outfit, and with elastic metes and bounds Observed superficially it seems to consist of a few senators captained by Senator La Follette, and twenty or more representatives, for whom Representative Frear, of Wisconsin, is the spokesman.

Appearances, as has been pointed out before this, are frequently deceiving. When you come to dig into this Progressive bloc its strongest coordinating motive emerges as a set determination to oppose the regular Republicans, with such incidental benefits for various of the down-trodden commoners as may be secured thereby, and including, it may be, such various political increment for the members as shall follow. Otherwise, the Progressive bloc has its individual aspirations, and it is in fact more a loosely bound combination of bloc-ettes than a solid bloc. For example, Senator Borah has looked in condescendingly on the conferences of the bloc, but there is no reason to suppose that Senator Borah will act in any way in the Senate or elsewhere save as he sees fit, regardless of any bloc decisions or determinations. Nor will a considerable number of the others, save in this regard: They all will squeeze the last drop of political advantage for themselves out of it, individually and earnestly.

Without having any specific knowledge on the subject, it is fair enough to assume that Senator La Follette will be a candidate for President in 1924. He always has been; why not now? The habits of a political lifetime do not easily change. And the dangers of his candidacy, as a Republican, have been written off by the leaders of the party. They know what to expect. Senator La Follette was against President Harding. Naturally, he will be against President Coolidge. He didn't get along with President Roosevelt, and he couldn't abide President Taft. Really, about the only person with whom Senator La Follette is on terms of agreement is himself.

The Case of Mr. Borah

It is likely that La Follette will have some delegates in the Republican Convention next year. He is sure to have Wisconsin, and may pick up some elsewhere; probably will. It doesn't seem likely that he will get enough. And that, of course, will leave him with sufficient grievance to engineer a third-party movement if he feels so inclined and if the thing looks propitious. This isn't saying the senator will engineer a third-party movement, with himself or any other as a candidate. He has continued, in the official listings of the Senate, since 1905, when he came to that body, as a Republican. He is so marked today. Just why, save that he likes the designation, nobody knows, but there he is. Wherefore, he can go into the Republican National Convention, as he has time and again, and get his votes, and then abide by the result according to his manner of abiding, which is peculiar to himself.

Or, if he doesn't choose to abide he can do the other thing—which is, to revolt. As the only way to judge the future is by the past, it may cautiously be said that his abiding will be determined by circumstances. If the abiding is good, that may be expected. If, on the personal other hand, there seems to be a chance, he may not abide at all. What happens in Congress will have a good deal to do with that, no doubt.

Then there is Senator Borah. He, too, is an abider. The senator has been on an independent basis for quite a spell, and has led himself in passionate protest frequently, but the probabilities are that he will stay put in the convention and candidacy matter. To be sure, he has uttered ominous warnings of a third-party movement unless the Republicans heed his instructions, but a lot of things have happened since the senator last viewed with alarm, and it will not be strange if he awaits the march of events under this new President, and operates from his own base regardless of, or regardful for, the maneuverings of Senator La Follette and his supporters, as the case may be. Senator Borah can distinguish a political hawk from a political handsaw as clearly as any; far more clearly than most

This brings us to Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, the third and greatest undetermined senatorial factor in it all. The senator is an interesting man He has established himself in a prominent position since he came to Washington, and he is, at the moment, in that conspicuous relation to his party where everybody wants to know what he is going to do, and nobody knows, not even himself. Not being in the confidence of the senator, there is no claim for accuracy in the following diagnosis of his political position, other than that it is based on his exhibited political symptoms. The senator was a vice-presidential candidate with Roosevelt in 1912, on the Progressive ticket. He was an active presidential candidate before the Republican National Convention of 1920, and had considerable strength. He was offered the vice-presidential nomination, the story goes, with Mr. Harding, and did not accept it. Calvin Coolidge did accept it. He showed strong symptoms a year ago of being a candidate against Mr. Harding in 1924. Those symptoms seemed to decrease. They became active again when President Harding came out for the World Court, almost virulent. The senator went to Europe, and on his return was received by a party of enthusiastic fellow citizens and Johnson-for-President boosters who went down the bay in New York to greet him. He made a speech in New York, at a big dinner, wherein his progress down the middle of the road was geometrically accurate and rhetorically impressive.

Then President Harding died. And President Coolidge came in, and since that time the senator—not, of course, a member of any squad, but a squad by himself—has been marking time like all the rest, waiting and watching for a sign or portent from the laconic man from Massachusetts. If Senator Johnson decides to run for President his way is clear before him. The first presidential preferential primaries are on March eighteenth next, in North and South Dakota. However, South Dakota has added a little wrinkle to the presidential preferential primary business by providing for a state convention in December, of this year. At this convention delegates to the national convention are elected who must be grouped under the name of one man as their preference for President. The machine ought to be able to name these delegates. Then, after that deed is done, any six electors of South Dakota may put up a slate of delegates to the national convention pledged to any one other man, and the whole lot go to it in the presidential preferential primary on March eighteenth.

Hence, if Senator Johnson, of California, desires to run for President and wants the advantage of these machine-named delegates he must begin to stir himself along about mid-November in order to get proper action at the South Dakota convention, and he must, also, be prepared to defend himself in the succeeding primaries in March. So must any other candidate who desires the delegates of South Dakota.

Shrill Protest From the South

After the Dakota affairs, which may show what various of the Republican insurgents and the third-party boys have in mind, primaries occur at frequent intervals until convention time, almost, West Virginia and Montana just nosing under the wire on May twenty-seventh. Owing to the fact that some fiend in human form threw a monkey wrench into the Republican organization machinery at the 1920 convention in the shape of a resolution providing that, hereafter, in Republican National Conventions, the basis of delegate representation at those conventions shall be one delegate for each congressional district in the country that cast twenty-five hundred Republican votes at the 1920 election, and upward in a sliding scale, the Republican statisticians have not yet been able to produce an authentic total for their convention in 1924.

The object of this resolution was to put a crimp in that well-known Republican industry of garnering Southern delegates, extensively and profitably practiced by various eminent practitioners heretofore; but as investigation has shown that there are congressional districts in the South where no Republican votes were cast at all, many where fewer than the required number were cast, and districts elsewhere where just under twenty-five hundred Republican votes were cast, the Republican statisticians are but a lap or two ahead of the lunatic apprehender, what with the perplexities of trying to figure it all out. The general effect will be to decrease the Southern delegations, and increase the voting strength of the big Northern States, where the Harding vote in 1920 was enormous; but there will be shrill protest from the Southern brethren, which will be but mild whispering compared to the screams of contravention that will come from the Northern fellows whose districts cast a few less than the stipulated twenty-five hundred votes. *A bas* the resolution, which was adopted by the 1920 convention, and is now the law of the party!

Shall these patriots be disfranchised in the 1920 convention? Shall they lose their rights to the populous and plutocratic New York and Pennsylvania and Illinois, and others not so populous, but equally plutocratic? If so, why? The committee on credentials at the 1924 convention, and the convention itself, has a cheering prospect of recrimination, riot and rebellion over these inquiries, and a battle of passionate days and tumultuous nights to anticipate.

As the Democrats figure it, on the basis of their scheme of delegate representation, the presidential primaries will produce four hundred and seventy-eight delegates, and after the Republican mess is cleared up it is probable that many, or, say, five hundred, will be about the number Republicanly garnered therefrom.

The Sons of Thunder

Wherefore, if Senator Johnson desires to hurl himself into the primaries he can acquire that number of delegates, as his own state of California has a primary, if he gets them all. The next Republican Convention will be larger than the last one, which had just short of a thousand votes, but not overwhelmingly larger. Hence, a block of five hundred votes would be very useful, especially if some were picked up hither and yon in nonprimary states, and as all the Republicans require for a nomination is a majority vote, not two-thirds, like the Democrats. There can be neither doubt of nor objection to the fact that Senator Johnson must have time to consider not only the situation but the new President. Nor is there any doubt that, if he does go in, Senator Johnson will get a good many delegates, because he is a good campaigner.

The two loud noises of this forthcoming congressional disturbance of the Republican program will be Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, who has been performing since December of last year, and Senator Magnus Johnson, of Minnesota, who will first begin to rattle the stained-glass ceiling of the Senate Chamber when that body convenes again. That is not saying, of course, that there are not able and efficient clamor contributors in this insurgent outfit, both in the Senate and in the House, but Brookhart and Magnus Johnson undoubtedly will resonantly take the lead as tumult producers. Still, there have been loud noises in the Senate and the House before this, and, in due course of time, the muffler has been applied successfully. The chief danger, as the Republicans view it, is that, at the moment, the aggregate ear of the proletariat is keenly attuned to just such clamor, and this right on the threshold of a presidential campaign.

Meantime, all the Republican presidential candidates are right there, on the parade ground, marching around and around and around. Meantime, the new President gives small sign. A cautious and reserved man, as it appears, he sees no necessity of rushing out to meet a situation. He lets the situation come in and call on him. He is under no obligation to prestate his case; in fact, he is under no obligation to say anything, except on such matters as arise from day to day, until Congress meets, when he will deliver to that body his message. There is no official person in the United States who is so completely the master of his own discourse.

Wherefore, if he keeps on as he has begun, the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers must continue until mid-November and possibly until December, at least, because there will be nothing for them to do but parade, inasmuch as President Coolidge holds the high advantage of the situation, and to attempt to dislodge him without knowing exactly what his position is would be bad tactics, and might result in extreme humiliation, for in matters of this sort the President's denial of any presentation of any position of his not based in his own official statement would stand with the people.

If the President does not keep on as he has begun, and gives these aspirants to his job a chance to attack him, then the parade will break up, and the skirmishing begin. Make a note of one thing, however: The President was born in Plymouth, Vermont, and those Vermonters are a canny folk.

Announcing—The New Gray Goose Special and Seven Passenger Phaeton

TWO new and additional body styles—each on longer, roomier wheelbase, are now made possible by the enlarged scope of Wills Sainte Claire production.

The Gray Goose Special—a five passenger car of wonderful charm and beauty uses its additional length for increased interior roominess and for built-in baggage facilities in the rear.

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In each of these additions to the Wills Sainte Claire line, the increased length still further emphasizes the low hung, close-to-the-ground lines so characteristic of Wills Sainte Claire and so largely responsible for the car's ability to cling to the road at all times regardless of speed or surface.

In smoothness and riding comfort—and in the delight that always comes with the privilege of piloting a Wills Sainte Claire, these cars are true to the standards of Wills Sainte Claire craftsmanship, for motor and chassis are—except for changes implied by the additional length—unchanged from the design and construction that have made Wills Sainte Claire performance the marvel of motordom.

The addition of these distinguished cars completes the Wills Sainte Claire line and enables you now to enjoy Wills Sainte Claire transportation in every standard body style.

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THE fresh, tart flavor of perfect, vine-ripened, Indiana tomatoes!—the richness of pure wholesome creamery butter!—the delicate seasoning of rare, choice spices!—are only a part of the surpassing charm of Van Camp's Tomato Soup.

These delicious ingredients are blended with consummate culinary skill in the spotless, inviting Van Camp's Kitchens, so all their original flavor is retained.

Every Van Camp's Soup has a subtle appeal all its own. Vegetable Soup made from the pick of the Indiana growers' rich harvest—Consomme and Ox Tail Soup from the choicest cuts of beef—Mock Turtle that delights the palate—Clam Chowder from the most succulent, flavorful clams of the Maine Coast. And all perfectly seasoned.

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"What to Serve and How to Serve It" our new book contains many new and practical recipes. It is full of helpful ideas on pleasing dishes, profusely illustrated.

If you will send us the name of your grocer or delicatessen, and enclose 10c to cover postage and packing, we will gladly mail you a copy. Domestic Science Kitchens, Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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CREAM your tomato soup with Van Camp's Evaporated Milk. It is so rich and creamy—so pure and full flavored that your soup will have a delicacy and savor never achieved with ordinary milk.

The same qualities that make it so good for creaming soups and gravies will make it your favorite for all cooking and baking purposes. Van Camp's is pure, whole milk, evaporated to the consistency and food value of rich cream. Its sanitary sealed container keeps it fresh.

After years—
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CLEAN *and* SAFE

MORE than glowing beauty and enduring fragrance mark the LANE Red Cedar Chest. Its greatest quality reveals itself only after years of use. *It is built to keep your treasures clean and safe for generations.*

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Cushioned, the LANE provides a charming window seat or convenient dressing lounge at the foot of the bed. It is adornment for the finest home. See the beautiful LANE styles at your store. Many are in period designs finished in mahogany or walnut to match your furniture. And because no other chest has such unusual features, be sure the one you buy has the name, LANE, burned inside the lid. If your furniture or department store cannot supply you with the genuine, write for name of dealer who can.

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc.
Altavista, Virginia

LANE
CEDAR CHEST

A GENTLEMAN IN FEATHERS

(Continued from Page 11)

vision of the experienced gander which led that flock and had guided it through many perils. That wise bird was not unduly impressed by the sight of the bunch of yellowlegs feeding placidly in the shallows. He distrusted all sagacity but his own. He had his eye on that patch of dead mullein stalks, as something that might conceal a foe. And presently he detected the almost imperceptible movement of Barron's gun. A sharp note of warning came into his cry, and he slanted upwards again abruptly, at the same time swerving off to the right with a leap into redoubled speed. And the whole V swung with him in instant response, each bird stretching its long neck to a bar of steel under the sudden fierce urge.

Barron snapped an oath of disappointment and, though the range was hopeless, discharged both barrels in swiftest succession. He had not allowed for the sudden change of speed in his quarry, and so it was more by good luck than good shooting that one heavy pellet found its mark. It caught the hindermost bird of the flock, a young, unmated gander, in the wing. He shot far forward with the tremendous impetus of his flight, turned over and over, and pitched with a mighty splash into the center of the nearest pool. The yellowlegs scattered off with shrill pipings of alarm; and the two ducks on the pool half a mile away flapped up, squawking indignantly, and flew off to safer waters.

With a whoop of triumph Steve Barron dropped his gun and dashed into the pool to secure his prize. This pool was nowhere more than a foot deep; in most parts not more than two or three inches. The wounded bird could not escape by diving. Only here and there could he swim, and at running he was no adept in any case. Overtaken in half a minute, he turned valiantly at bay.

Now Michael Grew More Savage in His Guardianship

With harsh, vicious hissing and savage dartings of his long snaky neck, he jabbed at his adversary's legs, and his iron-hard bill brought blood, even through the thick homespun trousers, at every twisting snap. At the same time he pounded heavily with his uninjured wing. But Barron was too elated to care for his bitten legs. This was better luck than he had ever dared to hope for—a prize indeed to adorn his barnyard. The more fiercely the splendid bird fought the better Barron loved him. He grabbed the buffeting wing and held it helpless. He caught the darting neck in a firm but tender grip, just behind the head. He lugged the unsubdued, still struggling captive ashore, held him down between his knees; and after much difficulty, with both hands bleeding from savage bites, managed to get him securely bundled up in his coat, knotting the bundle with the coat sleeves and with the stout string which a woodsman always carries in his pocket. Then, having picked up his gun, he tucked the precious bundle under his arm, tail foremost, and set off exultant on the long tramp back to his farm. He had a good reason for carrying his prize tail foremost. He had, of course, been unable to truss up his captive's head; and the outraged bird, undaunted by the ignominious position in which it found itself, was biting vindictively wherever it could reach. But the seat of Steve Barron's trousers was of double thickness, for the sake of durability, and was proof against the utmost that furious, darting, twisting bill could do. At each indignant assault Barron chuckled appreciatively, thinking how his indomitable captive would lord it over the barnyard.

At first, until his wing was healed, the great gander was kept solitary in a lighted shed, where he could see none of the other denizens of the farmyard. He was a magnificent specimen of his noble breed, the aristocrats of their race. Taller and of far more graceful lines than other geese, his glossy black neck was swanlike in its length and slenderness. The jet black of his head and bill was set off vividly by a crescent-shaped half collar of pure white under the throat, extending from eye to eye. His back and wings were of a warm grayish brown, each feather edged with a lighter shade. His breast was gray, fading softly into white on the belly and thighs; while his tail and his strong webbed feet, again, were inky black.

The stately captive soon grew tame enough under his master's feeding and gentle handling, but kept always a severe and dignified aloofness, as far removed from fear as from familiarity. He learned to recognize his name of Michael and would condescend to feed from his master's hand; but any attempt to caress him was always rebuffed with a warning hiss and a flash of his dark, brilliant eyes. At length Steve Barron clipped the long flight feathers of the wounded wing, turned him out into the barnyard and watched with boyish curiosity to see how he would conduct himself.

The moment he realized he was free Michael spread his wings, took a long run and flapped mightily, striving to rise into the air, while the ducks quacked and the hens squawked and cackled at the strange intruder upon their peace. But instead of flying, as he expected to do, Michael merely sprang into the air about three feet and fell over heavily upon his side. It was a blow to both his hopes and his dignity. Swift to learn his lesson, he made no second attempt, but stood for a moment staring about him, and then moved slowly toward the puddle of water beside the horse trough, where the ducks were congregated. The ducks, gabbling excitedly, made way for him with great respect; but the farmyard cock, a big, pugnacious crossbred Wyandotte, resenting his lofty air, dashed at him furiously. This attack was met with a hiss so loud and strident, so full of menace, that the cock was startled out of his arrogance. He checked his rush abruptly, eyed his intended victim with keen appraisal, and stalked off to tell his flock that the stranger was not worth bothering about. He flew up on the woodpile, crowed a shrill challenge; and then, seeing that the challenge went unanswered, flew down again and fell to scratching in the litter. Thenceforth he ignored the stranger as completely as the stranger ignored him, and felt quite assured that his honor was satisfied. This little byplay amused Barron, to whom all the creatures on the farm were individuals and individually interesting.

After guttering in the puddle for a few seconds with his strong black bill, Michael stretched himself to his full height, scanned the sky overhead, and gave a long, resonant call of "honka-honka-honka-honka-honka-honka-honk." Then he listened intently, as if expecting an answer out of the blue.

In a second or two an answer came; but not such a one as he expected, and neither did it come from the sky. From behind the cow shed at the farther end of the farmyard, waddling hurriedly, appeared a big white gander, followed by three geese, two of which were pied gray and white, while the third was clear gray and somewhat slenderer in build than her companions.

(Continued on Page 119)

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

LIVING

by
J. G. CHAPLINE
President
LaSalle Extension University

A few people really live—
—mankind's majority merely exist.

Living our lives makes hours on earth priceless possessions.

Existing turns bright days to drab, dull, dead things.

No man who really wants to live need accept a mere existence.

But—life is action—life is progress. Living can't be gained thru wanting, wishing and waiting.

Look about you. Select a path thru life—a business calling that demands trained ability and rewards accordingly.

Then—act—put your mental equipment into real use.

You'll find that a man starts living the moment he sets his foot on the road of progress.

Living starts when accomplishment begins.

J. G. Chapline

Interesting Facts About LaSalle

LaSalle Extension University was founded in 1908. Its first course was in Law, and the method it employed was so different from the old-time correspondence methods that it immediately won the endorsement of many of the leading jurists and legislators in America. "I had served three terms in Congress and had gray hair before I took up the fascinating study of the LaSalle Law Course. I speak from personal experience when I say that LaSalle has reduced the correspondence system of education to a science"—thus the testimony of J. Adam Bede, distinguished lecturer, and for many years Congressman from Minnesota.

Today, LaSalle Extension University, thru its seventeen courses, offers training for every important business need.

With financial resources of $7,500,000, with educational and administrative staffs numbering 1600 people, with a total enrollment of over 400,000 and an annual enrollment of 60,000, LaSalle—thru its distinctive Problem Method—has added more than $250,000,000 to the annual earning power of the men it has trained.

LaSalle-trained men are occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad and business institution in the United States.

"The application of only a few of the principles contained in the first text of your Business Management course has paid me dividends of more than 200 per cent. The thought has been persistently with me of the high character of service LaSalle is rendering big business and the individual worker, and I want again to express my appreciation of this fact and of the keen personal interest you have taken in my progress."
WALTER T. OTT, Illinois.

Since enrolling for your training in Law, thru your efficient instruction and my diligent work, I have moved from the workshop at one end of the street to the courthouse at the other end, as judge of one of our most important courts—from 42c an hour to $4 000 a year." H. O. GOSSETT, Texas.

"When I enrolled for the Traffic Management course, I was chief clerk." (In one of the big cotton oil companies.) "When I finished I was assistant traffic manager, and my salary had been increased by $1,300 a year. I want to say that I did not spend more than two hours a night, three nights a week, studying it really did not interfere with my personal affairs to any extent. I found that devoting this time to study which I had been giving to the reading of current fiction put more money in my pocket at the end of fifteen months' study than I had ever been able to put there before in any equivalent fifteen months of my life."
C. W. BRIDGER, Georgia.

Those Evening Hours That Decide Your Future

—will you use them for success or failure?

AFTER business hours, at home tonight, thousands of men all over the land will begin their evening journeys toward achievement—

In their rooms, behind closed doors, in every city, town and hamlet you will find them—deeply absorbed in the problems of that bigger job—seriously taking counsel with the ablest men in the various branches of business—silently stealing a march on their less ambitious comrades.

To many a fellow, bent solely on a "good time," these men seem to be missing a lot of fun.

But the point OVERLOOKED in such a hasty conclusion is that the fun they are missing is as NOTHING compared to the fun they are GOING to have, just as soon as they have equipped themselves to PROVIDE it!

—For it doesn't take a seer to perceive that the pleasure and happiness which the untrained man is able to extract from an income of say not more than $1,800 a year is absolutely NOT IN IT with the enjoyments a man can provide if he is earning anywhere from $3,000 to $10,000 a year—

And with many of these earnest students of business it will be only a matter of months before they have put small jobs forever behind them, and have permanently joined the group of business SPECIALISTS whose earnings permit them to own their homes, drive fine cars, and give their children an education equal to the very best.

How McDuffie Gave the Laugh to the "Wise Guys"

When one considers how GREAT the difference is between what a man can do on the meagre salary of a bookkeeper—or shipping clerk—or routine correspondent—or unskilled "order-taker"—and the broader and richer life opened up to the trained accountant—the traffic expert—the writer of unusual business letters—the finished salesman—one can but be AMAZED that so many men are content to twirl their thumbs while their wonderful opportunities for self-development during evening hours swiftly slip away from them—never to return.

There comes to mind, for example, a man named McDuffie, from Fayetteville, North Carolina, who writes in a most human way of how he equipped himself for a splendid future:

"In the year 1916 I was a bookkeeper, making a salary of $15 a week, married, and with one little girl. I had always had it in the back of my head to become a Certified Public Accountant, and this year I had worked over with my wife many times the evening she happened to see your advertisement and pointed it out to me. You advertised easy terms, so she clipped the coupon, filled it out and mailed it in. I later enrolled for your Higher Accountancy training.

McDuffie then goes on to tell of the discouraging advice which he and his wife received from any number of "Job's comforters"—

"They told us we were wasting our money, which we had very little of, and they thought it very, very foolish—'for,' said they, 'Arch will never DO anything with it after he has it—and suppose he SHOULD finish the course, what GOOD will it do him?'

We met with so much sarcasm and criticism that we finally stopped saying anything about the course, but just kept digging. I shall never forget many a time after a hot and hard day's work I would come home late and would try to put off my studying for that night, but first thing you know would hear my wife say, 'Are you contented to be just a mere bookkeeper all your life, on starvation wages?'—and then she would proceed either by a good sound jacking-up or sweet and sincere encouragement, to get me stirred up until I would pick up my studies and presently would get so interested that before either of us knew it we would be discussing Higher Accountancy into the early morning hours.

During the two and a half years that it took me to finish the course—for I had changed jobs and was now head accountant for a chain of stores, which left me little time during the Spring and Fall seasons for study—my salary increased from $15 to $75 a week.

"We made it known to no one that I had received my diploma from LaSalle. I merely quit my $75 a week job and went to work with a firm of Certified Public Accountants for $200 a month—just to get started in my life's work.

"When it became known that I had changed for less money, everyone again called us idiots. But we never hesitated for a minute—and six months later I passed the North Carolina C. P. A. examinations—and they say 'with high honors.'

After that, our 'opponents' changed their tune and today to make a long story short, I own a half interest in an independent firm of Certified Public Accountants whose average profits during dull years have been $20,000. As this year is better than average, I expect to be credited, for my first year's efforts, with more than $10,000."

A mighty interesting human document, you'll agree—this letter telling how A. V. McDuffie, aided by LaSalle, climbed from $15 a week to better than $10,000 a year—and the encouraging and thrilling thing about it—for the man ambitious to get ahead—is that it is paralleled in every line by thousands of similar experiences. During three months' time, for example, as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method totaling $1,248,526. *The average increase per man was 89 per cent.*

Prove Your Title to Success

No man ever got anywhere in this world by dodging issues.

Today—right now—this very minute—you are face to face with a decision.

On the coupon just below this text are listed many different paths by which more than 400,000 men have won advancement.

A check against the training that appeals to you—your name and address just below—the coupon placed in the mail—these simple acts are proof that you are the type of man who faces his problems squarely.

Let what you do with that coupon now be evidence that you deserve success.

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Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below.
Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

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- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for Salesmen, Advertising Executives, Sales Promotion Managers, Salesmen, Manufacturers Agents and others engaged in retail, wholesale or specialty selling
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar—LL.B. Degree
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employees and others desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
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- ☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for [illegible] with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
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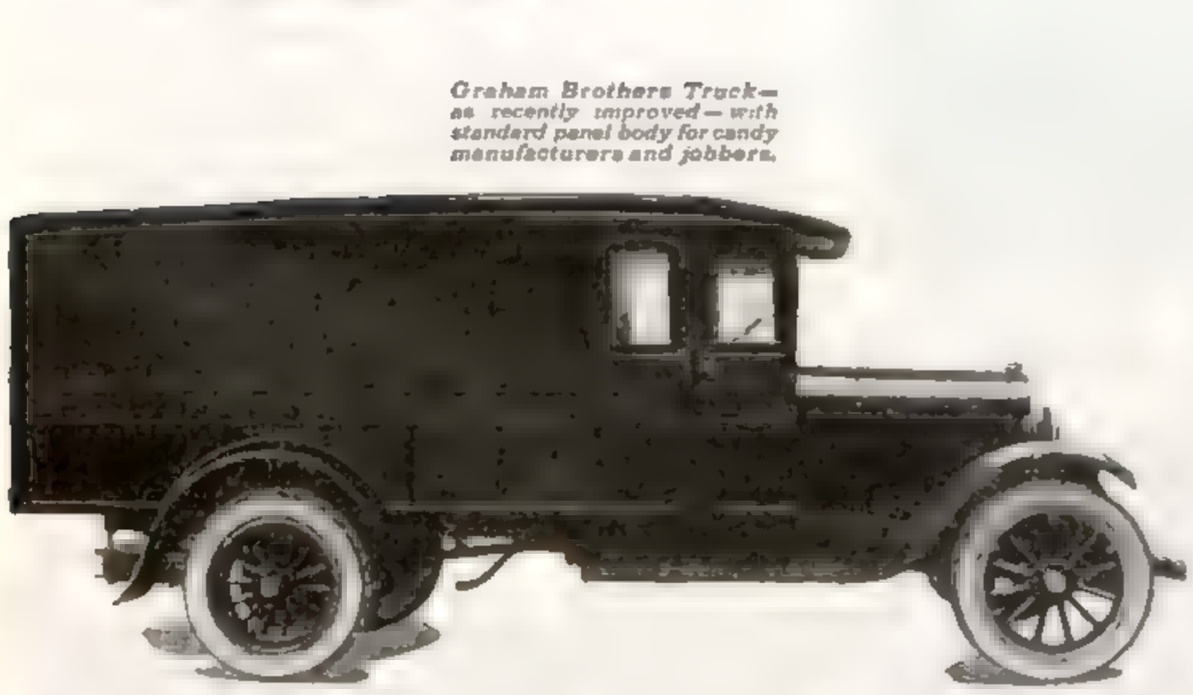
Graham Brothers Truck—as recently improved—with standard panel body for candy manufacturers and jobbers.



The Sweetest Tooth

America has the sweetest tooth in the world.

Our total candy consumption for 1922 was 1,250,000,000 pounds—625,000 tons!

For this prodigious assortment of sweets, temptingly molded into a myriad shapes and sizes, we paid five hundred million dollars.

Chief of the several ingredients which give candy its wholesomeness and delicious flavor is sugar. The amount used in one year by the 2150 major candy manufacturers was 625,000,000 pounds.

In keeping with the growing dignity and importance of their business, candy manufacturers and jobbers everywhere are standardizing on the most attractive and dependable trucks.

Graham Brothers Truck, in particular, is meeting their requirements in an admirable way. Its appearance commands instant respect—and its performance, as demonstrated in 343 different lines of business, surpasses all expectations of the most exacting owners.

1 Ton Chassis, $1365; 1½ Ton, $1325; f. o. b. Detroit or Evansville, Ind.

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit — Evansville

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Continued from Page 116

In that long call of Michael's, for all its strangeness and its wildness, the white gander had recognized something of kinship, and at the same time something of challenge to his supremacy. When he saw the tall, dark form of the stranger, erect and watchful beside the watering trough, he gave vent to a harsh scream of defiance and rushed forward with uplifted wings and with open bill to chase the intruder from his premises.

Recognizing the white gander as, in a way, one of his own kind, Michael eyed him for a second or two with an interest that was inclined to be friendly. Then, seeing that the gander was anything but friendly, anger surged up in his lonely heart. Lowering his long, black, snakelike neck, stretching it out parallel with the ground and waving it from side to side with a peculiarly menacing movement, he hissed like a whole nestful of copperheads and advanced to meet the unprovoked attack.

The two great birds came together with a thud amid a storm of wild hissings and a desperate buffeting of wings. The white gander had somewhat the advantage in mere weight; but he had none of Michael's lightning swiftness, and his strength was no match for the corded and seasoned muscles opposed to him. In a duel with one of his own tribe Michael would have fought warily, sparring for an advantage before coming to grips. But in this encounter he had been rushed, and the fight was at close quarters on the instant. Before the white gander had time to realize his mistake he was hopelessly beaten. Seizing him by the upper wing joint, Michael shook him off his balance, bore him over on his back, trod him down and smothered him with wing strokes, and then grabbed him, like a bulldog, by the throat, to settle the matter once for all.

But at this moment, just in time to save the white gander's life, Steve Barron sprang to the rescue. He dragged the furious Michael off, getting well bitten in the process, and hurled him aside. Then he snatched up the bedraggled and choking gander and deposited him in the shed from which his conqueror had so lately been released. Michael shook himself vigorously, gave utterance to a single ringing honka-honk of triumph, and proceeded calmly to preen his feathers, which had been ruffled less by the fight than by Steve Barron's rude interference.

What specially concerned Barron now was the attitude which the victorious Michael would take toward the three geese. He had heard or read somewhere that the wild goose, unlike his domesticated cousin, was rigidly monogamous. He hoped it was not so, for he wanted to establish Michael in the dethroned white gander's place, as lord in the harem, and rear a new breed of geese that should eclipse anything in all the countryside. But he must wait and learn Michael's intentions before sending the white gander into exile.

Presently the two pied geese, regarding the dark and stately conqueror with high approval, came waddling up to make his acquaintance and tell him how wonderful he was. This they did by ducking their heads with a queer little jerky movement, unmistakably conciliatory. The gray goose followed them with head erect, curious, but indifferent. She had been the favorite of the white gander, and though she certainly admired his vanquisher, she had a high opinion of her own value.

As the geese approached, Michael drew himself to his full height and regarded them intently. They did not please him at all. They were too much like his late antagonist. But they were females, so his breeding forbade him to attack them. He turned and stalked away haughtily. The two pied geese followed, still ducking their heads and gabbling softly in their throats. The gray, on the other hand, stopped abruptly and cocked her head to examine the sky, as if interested in nothing but the weather prospects. Then she strolled across to the other side of the farmyard and fell to feeding on a patch of tender young grass.

Half around the yard moved, slowly and solemnly, the procession of Michael and the two pied geese, Michael with lofty head in air, pointedly unconscious of the pursuit, his enamored followers waddling and bobbing hopefully a couple of yards behind his arrogant tail. They passed close by Steve Barron, who stifled his laughter lest he should disturb the drama. They passed the gray goose, which went on feeding with apparent unconcern—and which, perhaps on that very account, attracted a piercing glance of interest from Michael's haughty eye. Then the two wooers, gaining confidence, closed up. His patience and his politeness alike exhausted, Michael turned sharply and ran at them with a hiss of indignant protest. His unwelcome pursuers, suddenly alarmed, scurried away; and Michael found himself beside the gray goose, which ignored him and went on feeding. But Barron noticed that she merely went through the form of feeding, biting at the grass and letting it drop from her bill.

Now the wanderer from the south was unmated and very lonely. The gray goose, though so unlike the females of his own race, was graceful and attractive. He desired her. Ducking his proud head, he stepped close to her side, murmuring musically in his throat, and pretended to pick a morsel of the grass just where she was biting at it. The gray goose was flattered. She had noted with complacence the rebuff of her two sisters. Her heart went out to the stately stranger. Her aloofness melted and she lightly brushed his arched black neck with her bill. For a few moments the two gabbled together in intimate undertones; and then, having come to an understanding, went off side by side toward the goose pond in the meadow behind the barn, the gray goose obviously guiding her new lover.

The two pied geese, seeing that their sister had broken down the splendid stranger's reserve, took heart again and waddled excitedly in pursuit, never doubting that they would be allowed to share his favor. But they were speedily disillusioned. Michael turned upon them with a warning hiss which they could not misunderstand. They wandered back disconsolately toward the horse trough and lifted their voices in an appeal for their vanquished lord. The white gander answered from his prison. Then Steve Barron let them in to share his safe captivity for the night that the situation might have time to settle down in its new adjustment. When he let them out the following morning, the white gander, his spirits quite revived, led off at once to the familiar goose pond. But when he caught sight of Michael and the gray goose contentedly preening their feathers at the edge of the pond he accepted the new order with resignation. He conducted his diminished harem to another pond a couple of hundred yards away. And Steve Barron concluded, as the event proved, rightly, that there would be no more fighting.

Thenceforth the two establishments kept widely apart. Michael was not aggressive so long as he was allowed to mind his own business, and as for the white gander, he had learned his lesson well. He would run no risk of a second humiliation. But the gray goose found herself obliged to learn a number of things. Michael was a most devoted and tender lover, but a jealous one; and he insisted on her living up to his ideals. There was no more loafing about the barnyard for her. Michael chose a little rushy point jutting out into the goose pond for their abode; and observing this, Steve Barron gave them a feed trough close to the water's edge. As a protection against skunks, foxes and other night marauders, the geese were always shut up in a pen in the yard at night; but Barron surmised that any prowler that interfered with Michael's establishment would get a rude surprise.

The domestic geese had a slack habit of dropping their first eggs of the season wherever they happened to be at the critical moment, whether in the middle of the barnyard, out in the meadow or even in the mud of the pond. As their laying time was early morning, Barron saved the eggs by not letting the careless mothers out till after breakfast. But the gray goose was not allowed any such slackness. As soon as Michael perceived that she would presently begin to lay, he persuaded her to arrange a rude nest of dead rushes and dry grass in the center of the reedy point. He helped her to construct it, and he insisted on her laying her first egg in it. After that he had no more trouble with her, for she became as interested in her domestic duties as he was himself. Instincts of her remote wild ancestry awakened within her, and she grew almost as fierce as Michael himself when Steve Barron came, as he did daily, to see how the home on the rushy point was getting on. At first he never got

(Continued on Page 121)

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Before you see them, you *know* they are Biflex Bumpers. For they are the natural choice of particular motorists. The owner of a fine car chooses Biflex because he has a greater value to protect from traffic collisions; and because Biflex—the aristocrat of Bumpers—possesses the beauty which his cultivated taste demands.

Biflex Bumpers are built to be integral parts of the high powered touring car or landau; a happy combination of rugged strength and beauty, created for the masterpieces of great car designers.

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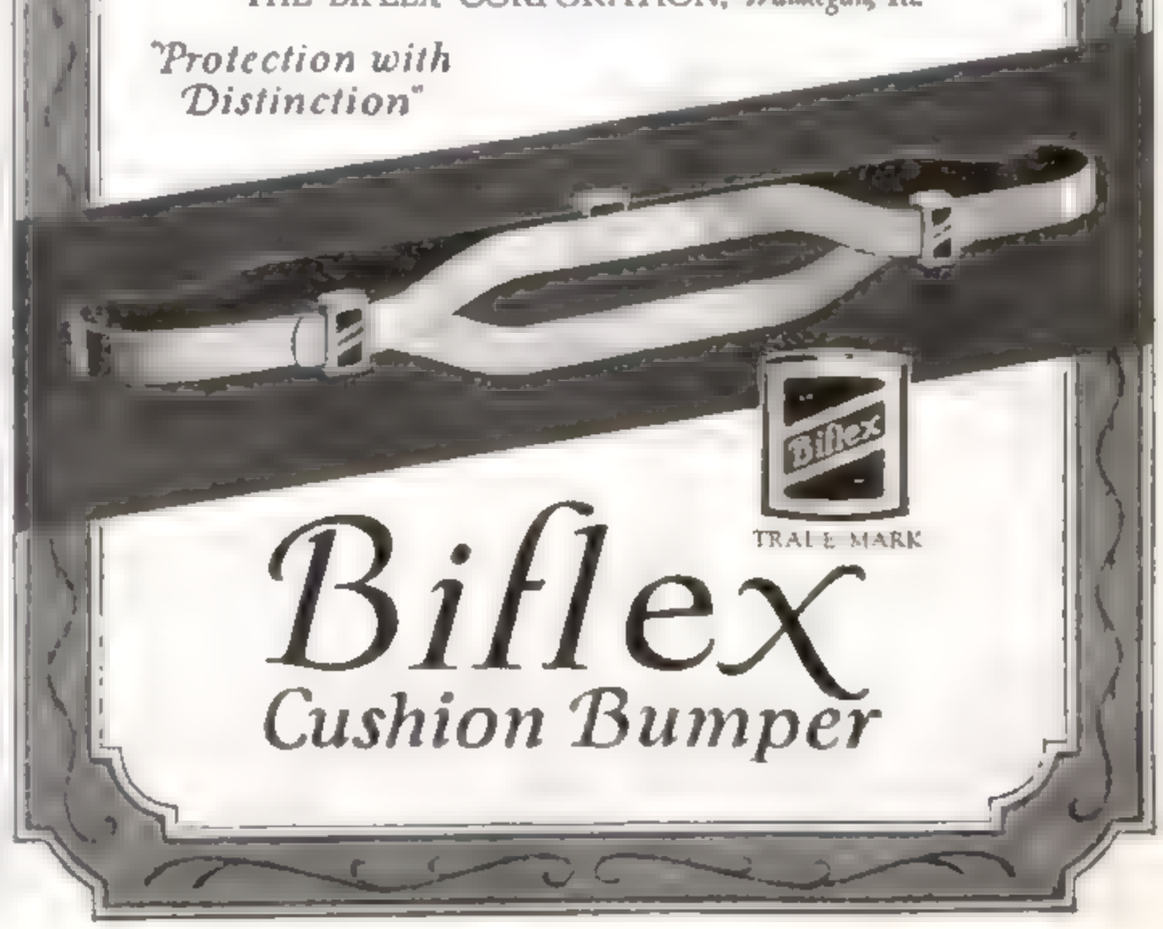

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The Soul of the Old Violin Maker (Hans Adam Wurlitzer) Lives in this Piano

200 Years ago

in the little Saxon town of Schöneck lived Hans Adam Wurlitzer, violin maker, to whom the Saxon Guild gave the title of MASTER VIOLIN MAKER.

HIS fame spread and his shop became a Mecca for the musicians of that period—the period of Bach and Handel and Gluck. Looking for the best means to express their souls, these artists sought out the craftsman to whom the plane and chisel were but the agents with which to carve into the wood of the instrument the message of his own soul.

That the ideal of musical *soul* expression through mechanics was handed down to the descendants of Hans Adam Wurlitzer, the world of musicians has long recognized. Through seven unbroken generations—first in Saxony and now for nearly a century in America—the *master*-artists of each period have looked for a Wurlitzer, or several Wurlitzer brothers, as master among the *master*-artisans.

Rudolph Wurlitzer, of the fifth generation in this unbroken line of master-artisans, came to America in the first half of the nineteenth century and founded the firm which under the management of his son and grandsons has become the largest musical instrument house in the world. In 26 cities from coast to coast, we find Wurlitzer shops and Wurlitzer stores. The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company feels that it owes its growth to America's expanding love of music and America's insistence upon the best ideals in music-craftsmanship.

You will recognize, upon examining any Wurlitzer product, how genuine artistic merit—a "soul quality" recognized by musicians—was the ideal of the maker. Today we ask you particularly to hear a Wurlitzer piano. Note the rich, mellow tones of the lower and the clear, crystalline timbre of the upper register—satisfying the artist's need for delicacy with resonance, and sweetness with power. *And more than that!—having heard, you will agree—*

there is in the Wurlitzer piano a "something"—a something more than skillful union of wood, metal and ivory—a "something" of soul quality that could never have been evolved in one man's lifetime.

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Dealers wanted in every city where we are not represented

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'Continued from Page 119

away from his inspection without bitten legs and buffeted knees. But at length Michael, with his high intelligence, came to recognize that the tall being whom he could neither hurt nor terrify was altogether friendly, however unwelcome, and ceased to greet him with anything worse than a monitory hiss.

When there were six big white eggs in the nest—a mate of Michael's own kind would have laid only four, or possibly five, and these would have been of a creamy buff color—the happy gray goose began to sit. Now Michael grew more savage in his guardianship; and Steve Barron, well content, refrained from tormenting the pair with his attentions, only visiting the pond each morning to put fresh feed in the trough.

On one of these morning visits he found near the edge of the pond the drowned body of a big weasel. The weasel had made the mistake of thinking the guardian of the nest an ordinary gander. Michael had caught him by the back of the neck with the tenacity of a bulldog and held him under water till his many murderous crimes were expiated. Barron sometimes wondered how a fox would fare in a fight with his redoubtable favorite. But, perhaps fortunately for Michael, the foxes of that neighborhood were too wary to venture so near the farmyard. They had no mind to invite the vengeance of that omnipotent being—the man with a gun.

After about a month of devoted brooding the gray goose led down into the water six particularly sturdy and lively goslings. They were darker in color than ordinary goslings, and had black bills and feet like their splendid sire. But as they grew up and their baby down gave place to grown-up feathers, they were more like their mother than their father, except that their tails, heads and faces were grayish black. They all lacked the broad conspicuous crescent of pure white across the throat which added so much to the distinction of Michael's appearance. Their backs and wings were of a solid gray, with none of the rich chocolate coloring of their father. Moreover, they all proved to be most sociable and domesticated in their tastes, with a distinct inclination to fraternize with the youngsters of the white gander's rival flock. So it came about that before the end of the summer, when they were nearly full grown, Michael and the gray goose, quite satisfied with each other's society, chased them away altogether and once more had the goose pond to themselves. Absorbed in each other, it troubled them not at all that the white gander now led their own offspring in his train. All they demanded was that the garrulous flock should give a wide berth to the goose pond.

At last came autumn, and the time of the southward flight. With the autumn molt, of course, Michael renewed the flight feathers of his clipped wing. Steve Barron purposely refrained from clipping them again, because being a naturalist at heart he wanted to find out what Michael would do. Which would triumph in that wild heart, the call of his kind and the migratory urge or his devotion to his mate?

When the days grew short and gray and bleak winds swept the little upland farm, and ice in the crisp mornings fringed the muddy edges of the goose pond, and far away across the faded marshes the stormy tides of autumn roared and pounded at the dike barrier, then in Michael's heart stirred memories of the warm blue lagoons and sun-steeped reed beds of the South. When the first southward-bound flock of his kindred passed high overhead, and their hollow honking throbbed downward to his ears, Michael stretched himself erect, with waving wings, and answered the alluring voices with a long cry of "honka-honka-honka-honka," repeating it at brief intervals till the journeying V was out of sight and hearing. The gray goose, not understanding at all, but vaguely apprehensive, cocked her eyes skyward, and then added her own shrill clamor to her mate's sonorous appeal.

When all was quiet again Michael gabbled to her anxiously, striving to fire her blood with his own restlessness. But in vain. The gray goose would do anything in her power to please him, but she could not help being content with her well-loved home. In her heart she felt no urge to wandering, in her unpracticed wings no power of prolonged flight. But she did her best to be sympathetic, flapping her wings and clamoring to the skies whenever Michael indulged in that incomprehensible exercise. And from this Michael not unnaturally concluded that she, too, was longing for the South and ready to go with him. He could not conceive of any obstacle to the fulfillment of his dreams. They would spend a carefree winter on the palm-fringed lagoons and wild-rice beds, and then, of course—since all the geese, wild and tame alike, are home lovers—return with spring to their old nest beside the goose pond.

It was not, however, until after several days of this restlessness and longing that the flight fever in Michael's veins reached the point when it could no longer be resisted. It was a bright, sharp morning, with that edge to the air which spurs the spirit to adventure. Over the wooded ridge behind the farm appeared a long V of migrants, flying rather low and filling the sky with their poignant music. Michael sent forth one joyous honka-honka to tell them he was coming, took a run, with wings flapping violently, sprang into the air and went beating upwards on a long slant calculated to join the flock at a point perhaps half a mile or more away, far out over the marshes. He never doubted that his faithful mate would follow him.

This, indeed, after a moment of agonized hesitation, she did, but only by a desperate effort. Michael, glancing back to assure himself, saw her flapping vallantly about thirty yards behind him, and sped onward and upward, his heart throbbing with exultation.

The gray goose had never flown more than two or three hundred yards at the utmost. She had never been more than twenty feet above her familiar green earth. Now, after a few seconds' frantic pursuit of her lord, she found herself winging high above the tops of the tallest fir trees. She was terrified. But she forgot that terror in a greater one when she saw that Michael was leaving her far behind. Giving up the vain attempt to mount to his height, she flapped on desperately far below him, in a level flight, driving her poor wings, more by will and nerve than muscular strength, to an effort which they were never intended for. She tried to call, hoping that Michael would relent and come back to her. But no sound came from her gaping bill and gasping throat. She was by this time well out over the marshes. At last her overtaxed muscles would no longer obey her will. Still flapping, but ever more and more feebly, she sank lower and lower, and came down with a loud splash in the shallows of a marshy pool. For perhaps half a dozen seconds she sat there dazed. Then, finding her voice again, she screamed a wild appeal, dashed ashore and ran on stumbling despairingly beneath the loved form that flew so far and high above her.

Michael was by this time very near the flock. But through the whistling of his wings that scream reached his ear. He looked back. His strong flight slackened as he saw that his mate was not following him. He looked down, far down, and descried her, staggering and flapping painfully over the harsh stubble of the marsh. Just for two or three wing beats he hesitated, staring wistfully after the flock. Then, with their joyous music ringing through every fiber, he turned aside and sank down in wide spirals from his free heights and colored dreams to rejoin his earthbound mate. As he observed her pitiful exhaustion the realization came to him that the power of flight was not hers, but that she had done her desperate best to follow him. Rather than forsake her, he would forget the blue lagoons and the gold-green reed beds.

Very slowly and painfully, but with happiness in her heart, the gray goose led him back across the rough marsh and up the rocky hill to the dear, familiar pond behind Steve Barron's barn.

Railroad earnings are not guaranteed

THE Transportation Act under which the railroads have been operating since 1920 does not guarantee earnings to any railroad.

The rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission are intended to be such as will enable the railroads as a whole to earn 5¾% on the value of their properties. Out of this net income they must meet interest on debt, pay dividends to the stockholders and build up a surplus as required by prudent business management.

It was only during the period of Government operation that railroad net income was guaranteed. That income was based on pre-war earnings, and averaged 5⅓% on the value of railroad property.

The railroads earned 3.31% in 1921, and 4.14% in 1922. This year they hope to do better. They must do better if necessary new capital is to be attracted to the development of transportation facilities to keep pace with the growth of the country.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

The Nickel Lunch

Something different for his lunch-box

What a comfort to know that the thing he looks for most eagerly is really good for him. Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts are not only a delicious confection but as nutritious and healthful a food as you could wish. A satisfying lunch in themselves. The pick of the choicest nuts in the crop—whole, roasted to a golden brown and salted just right. Let him eat all he wants.

The Red Pennant on the glassine bags means genuine Planters Peanuts. 5c everywhere.

Send 75c for a pound of the delicious Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts in the blue tin box—sealed to keep the nuts crisp and fresh.

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PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

MY CRYSTAL BALL

(Continued from Page 27)

collector in his day. He amassed many beautiful and rare objects of art, paying for them prices which now would hardly seem to us credible, yet for the bronze in question even De Pourtalés admitted having secured a bargain.

He was posting through the Department of the Meuse when one of the ropes of the harness broke. Fortunately this accident happened in front of a farmhouse, so that assistance could be promptly procured. The accommodating farmer soon produced a new rope, the repair was made, and the baron was about to proceed, when the good man informed De Pourtalés that very recently he had dug something up in his barley field which might interest him.

He returned to the house and soon reappeared with a little statue in bronze rolled up in a bit of newspaper. When he showed the contents of the package to the baron, the latter's heart nearly ceased to beat so great was his emotion in beholding this wonderful treasure. Concealing his joy with a practical restraint, however, he asked the farmer, with a semblance of indifference, how much he wanted for the bronze.

"Would your excellency think five francs too much?" said the farmer.

"No," replied De Pourtalés, "in fact I shall add fifteen francs to your price on account of the services you have rendered my driver."

Later the Duc d'Aumale paid De Pourtalés sixty thousand francs for this same statuette, and prior to his death received an offer for it of one hundred thousand francs from the Musée du Louvre.

In connection with Chantilly I cannot but recall the only time when I saw the Duc d'Aumale. It was at a reception of the French Academy, when he occupied his chair as one of the forty immortals. He looked every inch a king, tall, stately, a soldier and a prince. Race was indicated in his every movement. It was no wonder that in his last will and testament he bequeathed his royal domain of Chantilly with all its treasures to his country, from which, at one period, he had been exiled. France was so written across his heart that his final gesture in life was to assure her of his loyalty and of his love even after death. He is not now remembered by his countrymen as an heir to the throne, but as a fellow citizen who understood the full significance of the word brotherhood at a moment when the memory of liberty was to him a cruel jest.

Baron Pichon's Collection

I recall his funeral in the ancient church of Ste.-Geneviève in Paris. I was honored with a card of invitation to attend. Even as a stranger I realized that this solemn event marked the passing of a great man. I was deeply impressed at the sight of a tall slim lady of mature age who, as she was escorted to a seat, struck me as a woman of unusual distinction. She was dressed, however, with a simplicity I shall never forget. A plain serge gown, such as is worn by nuns, with a simple black camel's hair shawl across her shoulders, her bonnet almost of the style of 1830.

I discovered that this lady who could afford to dress so simply was none other than the Comtesse de Paris, who had come forth from her seclusion to pay the tribute of her presence at the obsequies of her royal relative.

There was long ago in Paris a very great collector named Baron Pichon whose house was in the Isle St. Louis. He was a curious and interesting figure, living amidst priceless treasures in the midst of crumbling glory. His surroundings were the triumph of disorder. On the occasion of our visit, when we were shown trays of historical rings, cases full of miniatures, drawers bulging with rare stuffs, closets crowded with signed pictures, I asked whether I might see his catalogue, to which he replied, tapping his forehead: "Here is my catalogue. I have none other."

I can well believe his statement, for on his toilet table I observed that his toothpowder was kept in an enameled box whose lid was the work of Petitot, and beside his bed, serving as an ash tray, was a small dish by Palissy. I can see this little old man in a figured silk dressing gown welcoming us with the courtesy of royalty and dismissing us with the dignity of kings.

I once asked Sardou why he did not employ a secretary, to which he replied that he had never found anyone but his gardener who could always trace a paper or who could accurately put his hand on a book.

Miss de Wolfe and I still have in our possession a very rare and exquisite group in wax, known as Pandora's Box. We had wandered into a little side street in Paris many years ago. We went into the rear of a dusty shop and there in a half light saw this object. The owner of the shop said that he had just purchased it with a lot of furniture from a château in Auvergne. Attracted by its intrinsic beauty, without the smallest inkling of the identity of the artist who had molded it, we struck a bargain, carrying off our precious acquisition.

Set in place at Versailles it was always admired. Frequently our friends who were experts insisted that it was by the famous sculptor Falconet. One day while walking through the collection at Hereford House, in Manchester Square, London, we were thrilled when we discovered a clock catalogued as by this artist, which exactly resembled our group in wax. The mystery was thus suddenly explained. Our wax was indeed by Falconet, having served as the original model for the clock we had seen. As was very common, some few discrepancies were found between the model and the final execution of it. For this very reason the artists of those days worked first in wax, as this substance was so easy to mold and to alter.

When Experts Err

Afterwards, when we had our group appraised by a professional expert, we were told that at a conservative estimate it was worth five thousand dollars.

The day has gone by, I fancy, when such bargains are to be picked up in the little shops of Paris or in the French provinces. Even the peasants have become cultivated with the passing of wooden sabots, with the adoption of silk stockings, with the interment of local costume and with the restricted hours of labor; a cunning born of sophisticated intelligence has crept in.

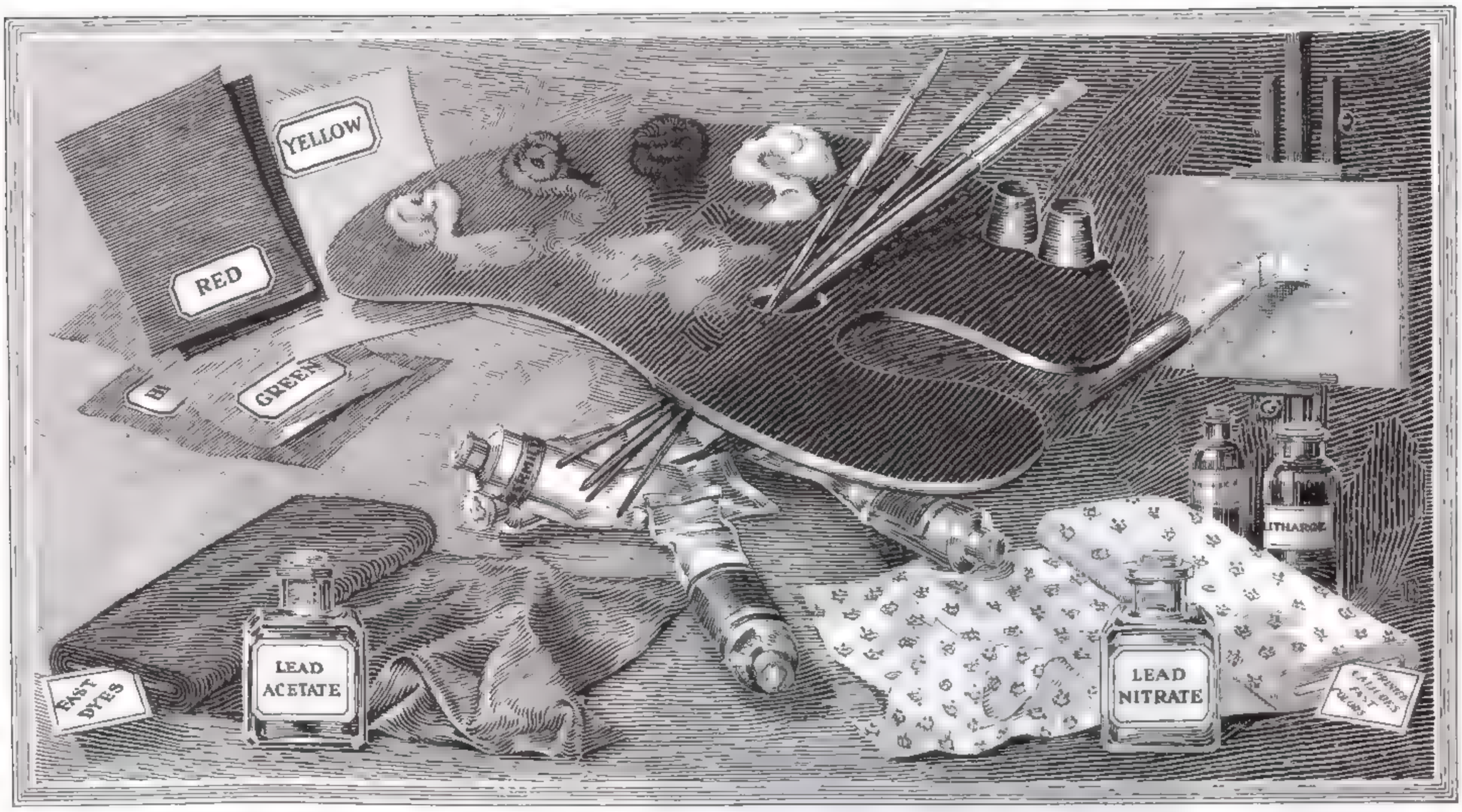
If a collector, for his own protection, wishes to find genuine treasures at fair prices, let him go to the recognized and established dealers who sell with a guaranty. The making of false objects of art is a thriving industry all over the world and nowhere in the universe are they planted more successfully than in the small town or in the isolated dwelling.

Even the best judges are occasionally deceived. I remember the description of such a tragedy which was given me by one of the most important dealers in Paris who lives in a historical and beautiful private hotel. His brother had returned from a great sale in Belgium, bringing back with him a vase for which he had paid a fabulous sum. My narrator told me that when he first saw this he shared all his brother's enthusiasm. He examined it under the electric light with a strong magnifying glass, he turned it on all sides, he looked at it from every angle. No doubt of its authenticity ever crossed his mind. He set it in place temporarily and retired for the night. On the following morning at five o'clock he crept out of bed and went down to the room where he had left the vase. It stood bathed in sunlight. One look, possessed of the *flair* which had proved the foundation of his fortune, he felt that the vase was modern, that it was not genuine, that its fate was the rubbish heap. His morning impression was found to be correct, and the vase for which his brother had paid fifty thousand dollars was proved actually not to be worth fifty cents.

No wonder that these great merchants of antiques always wear a troubled and anxious expression.

While selling objects of art had become such a prevalent industry in Europe, our country had been busy producing the men who could buy them. Great fortunes had been accumulated, but wealth was still undigested. The process of assimilation had just begun. In those days each new and pretentious household selected some indigent youth whose business capacity had never been demonstrated, but who possessed a large social acquaintance, whose personality was pleasing and who knew how to direct with success the kitchen and the wine cellar. The ranks of the little brothers of the rich thrived and increased. Newport, Rhode Island, became their Mecca.

(Continued on Page 124)



How lead helps to put color into your life

WHAT a drab existence life would be without color! Your home, your clothes, paintings—countless things you see and handle every day—would lose their charm and attractiveness.

Fortunately, however, life is a constantly moving, flashing panorama of color. And much of the beauty of this colorful world you owe to lead.

Lead in dyeing

Lead is important in keeping colors alive and bright in dyed fabrics. Lead acetate (or sometimes lead nitrate) is used as a mordant. That is, it combines with the dye, turning what was a soluble material into one that is insoluble. Thus, the dye-maker first impregnates the fabric with the lead compound by dipping it in the lead acetate solution. Then, when he dips it into the dye, the color combines with the lead compound to form a color compound which will not wash out.

The housewife who dyes her clothes or rugs often uses lead acetate in the same way to fix the color. But when she buys it at the store, she asks for Sugar of Lead.

Lead nitrate is used also in printing on calico and other similar materials.

Lead helps to color papers as well as fabrics. It is in some of the colors with which the ground-up pulp is dyed before it is pressed out into paper.

In the artist's studio

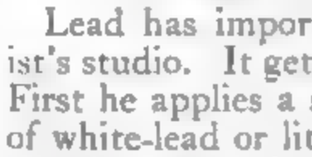
Lead has important uses in the artist's studio. It gets on his canvas twice. First he applies a surface or foundation of white-lead or litharge before starting to paint. Then he applies his pigments, several of which have lead in them.

Chrome yellow and chrome red are lead chromates, and chrome green is a mixture of chrome yellow and Chinese blue. Chrome yellow is used as the basis of most yellow paint. Flake white, lead white, and Kremser white are pure white-lead.

Even the collapsible tubes in which the artist buys his colors are made of lead or a lead alloy.

Another kind of paint

Another of lead's important contributions to daily life is as ordinary house paint. Manufacturers use white-lead as the basic ingredient in their paints because it makes a paint that gives the best protection to the covered surface.



"Save the surface and you save all" is being accepted as a national maxim. And many owners are saving the surfaces of their houses by painting them with white-lead paint.

White-lead mixed with pure linseed oil makes a paint for outdoor work that professional painters know well. White-lead with flatting oil gives a flat paint for interior painting that adds charm and beauty to walls and ceilings. Addition of coloring matter produces any desired tint.

Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trademark of *Dutch Boy white-lead.* The figure of the Dutch Boy is reproduced on every keg and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by National Lead Company are battery litharge, battery red-lead, die castings, cinch expansion bolts, sheet lead, and Hoyt Hardlead gutters, pipes, flashings, and other fittings for buildings.

More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 31 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

(Continued from Page 122)

Possibly things were better done and society was more agreeable under these conditions than at present. The all-sufficient and aggressive type of millionaire now so familiar was not then so conspicuous. The fortunes were more modestly disbursed. The mere building of palatial residences, the acquiring of museum pieces, the employment of many servants elaborately liveried, the highly paid services of an able press agent, the Lorenzo de' Medici rôle of patron of art and the drama—does not seem, after all, to have produced a very finished article. Blunder after blunder is made, and the sublime part of it is that sinners remain ignorant of their sins.

I remember a luncheon given to the wife of one of these newcomers by an amiable young man who had made considerable money through the wise advice of the lady's husband. On this occasion, in order to show a proper appreciation of the latter's kind interest, he had invited some very well-bred and socially prominent women to meet the lady. This was to be her debut in the world of fashion. She evidently thought that if she came on time her eagerness would seem too apparent, hence she was so late that the luncheon began without her. Arriving finally, the host after making the proper introductions, upbraided her jocosely for her tardiness, to which she replied:

"Well, there is certainly no excuse for my being so late, because I have seven automobiles in the garage."

This same woman, when her daughter was married, was most successful in eliminating every blood relation she had in issuing the wedding invitations, yet she had thus despised the best reason for her own existence, as she had really sprung from a stock of good citizens.

There is probably no desolation in the world to be compared to that of an enormous house of architectural beauty, decorated and furnished with exquisite taste, filled with priceless objects of art, and yet occupied by people who socially are thoroughly inadequate and, if they have children, are bringing them up as little vulgar, purse-proud prigs.

Miss Anne Morgan, Daughter of the Late J. Pierpont Morgan

Millionaires' Pastime

To see them living in spacious splendor is certainly an unedifying sight. It has always seemed a marvel to me why decent and intelligent folk should be bored with them. Often the excuse is made that one meets such interesting personalities at their table, yet the pall which usually hangs over such establishments casts its shadow upon the brilliant guests, and it would be infinitely more sympathetic as a rule to run across the latter amid less pretentious surroundings, in simple homes, for instance, where the owners themselves contribute to the pleasurable sense of well-being as well as do the furniture, the pictures and the food.

One thing I observed in my vast passing acquaintance with millionaires is that they inevitably played solitaire as a pastime. It seemed a hall mark, and in traveling, the moment I found some fellow passenger absorbed day after day with this very unsociable game, I knew to a certainty that his fortune ran high in the millions, but whether he played solitaire because of his fortune or whether he had acquired his fortune through playing solitaire I was never able to determine. As the game is one of contemplation, concentration and combination, who knows but that many a big deal in Wall Street has been projected while indulging in this apparently innocuous form of enjoyment?

Another striking feature so far as millionaires is concerned is their inborn suspicion of the motives of all who approach them. The magnitude of their wealth has assumed such preposterous proportions in their eyes that life is out of focus. They are always looking for trouble. They are in a vicious circle, for the men and women who surround them are as a rule polite grafters, hence their suspicions are justified. On the other hand, this vulgar attitude of mistrust keeps away all really worthwhile people. The millionaire becomes literally hoist by his own petard. Furthermore, he rarely hears the truth, and so his self-inflation proceeds without check. His trained secretary sorts out the press clippings before he sees them. Only those of a flattering nature come under his eye. His underlings keep their jobs by removing all thorns from his path.

He is fed upon adulation. He hears only praise. The power of wealth is preached to him by the sycophants who travel with him to Palm Beach or to Cannes. In his own line of business they are his inferiors, but he is physically incapable as a rule of living simply and of thinking highly, of forming an estimate of people as wholly apart from their material surroundings, of realizing that the doors which are closed to him and to his family are swung on hinges of intellectual value, of high purpose and of self-respect; that there are still thousands of men and women who are supreme masters of their minds and of their souls, who refuse to bow to a calf of gold, and whose hands, upstretched to heaven, pluck from it stars which, unsurpassed in beauty, shine on and on, refulgent and immortal.

Fortunately, however, for the world, there are hundreds of men of large fortunes whose intelligent generosity has proved of inestimable benefit to mankind. Their unostentatious mode of life, their constant effort to alleviate the conditions of others who are less fortunate, the support of our hospitals, the gifts to our public museums, the eternal response to the eternal appeal merely emphasize that there are two kinds of millionaires as opposed to each other in precept and in principle as are the antipodes. In every town in every state men like the above can be found, faithful and just stewards of that wealth which has been either inherited or acquired.

At Oberammergau

The day when millions can be accumulated through privilege is over. The public is alert. Franchises are no longer granted behind closed doors. The taxpayers become volunteer investigators.

From the hour when human needs took precedence in questions of legislation, the death knell of the old methods was struck. A man can earn the limit of his energy and of his brain, but he can no longer ignore the righteous claims of those less richly endowed. What was once the dawn of the tomorrow is now the noonday sun of the day in which we live.

In 1910 Anne Morgan and I motored to Oberammergau to witness the Passion Play. It had not been overwritten. Not even the tourist bureaus could rob it of its dignity. The crowds were disturbing, yet the magnet which produced them was so impressive as even to dignify their presence.

The only jarring note was a booth which had been erected directly facing the main entrance, from which chewing gum was being dispensed for the first time to the German people. It seemed alien to the *Hausfrau*, for she never in the world could become used to a patch of half-chewed gum splashed upon a door or plastered on the seat of a chair.

The Lang family was conspicuous in the cast, and we were so impressed by the activity of one of its younger members, then thirteen years of age, that when later he wrote asking us to help him emigrate to a broader field of accomplishment we responded to his appeal, brought him to this country, placed him with the New York Edison Company, until at twenty-three years of age he became an American citizen at the head of a business of his own.

Chauffeurs

In Oberammergau during the performance he was a bearer of palms, and during the intervals a light porter around our lodgings. He had studied the labels on the hand bags while he carried them, in order to learn English—an enterprising youth, more inspired, I fear, by a business sense than by the inspiration of his pious calling. Nevertheless, young Otto Lang has never been a case of misplaced confidence. Our faith in him was amply justified.

Wanderings often take us far afield, and probably one of our greatest joys in traveling is suddenly to stumble upon some hidden corner of the earth, greeting us with an enchantment for which we are unprepared. Certain names of certain places fall trippingly from our tongues. There are corners even the thousands of visitors cannot spoil.

One of these is Isola Bella, that Italian island of mystical and compelling beauty which seems to float upon the Lago Maggiore. The soft and quivering green of the aspen, the languorous odor of the gardens, the alluring vision of the white peacock strutting up and down the marble steps with his graceful outspread tail—all make one relax with the joy of sensuous being. Life in retrospective at such moments seems a protest against sordidness and the discord of ugliness. Main Street is, happily, miles away, and its very creation is resisted as an expression of an unlovely influence.

France, too, is full of such surprises, and as there is hardly a locality with which I am unfamiliar, I can promise any motorist this pleasure, provided he will not be a victim of his chauffeur, who, if left to himself, will invariably select the straight stretches of hot white roads in preference to the shady side lanes. No men are more devoid of all imagination than are chauffeurs. I have often thought that a little of this quality might even be applied to the care of the engines they control. How often have I sat in the broiling sun, knowing full well that before we could start once more I should have to listen to a whole rigmarole of technicalities, thrown off in explanation of what was probably the matter, only to discover at the end that the cause of the difficulty was some trivial obstruction which even a child might have detected. Of all pretentious idiots, give me the average chauffeur machinist. How often does he ever know even the points of the compass? How often has he any sense of direction? How often does he evince the slightest intelligence in selecting routes?

In face of an emergency is he able as a rule to extricate himself if left to his own devices? I ask you.

Yet how they swagger and swank and terrorize by talking glibly about the parts of a very simple machine which it is their everyday business to understand.

I remember once hearing a father of three daughters, all of whom married very worthless men, state that the entire virtues of his sons-in-law combined would scarcely produce one decent citizen. I feel very much the same way when I recall the long list of experts who have condescended to drive my cars.

First among systems which should be abolished is the one which relieves from any financial responsibility the employe who drives a machine when he alone is the cause of accident. It is the employer who pays every time, whether it be for speeding, injury or death. It is the employer who takes out the insurance and who settles the amount of damages. Were it not for this fact there would be fewer accidents, believe me. Let some system be devised by which the chauffeur, when he is to blame, will be forced to pay the premium, and the list of casualties would perceptibly decrease.

Nothing will ever protect the public from the stupidity, blindness and carelessness of these fellows except through forcing a few throbs out of their pocket nerve.

An honest, sober and intelligent chauffeur machinist is indeed the noblest work of God. However, I have served my apprenticeship with the material I had at hand, so that I in turn can do a bit of bossing. I have learned a sufficient amount of cheap swagger to terrorize when necessary the gentleman who consents to drive me, and I can make as good a guess as he can as to what is the matter when my machine refuses to budge.

Therefore I travel with a fair amount of satisfaction, managing always to select the best roads for my purpose, roads which though having a good surface, nevertheless lead sufficiently off the beaten track to protect one from dust and inspire one with interest. I advise every owner to drive his car mentally, even though he may be too indolent to drive it actually. It is only in this way that he can be certain of enjoyment and be sure that among other things he is heading north instead of south or vice versa.

Miss de Wolfe and I were among the first Americans to visit the Hostellerie of William the Conqueror, at Dives, which is hidden in a corner of Normandy, although not very far from the haunts of fashionable Trouville and Cabourg.

A Normandy Innkeeper

We had read a delightful book by Anna Bowman Dodd called Three Normandy Inns, which had just been published. There was a freshness and sincerity about this little guide which made us determine to hunt up one of the inns at least. We were fortunate in our choice, and I recall with pleasant memory our first impressions as we turned into the quaint courtyard, which has since become so familiar to the tourist. The Hostellerie in those days was much less pretentious than at present. It has since been extended both in size and in importance. Then there were only a few high lights of attraction. There were not so many exotic animals, not so many private dining rooms, not so many pieces of old furniture or bits of old porcelain, not so many kitchens or chefs or serving men and maids.

The present patron, Le Remois, was still the obedient son of his masterful mother. I can see the old woman in my crystal ball, sitting in her doorway with picturesque white bonnet on her head, every inch a peasant, and proud of the fact. A devout Catholic and a practical citizen, rugged and righteous, able and dominant, such was Madame le Remois when I knew her at over eighty years of age. Unable any longer to go about on account of her rheumatism, she nevertheless sat supreme in her little office, the head and the director of her domain. The cash box was always at her side, and the daybook and inkwell were in front of her. Not a cent of expense was incurred without her permission. It was she who dictated the items on each bill. Not a cup was broken without her knowledge, not an ounce of food was prepared without her authority. Her son, then going on towards sixty, breathed, lived and had his being through *Ma mère*. It was she who doled out to him every day the pennies which he was privileged to spend, and when he returned from one of his outings, driving a small sturdy white stallion, called Henri II, his first duty was to enter the office and there report in detail to his mother every incident and every expenditure of his day. Each centime had to be explained, as no general accounting was acceptable to the old lady. Her one really trusted employe

Continued on Page 129

Only the brave deserve the fair!

Today *thoughtfulness* is the virtue women most admire in men. So if you would win, be thoughtful. Try *this* and see:

Tonight take her Johnston's Choice Box. It contains two and twenty dainties. No two alike. The name of each piece is printed on a card exactly under each piece.

When *she* opens the box—just *casually* note which kind she likes best. And the little book that comes inside the box will tell you, unerringly, which Johnston box to bring—next time.

And she'll never know how you found out.

Only the brave deserve the fair—but discretion is the better part of valor.

Purity

Johnston's chocolates are *famous* for their purity.

Made to the most exacting standards, even the very air is washed before it enters the room in which Johnston's dainties are created.

You will find the Choice Box in most good stores in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c for a sample Choice Box. You will be delighted with its goodness.

Johnston's

TAILORED AT

READY-TO

PAR-KERRY
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

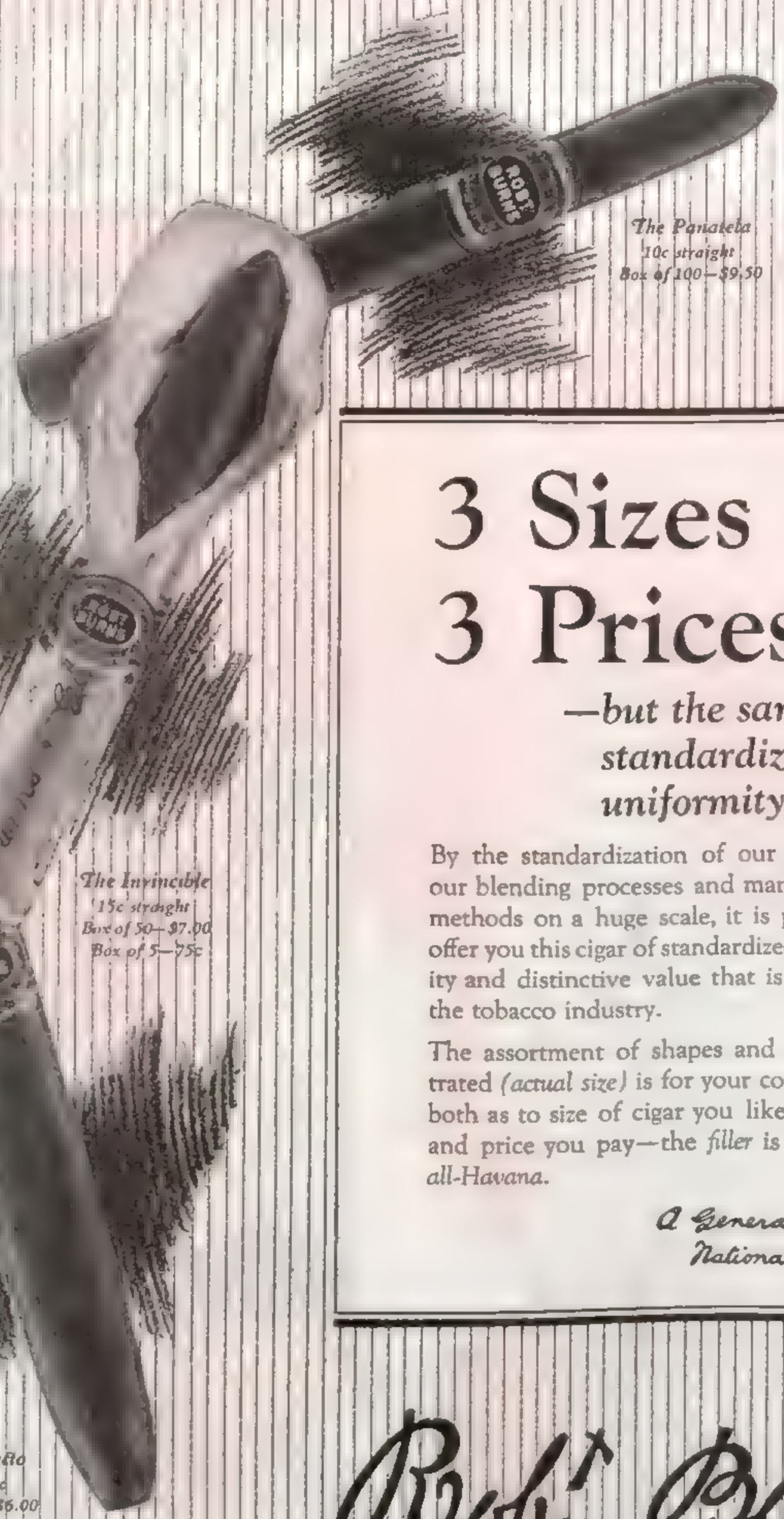
PAR-KERRY

FASHION PARK

—PUT—ON

PAR-KERRY
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

OVERCOATS



3 Sizes 3 Prices

—but the same standardized uniformity in all

By the standardization of our purchases, our blending processes and manufacturing methods on a huge scale, it is possible to offer you this cigar of standardized uniformity and distinctive value that is unique in the tobacco industry.

The assortment of shapes and sizes illustrated *(actual size)* is for your convenience, both as to size of cigar you like to smoke and price you pay—the *filler* is the same, *all-Havana*.

A General Cigar Co.
National Brand

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

Rob't Burns Cigar

(Continued from Page 124)

was Mees, the secretary whom she had trained into her ways. It was this middle-aged woman who got about in all the rooms, who counted the linen, who saw that the servants did not idle, and incidentally kept tab on M. le Remois, the son. Any sidetracking on his part was quickly detected and reported to madame.

After the latter's death, Mees married Le Remois, which was an economical arrangement, as the heir to the inn was thus provided with a working and efficient housekeeper, to whom no wages had to be paid. Together they still direct the destinies of the Hostellerie of William the Conqueror, and under their direction have doubtless amassed a snug fortune.

On one occasion during our residence at the inn there was a family wedding, the bride being a favorite niece of madame's. Laid carefully away in a cedar chest was the peasant costume which had been hers since youth. It was taken out only on a gala occasion, such as the wedding in question. But the relations who had long since spurned this style of dress were always begging Mme. le Remois to cast it aside as obsolete and to follow their example by wearing modern apparel. Yet the old lady remained loyal and obdurate.

The Mayor Holds Court

She refused absolutely ever to appear in public except in her picturesque costume, and when one of the young people begged her at least to don a straw hat, with a courtly gesture she exclaimed: "Straw hats may be worn by my domestics, but not by me."

Dives was then a very small place consisting of a few houses, two or three shops, a school and the old church, around the inside portals of which, cut in stone, are the names of the brave knights who embarked from this little seaport to cross the Channel and to conquer England, taking with them incidentally the fashion of road hedges and of fenceless fields.

However, the limited size of Dives did not do away with the office of mayor, to which honor M. le Remois had been duly elected. One afternoon at the height of the tourist season two one-horse cabs collided before the door of the inn. The coachmen, one a Parisian and the other a Norman, entered the courtyard, each vociferously claiming damages and each casting epithets upon the other which were more vigorous than considerate. The case was serious. The mayor must sit in judgment, but not until his official scarf was fetched from the *mairie*, not until a provisional table had been set up, not until pen, ink and paper had been provided, and not until the scullion in white cap was summoned to act as clerk of the court.

The testimony was finally taken. It was evident that the liability would fall upon the driver from Paris, when suddenly the man from Le Remois' own district, feeling confident of his victory, pulled out a package of cigarettes, struck a match and began to smoke.

At sight of this indignity the mayor bounded screaming from his seat.

"You scoundrel, you good-for-nothing, you impudent rascal! How dare you, you scum of the earth, smoke in the nose of the Mayor of Dives!"

The scene ended, and a fine was speedily imposed upon the miscreant who had thus insulted a high calling.

Many celebrities used to affect this interesting inn. It was the last note of real luxury, framed in a medieval setting. One's imagination was always stimulated. Le Remois had the natural enthusiasm of all collectors, for even with his small personal allowance he succeeded in picking up quaint furniture, china and artistic nothings which gave the atmosphere to the place and which attracted visitors from far and wide. His venerable mother, like many of her generation, regarded his purchases only as pure folly. She never realized when she ordered the appetizing lobster or chicken prepared after her rich receipts that the prices put on the bills would never have been obtainable from any but wealthy patrons who were attracted by the good taste of her son.

When we first lodged there we occupied rooms which were called The Room of Mme. de Sévigné and The Room of the Curate. That the famous lady of literature once lodged there was a tradition, but it evidently seemed more discreet never to divulge the identity of the curate. On the weekly market day the peasants used to pour into the courtyard and eat their noonday meal without interference. As there were many calls for wine, beer and pick-ups the inn made rather a good thing out of these simple customers.

The first time that I met Mlle. Cécile Sorel was at Dives. She had just created a furor in Paris in the rôle of Napoleon's sister Eliza in Madame Sans-Gêne. Her beauty was at that time extraordinary and her great vitality the keynote of her splendid physique. She was young, she was lovely, she was talented. The world would soon be at her feet. I can see her now in my crystal ball standing beside her pony cart, redolent of health and full of energy, the essence of frank good humor, gay and adventurous, the real Parisienne who played at country enjoyments while looking forward to her return to the boulevards.

At the same time a number of friendly Americans were housed at the inn, also Monsieur Guillaume, who was a professor at the Beaux-Arts; King Milan, of Serbia; not to mention a constant string of people who were coming and going and who lent interest to this passing show. The toilet accommodations were limited and the water supply scarce, but what did it matter? We were a jolly crowd, riding on our bicycles some fifteen miles to Caen, or perhaps taking a dash as far as gay Trouville, where we saw high life as it was then understood.

How often have Mlle. Sorel and ourselves referred to this spot of our first meeting. In after years when she had become an admired actress in the House of Molière, with her card laconically engraved "Cécile Sorel de la Comédie Française," one had to travel back in memory to recall that early snapshot taken in the sixteenth-century courtyard of a Normandy inn.

During the winter for many years Elsie and I were both working so hard that nearly all our social pleasures had to be confined to the summer months. It was then that we were in the midst of a whirl of gayety, keeping up our old friendships and cementing new ones.

One principle in life to which I have been fairly faithful is always to cultivate people who are better and finer and cleverer than myself. It is more morally wholesome to bend one's knees back and look up than to drop one's head forward and look down.

Nothing is so demoralizing as to spend precious hours in the society of mental inferiors whose adn iration is valueless and whose adulation is dangerous. To be satisfied with such companionship is either the indication of an inferior mentality or of an egregious vanity. On the other hand, to be able to submerge one's own accomplishments in the greater performances of others is of inestimable benefit to the growth of character and to the development of mind.

There is a strange twist in people, however, which I have often remarked. Some of those who are most fastidious in taste in material things will fill their rooms with a collection of human inadequates who beggar description. I sometimes think that the prevalent use of external cosmetic eats out the internal brain if persisted in long enough.

Max Beerbohm wrote an essay on The Defense of Cosmetics which was never intended to convince, its purpose being merely one of gracious encouragement. Were my crystal ball smeared with rouge and smirched with lip stick it would be of little value to me. Happily it is clear and clean, so that its reflections are reliable.

Trial Flights at Le Mans

If only women would learn that the real elixir of life can be found within, that if peace and content and kindness dwell in their souls, then there is no surer protection against the ravages of time. If only they will study the art of growing old gracefully, accumulating such intrinsic resources of happiness that when the years are checked off they will only mean greater and deeper interests and a more intense rejoicing in God's gift of life. Thus they can look towards the sinking sun, not as an ending but as a beginning of something more beautiful than anything they have yet known.

The silver sheen of peaceful old age will illuminate their faces and death when it comes will be robbed of all sting.

I have frequently visited the French city of Le Mans, but always under widely different circumstances. With the exception of a tourist's impression of a dull place, it had assumed no interest in my eyes until 1908, when Anne Morgan and I journeyed there in order to witness the initial flight of Wilbur Wright, the birdman from Dayton, Ohio.

We were fortunate in making the acquaintance of Hart O. Berg, a successful promoter, and of his charming wife, who was an Englishwoman. It was through the former's enterprising spirit that the arrangements were made which resulted in this important test of Wright's invention. Santos-Dumont, Maxim and the Blériots were already experimenting in the science of modern aviation. The world was awake to the importance of this new subject of study, and though flying was still in its infancy, the moment had come to show the practical side of it.

To the honor and glory of America, it was Wilbur Wright who demonstrated the feasibility of flying. It was he who proved to a doubting public that the chief obstacle had been overcome and that the perfecting of details was then merely a matter of time.

The aërodrome was several kilometers out of Le Mans, and only French officials, capitalists and a few personal intruders like ourselves were invited to witness these preliminary trials. Mr. Wright's confidence was convincing to those of us who met him. He was not in France as an experimentalist. He had solved his problems in Dayton. Reason and not chance was his guide. But at this time wind and weather played no small part in aviation. Both had to be reckoned with. Therefore we had to wait patiently several days before he decided to fly. These delays aroused skepticism, of course. The atmosphere of doubt was everywhere, there were whispering groups gathered in the lobby of the hotel. Bits of unfavorable criticism were gleaned upon the street corner.

The Triumph of Wilbur Wright

However, nothing had any effect upon the inventor. He went ahead stolidly about his business until the auspicious moment arrived. There was a light wind blowing on the afternoon of this historical day. It was slowly dying down towards six o'clock. We who sat on the grand stand were quivering with excitement, still uncertain as to Wright's action. Suddenly we saw his tall gaunt figure saunter across the field where the machine had been hauled. In those days aëroplanes upon a given signal were shot from a form of catapult.

Wright climbed into his seat. The assistants started the propellers. The machine was set in motion. Never have I experienced a greater thrill than when I saw those broad white wings spread in their upward flight. They mounted steadily and with a surprising speed, though the height reached was low, only a few hundred feet, yet this fact made no difference. The air had been conquered. The supreme invention had passed beyond the realm of experiment, and it was the genius of the Wright brothers from Dayton, Ohio, which was stamped upon the face of Europe.

How often in after years when during the war perhaps as many as thirty planes would fly of an afternoon over our lawn at Versailles, rushing from Buc and Villecoublay to reach the fighting front, I would recall those summer days in Le Mans, when we sat contemplating Wilbur Wright's initial efforts with pleasure and pride, but without the slightest realization that this small and imperfect aëroplane was but the forerunner of the army force to become such a vital factor in the war, which at that time had not even cast its shadow over the world.

One of Wilbur Wright's peculiarities, if so it can be called, was that he refused absolutely to use foreign material in the making or repairing of his machine. He had taken over with him American machinists and American supplies. He depended literally upon his home market. The reason of this was simple. He had tested out American merchandise. He knew he could rely upon it, whereas whatever was bought of foreign manufacture must perforce be an unknown equation. His was the life at stake and he did not mean to take any unnecessary chances. I remember how completely his morale broke down when the news of Orville Wright's accident, in Washington, was flashed across the ocean. Though his brother escaped, his fellow passenger had paid the price of this adventure, through no fault of the careful pilot, but through circumstances which could not have been avoided.

The development of the new industry was rapid. Factory after factory was established. Invention after invention was

Who Should Simoniz?

1 *The owner of a new car*

One of the first things you should do is to apply a brilliant, transparent coating of Simoniz. It will keep the dust and dirt from becoming imbedded in the paint and protect it in all weather.

2 *The owner of a used car*

Make your car look its quality. Remove the discolorations with Simon's Kleener and prepare the surface for a protective coating of Simoniz which will restore the original lustre of the finish.

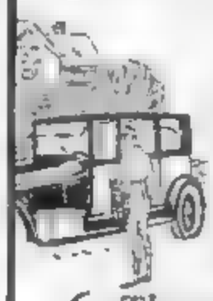
3 *The tourist*

Simoniz your motor car before you start so it will be easy to keep clean and beautiful. Travel marks can be quickly removed with a soft cloth without the slightest injury to the finish. You should no more think of starting a trip without Simonizing than without a jack.

4 *The social woman—the business man*

Unquestionably the appearance of your motor car is part of the impression you create. For city and suburban driving your car must be clean and beautiful. It will always look right if you Simoniz it.

5 *The chauffeur*



The easiest and safest way to keep any car clean and protect its fine finish is to Simoniz it. Avoid substitutes and your employer will always notice the fine appearance of his car.

6 *The automobile dealer*

When you receive your cars from the factory Simoniz them immediately. It keeps the dust out of the porous paint and so preserves the original lustre.

Winter weather causes rapid deterioration of fine automobile finishes unless they are safely protected with Simoniz.

No acid! Simonizing never injures any good finish. That's why automobile painters, dealers and distributors recommend it.

A Simoniz Kit will be a useful and acceptable gift this Christmas.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2116 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
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Motorists Wise
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MOTHERS! Here is the most beautiful number in children's stockings we have ever designed. It has warmth—appearance and it is made in brown, grey and buck. It can also be had in full length stocking. Ask for style No. 15.

NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY
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tried out. Only a little while and we were at the aerodrome in Rheims watching Latham, one of the most brilliant of all the aviators, circle over the grand stand and literally over the head of the President of the French Republic. Then Pegoud, the trick flyer, who first looped the loop. It was all very exhilarating to note as exciting incident that which later was taken as a matter of course.

A most vivid personality is now reflected in my crystal ball—none other than Henry Adams, that brilliant and recognized influence for so many years in Washington society. Descended from a historical family which boasted of two Presidents of the United States and of men of even greater value than those who had held office, Henry Adams was an international figure in literature, politics and society. His acquaintance was large. He knew intimately the majority of those who were eminent in the world. His opinions were respected, his advice sought. His contributions to history were widely read. He was as familiar a figure in Boston, in London and in Paris as he was in Washington. He received the friendship of the élite and he gave his friendship to the lowly. It was fitting that he should write his biography and that he should finally release that admirable book, which was first circulated privately, dealing with Chartres and St. Michel.

I owe much to my association with him, which was recurrent for more than a decade. It was he who first revealed to me the beauty and the meaning of stained glass. Hundreds of times I had stood before windows of such intrinsic loveliness as those in the Sainte-Chapelle, Paris, in Beauvais, in Chartres and elsewhere, without either understanding or appreciating them, and it was not until Mr. Adams became my guide and teacher that I was able to realize the marvels of this expression in art or to differentiate between the creations of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and the modern imitations from Munich or the modern substitutes from Nancy.

No man was a more delightful companion. His library was his kingdom, and though he exhibited a rare tolerance when confronted with such ignorance as mine, one felt that it was he who was the master of his books. They had become a part of him. It was his rich intellect which supplemented their usefulness and which suggested what to take from them of value and what to leave as of slight importance. He had many nieces, either through relation or from adoption, but though I was years his junior he always insisted that I was his only aunt.

I doubt whether any visitor or student in the Cathedral of Chartres ever gleaned as much of its spirit as did Henry Adams. Its very soul seemed to have penetrated his being. He loved it as a lover. He wrote of it as a historian, and I shall never stand beneath its lancet windows which he described as "jeweled," without feeling the presence of this courtly and lovable old friend who had been to me the interpreter of their beauty.

Memories of Bourke Cockran

In the Rock Creek Cemetery near Washington, hidden in massive foliage, is a monument by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, erected by Henry Adams in memory of his wife. It stands without either tablet or description. As an expression of silent grief it is so intensive in its art and in its appeal that as one gazes at its compelling majesty, the man who in the sublimity of his vision was inspired to command it shares now in everlasting honor with the genius who created it.

Though in my early days politicians interested me but little, yet to listen to their addresses was often a pleasure, not because of the sentiments they voiced, but because the fall of phrases has always proved a singular attraction to me.

I used to sit in the galleries to hear the noted speakers wherever I happened to be, but nowhere in the world did I find anyone possessing a greater gift of oratory than the late W. Bourke Cockran. He was my friend for thirty years and I can recall many different occasions when I had the privilege of listening to him. He was the last of the old school and a fitting successor to Daniel Webster, whose speeches are still studied as forensic models.

Bourke Cockran could talk eloquently upon any subject with which he was in sympathy, after merely a cursory study of its facts. He could carry a message to the multitude so that they were moved and convinced. He could sway a crowd and impress an audience. His vitality was second only to his enthusiasm.

As a man he was richly endowed with personal gifts and acquirements. In friendship he was proverbially generous and faithful. It was impossible for him to be anything but loyal in his affections. Despite his social popularity, he remained simple and apparently unaffected by the praise and flattery with which he was surrounded. His hospitality was endless, his helpfulness universal. Notwithstanding that he came to our country from Sligo when only a lad of seventeen, during the fifty-two years of his residence in America he never lost his Hibernian accent. His wit was inexhaustible, and on the public platform he could answer any heckler and reply to any opponent.

I remember once when he was speaking before a motley audience of two thousand in Tammany Hall that an agitator, aware of his sympathy with the Sinn Feins in Ireland, thought to embarrass him by shouting:

"Vat about the Irish question? Vat haf you to say about dat, Mr. Cockran?"

Whereupon with the greatest good humor Cockran turned in the direction of the disturber and said, "After the meeting I shall be very glad to discuss this with the gentleman having the Connemara accent"; which, of course, brought down the house.

His anecdotes of his boyhood in the old country were many, but especially do I remember his description of the farmhouse over which his wonderful mother presided. There was a large family of children, of which Bourke was the eldest. Devout and pious Catholics, it was the custom to bring each day to a close by reading aloud from the Lives of the Saints.

On the night of Cockran's death, in Washington, a friend who had been with him after dinner celebrating his sixty-ninth birthday related that when she was leaving at midnight he insisted upon escorting her to her automobile. The stars were shining brightly. Moonlight was over all. After saying good night he paused for a moment on the steps of his house, and the last glimpse my friend had of him was standing silently, his hands clasped and his face upturned. Doubtless he was uttering a silent prayer, the substance of all he hoped for, the confirmation of all he believed.

Viviani's Five-Franc Cigars

Jaurès, who was shot in 1914, was a great orator in the French Chamber, as is Viviani, who has frequently been heard in our country. My first recollection of the latter was in the early '90's, when he was brought to us at Versailles by that classical soubrette of the Théâtre Français, Mlle. Rachel Boyer. We were sitting on the terrace after luncheon when Mr. Viviani drew from his pocket a cigar, which he asked our permission to smoke.

At this time he was a violent radical, upholding every socialistic doctrine, bitterly antagonistic to the clerical and military parties, advocating the rights of labor, and even going so far as to approve of the Deputies in the Chamber appearing there in overalls and blue jeans. He posed as the man of the masses. I asked him with apparent innocence what brand of cigar he preferred. He showed me the paper band and said that this was the only kind he ever smoked. I happened to know that they cost five francs each. I begged to take a snapshot of him.

He said, "With pleasure, but allow me to put down my cigar."

"No; kindly hold it. It will make the picture more natural."

After I had clicked the bulb and closed up my camera I said, "Now, Mr. Viviani, I have something which will vastly interest your constituents—a portrait showing you in the act of smoking a five-franc cigar."

He tried to smile, but it was a very perfunctory response to my joke. He was never at ease with me after that; in fact, in very recent years he referred to the incident, evidently afraid of polite blackmailing. The difference between an American and a French politician under similar circumstances is that the former would distribute the high-priced tobacco he smoked amongst his supporters, regardless of the cost, thus proving himself to be a good mixer and entitled to their votes.

Possibly we are all more or less savage by nature, for unless we are as phlegmatic as

(Continued on Page 133)

The Apollo CHOCOLATES
They're different

The Apollo CHOCOLATES
They're different

"Her Selection"

TO give Apollo is the nicest way to say "Only the *best* is good enough for You."

She will have a thrill of delight as she opens the box. Even to the smallest details, everything about Apollo Chocolates expresses a perfection that lifts both you and your candy above all others in her regard.

Take her a box of Apollo today. You'll find it at the better stores.

"Her Selection" is the name of a delightful Apollo assortment particularly popular with the younger set. $1.50 per pound

A Word to MEN

Twenty-six years ago the founder of this business pledged himself to make only the very finest chocolates.

That policy remains today the soul of the Apollo organization. Our pledge of quality will never be broken. You can confidently rely upon supreme quality in choosing Apollo Chocolates for every occasion.

In all assortments the quality is the same. Prices vary only according to the number of expensive pieces in each assortment. $1.00 to $1.75.

When you want only the finest, take her Apollo.

PRESIDENT

F. H. ROBERTS CO., 128 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Mercury:
While slippery to the touch, mercury has no lubrication value because it will not stick to any surface—it will not form a film.
Water:
Water will stick to practically any surface, forming a perfect film. But this film is so tender that it is broken by the slightest pressure or friction and will not withstand heat. Water will not maintain a film and therefore is useless as a lubricant.
Machine Oil:
Ordinary machine oil when cool forms a perfect film which resists pressure and friction. The slightest accession of temperature, however, causes it to thin out to a degree which would make it dangerous to use as a motor lubricant.
Motor Oil:
Motor oil forms a tenacious film and is a satisfactory lubricant for both cold and hot surfaces provided it maintains a high degree of viscosity and holds its body under heat.
The HAVOLINE Curve of Quality:
HAVOLINE
ordinary oil
Note how HAVOLINE holds its body under the working temperatures of your motor.
BEARINGS
PISTON WALLS
WR. ST. PINS
VISCOSITY
TEMPERATURE

It Fights Heat

Don't judge the value of a motor oil by its color or its "feel." The qualities characteristic of a lubricant of the highest type declare themselves only through *use*.

Mercury and water possess some of the characteristics of motor oils, but obviously have no lubricating value. Machine oil suits the lubricating needs of a lawn mower to perfection, but would be of little more use than mercury or water when subjected to the terrific heat generated in an automobile motor.

Ordinary motor oils, even though made for use in an internal combustion engine, do not maintain their body to a sufficient degree to give perfect lubrication. The moving parts in your motor are heated in some cases to more than 300° F. The hotter they are the more sensitive are they to the destructive action of friction and the more necessary becomes an oil which will *not thin out under heat*.

Havoline is such an oil.

By maintaining a high*viscosity under all motor temperatures, Havoline gives the widest margin of safety. It provides the wheels upon which the moving parts run silently and efficiently. It forms a thin, tenacious, slippery coating on every metal surface. No sudden acceleration can squeeze it out of a bearing or break its perfect piston seal.

Other oils *may* lubricate your motor properly but Havoline *does*. This has been proved by nearly a quarter century of use in all types of motors.

And Havoline is unique among the better oils in another respect. *It is absolutely uniform*. Buy it in Maine or California, Canada or Florida, it will always be the same because it is the product of one grade of crude, produced under uniform conditions in one great refinery.

Wherever you live or wherever you tour there is a dealer nearby who shows the Havoline Sign. Buy your motor oil from him. He has a chart which shows the correct grade of Havoline for your car.

**Viscosity is that property which enables an oil to form and maintain an oil film.*

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK
Incorporated
Branches in 158 cities
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Ask for

HAVOLINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

the *UNIFORM* motor oil

(Continued from Page 130)

bivalves we thrill at the mere thought of adventure and tremble at the sheer expectancy of risk, thus the feverish excitement of watching trainers enter a lion's cage may be attributed to this undercurrent of masked emotion and account for the hope which is always dormant that if any catastrophe is really going to happen we would like to be on hand at the happening.

The Place d'Armes, at Versailles, was an admirable locality for the itinerant circus. Each year the great Hagenbeck with his magnificent menagerie of wild beasts made it his headquarters for a fortnight. We, together with some American neighbors, had reserved for the opening three center boxes which commanded not only the ring but the runway.

The place was crowded. One act after another was performed to the delight of this suburban audience. The salient feature of seeing the world-renowned trainer actually enter with his lions, tigers and leopards was to be the climax of the evening's enjoyment. Suddenly a blast of trumpets, and there they came, slinking, crawling, recalcitrant and snarling, with Hagenbeck himself, long and lithe of limb, agile as a deer and dominant as a ruler.

There had been a severe thunderstorm earlier in the evening, which accounted, as was explained, for the unusual restlessness of the animals. They were refractory and rebellious, although we assumed that the constant cracking of the whip and the recurrent explosion of the pistol were only part of the exhibition, intended to emphasize the danger in the elementary mind of the public.

Two leopards were unduly ugly, however. Their disobedience to the authority of their trainer was evident. They simply refused to obey. Thus there was a sense of relief when the act was brought to a close and when the animals slunk off one by one. The last to leave the ring were the two leopards. Not for a second had their master, with his lynxlike eyes, relaxed his attention. He had never ceased to concentrate his will power upon them until they had actually crossed the sill of the cage and had started down the runway. The tension had been extreme. The man relaxed, but it was the infinitesimal part of a second too soon. The leopards turned. They fell upon him. They dragged him to the ground while uttering guttural sounds of savage triumph.

To those of us who were present the scene was one never to be forgotten. Dozens of assistants rushed in with hot irons, clubs and revolvers. The animals were finally pulled off from the bleeding body of their victim. They were hurled into confinement behind the iron bars.

Hagenbeck himself, with a pallor that was deadly, stumbled to the exit, striving to raise his arm with a gesture of reassurance. But the poor fellow was not superhuman, despite his splendid courage. We saw him totter, then fall. He was lifted out by the attendants, while his manager insisted that he had not been seriously injured.

The following day we went to the local hospital, where we found that he had his arm and thigh terribly torn and mangled. It was six weeks before he was discharged, yet in talking to him it was evident that he was counting the days until he could return to his beloved beasts and resume his life's work among them.

Ramblings in Spain and Italy

My journeyings were not confined to France and England. Each summer an extended motor trip was in order. Notwithstanding that the roads were less good in both Italy and Spain, we found so much compensation in the beauty and art of these countries that we accepted the less comfortable conditions without a murmur. So far as filth and fleas are concerned, tours through the south of France provide an excellent preliminary education. One can learn there how to overcome the first and how to kill the second. It is merely a question of habit, after all. Taking tubs, by the way, does not necessarily insure cleanliness. I remember that one of my early suitors was an Englishman who had a lovely tenor voice. He was eternally talking about his "barth." Yet I discovered that in summer he wore his woolen coat and trousers next to his skin on account of the heat. His habit of never wearing underclothing during the hot months I later ascertained was not uncommon in England. Therefore it is difficult for me to become impressed by the frequent ablutions of our English cousins.

F. Marion Crawford was one of my friends and clients. His home at Sorrento, Italy, was very lovely. His visits to America, however, became more and more frequent as the years went on, owing to the financial exigencies caused by an ever-growing family. Crawford could never indulge in rest. He was a prolific writer. Hardly had one novel left the press before another was under way. He wrote with a persistent regularity I have rarely seen equaled. He lived always very simply. He especially disliked show and splurge of any kind. He avoided crowds and absolutely refused to be lionized. His friends were few, but these he saw frequently and trusted absolutely. In our business relations, which extended unbroken to the day of his death, he was invariably reasonable and considerate, always courteous and appreciative.

His early novel, To Leeward, was considered very daring at the time it was written by the then young author. Contrast it now with the literature which floods the country. It could almost be admitted into a Sunday-school library.

Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, sister-in-law of Edith Wharton, lived in a charming old house in West Eleventh Street. She was in the habit of giving Sunday luncheons which are among my most cherished reminiscences. There one was assured of meeting really good society. Men like Marion Crawford, John La Farge, John Sargent, Augustus Saint-Gaudens and others of equal distinction were her constant guests.

Mrs. Jack Gardner's Collection

Marion Crawford's love of Italy inspired many of his novels. They reflected the surroundings in this country of his adoption. He knew the children of the soil, and even here felt more at home while wandering through our Italian quarters than when he strolled up Fifth Avenue. He was very tall and handsome. When he smiled his face became illuminated with gentleness.

Another friend of ours in Italy was Bernard Berenson, the authority on fifteenth-century art. He and his capable English wife, Mary Berenson, also an excellent writer, live just outside of Florence. He is one of the few men I have ever known whose intellectual acumen is supplemented by a keen commercial sense. He not only knows how to purchase advantageously but how to sell as well. His word is law with dealers and collectors. How often he has shriveled the value of an acquisition by dubbing it a fake. I have never heard of him dodging the truth, and many a collector who has sent for him to be flattered by the approval of his taste has been mortified to discover from Berenson that he had been the victim of a fraud. Some of the best private collections in our country are due to Bernard Berenson's knowledge and advice. He is very modest, however, in claiming any credit for his part in them, preferring with infinite generosity that the owner of the treasures for which he is responsible should have all the glory of their selection.

In the case of Mrs. Jack Gardner, of Boston, her friendship with Berenson dated over many years. Her early purchases were frequently made in his company. However, her own taste was so great and her power of assimilating knowledge was so extraordinary that those with whom she enjoyed any intimacy became unconsciously endowed by the wealth of her imaginings, and it is no exaggeration to state that in the minds of the art connoisseurs of Europe, Boston is on the map merely because it is there that Mrs. Gardner lives, and it is in the Fenway that she has created an Italian palace full of the wonders of centuries. It is a monument built by herself which will stand as an everlasting tribute to her memory and to her vision. Like the Duc d'Aumale, who bequeathed Chantilly to his nation, so will this museum of art pass some day to the city of Boston to become its glory and its pride. No woman in the world was ever possessed of such human radio as Isabella Gardner. In recent years she has led a very secluded life, admitting only her old friends at intervals. Her mind is as brilliant as ever and her interests as keen. Doubtless she feels that she must husband her precious hours as the glass of life is turned. She knows the value of every minute of every day and refuses to have her last years devastated by the curious or vandalized by the indolent. She will die as she has lived, a very great lady.

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BERRY BROTHERS
Varnishes Enamels Stains
Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

I remember a typical incident connected with Perugia. After a long day spent in and about Assisi, where we reveled in the memories of blessed Saint Francis, whose spirit still walks upon the earth, we retired to rest, our rooms in the hotel facing a terrace which was evidently the popular resort of the town. Though realizing when our lights were extinguished that many of the inhabitants were still upon the stone benches, we were totally unprepared for the noises which grew and grew as the night went on. Each time we looked out of our windows we saw that the crowd was denser. Babies in arms, children who were toddling, youth and old age—all had poured into the square. It was unbearable. Did these people of Perugia never sleep? Or did they play all night and rest all day? One thing was certain, we would move away as soon as possible, for evidently any peace in this Italian town was out of the question.

At seven o'clock in the morning we summoned the proprietor, upbraiding him for having given us such impossible accommodations. Wringing his hands in apology the good man assured us that the incidents of the night were unusual. He explained everything by telling us that it had been prophesied in the local paper that this was the date set for the end of the world, that the citizens of Perugia, firmly believing this, had decided that it would be pleasanter to assemble in the public square and there to die together. Besides, once in the open they might have a chance to persuade the Almighty to deal gently with them, whereas to remain in their houses would make them victims of falling brick and crashing timber, and preclude any direct intercourse with God, Who ruled from behind the stars.

I remember once remarking to Berenson that I was surprised at never finding any variety of cultivated small fruits in Italy. I missed the peaches and the pears and the pictorial apples trained upon the garden walls of France.

"You need not be surprised," replied my friend. "The care of fruits requires infinite attention and persistent labor. The Italians are far too lazy to be bothered with the growth of anything which means work. It is true that they grow babies, because they look to the future when these same babies will emigrate to the United States, become rich, and support their parents and relations who remain in Italy."

Loafing in Good Company

Padua and Venice will always be associated in my mind with a friend who is as little of an Italian in her composition as is any woman I know. She is none other than Mrs. Frances Wolcott, widow of the late Senator Edward Wolcott, of Colorado. She insists that she saw the first white child born in Denver. Whether this is a flight of her athletic imagination or not is really of no consequence. The fact remains that she is the closest electrical connection I know between Pike's Peak and the Grand Canal, for my most vivid impressions of Venice were gleaned during a visit I made her there many years ago.

Frances Wolcott has without exception the most alive brain I have ever encountered. No matter on which side one strikes it, a spark will flash therefrom. She is an intellectual so tempered with the human that at times one is lulled into forgetfulness that she is intellectual. Her sympathies are ever flowing. She carries perpetual spring in her soul. Her spirit never flags, her interest never drags. Her activity conquers age, because her body is always forced to run after her mind. She is an inveterate traveler in her insatiate thirst for a knowledge which she promptly assimilates and which afterwards she will dispense with prodigality. We drifted along the canals and we enjoyed those hours in Italy together. It is true that these same conversations as a rule might have taken place in the Twentieth Century Limited or before the club fire in New York, because we both had acquired the habit of taking our thoughts around with us. They did not depend upon any environment. Our comments at the Lido might have been inspired at Coney Island or at Revere Beach, the only difference being that at the Lido there was more surface to cover and a more marked indifference to the social amenities of life.

Mrs. Wolcott, like very dominant women of history, never attracted admirers consistent with any historical chart, for she will probably go on attracting them so long as she lives. She has not had her face mutilated by surgeons claiming that youth can be perennial. Neither has she enriched the purveyors of cosmetics. It has been told of her that when one gentleman especially assiduous in his attentions arrived to call, she insisted upon dragging him out in the searching sunlight, exclaiming: "Now, look at me! Count every wrinkle you can find. Note every blemish that is revealed, then you will know the worst, and I need not fear the deception caused by a pink lampshade or a twilight symphony."

The story is very characteristic of my friend. It may serve as an encouragement to women who are willing to grow old normally. Are there any of them left? I sometimes wonder.

The circumstances under which I made my first trip into Spain are worth relating. Miss de Wolfe and Miss Morgan had arranged to go there by train, under the guidance of a friend who was thoroughly familiar with the country. They were further provided with letters of introduction which would open every door, and they could already boast of the acquaintance of several influential Spaniards who had visited the Villa Trianon at Versailles.

It was very warm weather and, though they kindly urged me to accompany them, a long hot railway journey did not appeal to me.

The only traveling I could contemplate at that season was by automobile. I went to the station and saw them off. The evening was sultry, so that as I turned away I congratulated myself upon my wisdom.

In Colorful Spain

I returned to Versailles, but the next day the Spanish microbe seemed to have entered my veins. Why shouldn't I follow my friends? We had a fine limousine and a reliable chauffeur. Why not utilize both?

I spoke of my project, but was told by everyone that I was mad. How could I dare risk a journey of this kind alone and unprotected into a country of bandits and brigands? Besides, I didn't speak the language and I didn't know the roads.

The more I thought of this excursion the more I rejoiced in the idea. I bought the maps, laid out my route, and on a bright morning, accompanied by my faithful maid, I turned my face toward sunny Spain.

The trip was full of charm but devoid of incident, although it developed into a kind of pilgrimage, visiting, as I did, the little towns made famous by the venerable Curé d'Ars, Saint Vincent de Paul and others whose history savors of holy tradition.

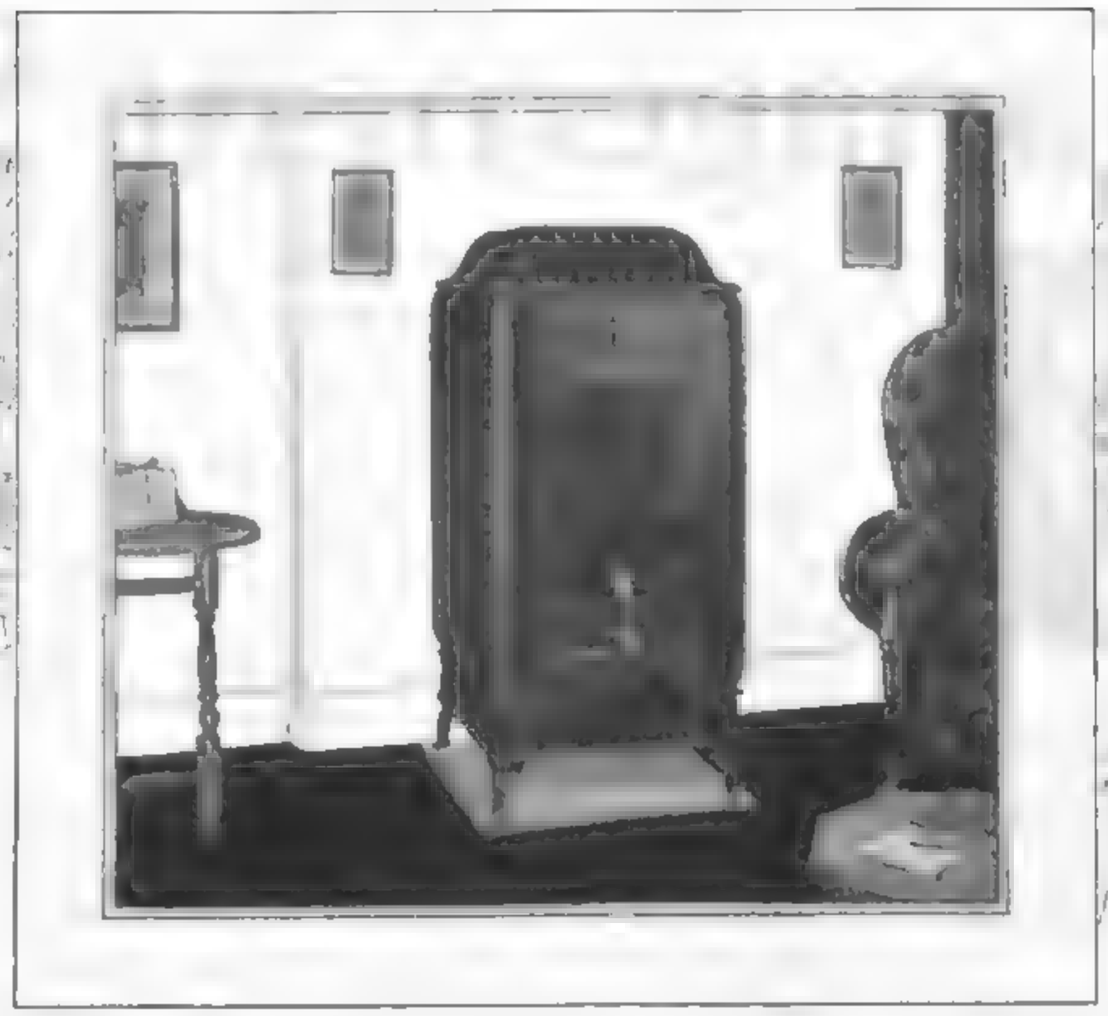
After a few days at San Sebastian, where I saw the King on his way to a bull fight, and a canary bird which was so tamed that he flew at his pleasure in and out of the window of his owner, we pushed on towards Madrid amid scenery as rich in color as is our own Grand Cañon in Arizona. Nowhere can one see such red and purple, blue and yellow villages as are to be found in Northern Spain.

I paused at Loyola, the rich community of the Jesuits, which is the birthplace of their founder and contains the archives of their order. It was medieval and interesting. I had an easy system of making myself understood and of getting what I wanted without knowing the language of the country. The method which I followed was simplicity itself.

I took the phrase book, found the words and the sentences which would serve my purpose, and then underlined them, pointing them out to the persons I would address, while asking them to reply in a like fashion. I avoided any attempt at pronunciation, for I believe this is the invariable pitfall. Nothing is more misleading to an unimaginative ear than words mispronounced. Inevitable shouting results, which merely emphasizes the incorrectness, whereas the printed words must be correct. Thus I was never embarrassed either in ordering my meals, buying my gasoline, asking the way or inviting assistance. It all went smoothly until I found myself five miles out of Madrid upon a road which beggared description.

Even the cows would have beaten down a smoother surface with their hoofs. To go beyond a snail's pace was impossible, yet despite our crawling, one spring after another broke, until our car was ignominiously towed into the city of Madrid, the capital of Spain.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of nine articles by Miss Marbury. The next will appear in an early issue



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Beautifully designed, and finished in rich grained mahogany, the Heatrola looks like a handsome phonograph. It is as easily moved as a stove, so if you rent you can take it with you when you move.

The finish is of vitreous enamel, baked on; hence smooth as glass and everlasting. You can rub it and dust it with a cloth, just as you do your furniture.

No stoves to tend. No black iron to clean or nickel to polish. No fireplaces or furnace in the cellar to tend, this new way.

And every room in your house warm as toast.

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See the Heatrola now. Leading furniture and hardware dealers, also heating contractors, have it on display. It is time now to act—quick—for this winter.

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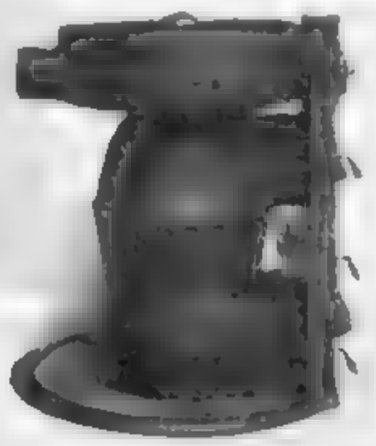

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Russell M. Keith, *Manager*
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For the management and for every employee of Hotel Statler, Cleveland, I am glad to subscribe to the "Guarantee of Statler Service", and to promise you just what it says.

H. Wm. Klare, *Manager*
Hotel Statler, Detroit

In Detroit we heartily endorse the Statler Guarantee, in both letter and spirit, and you will find us always ready to back it up.

Chas. Heiss, *Manager*
Hotel Statler, St. Louis

Patrons of this house are invited—and urged—to bring to the management any dissatisfaction they find in our service; and they will also find that we take the Guarantee seriously.

F. W. Bergman
Hotel Pennsylvania, New York

As assistant to Mr. Statler in Hotel Pennsylvania, I am glad to repeat and emphasize this hotel's full acceptance of, and belief in, the Statler Guarantee, and to pledge its full performance here.

In each of the Statler-operated hotels is a local manager whose first duty, and biggest responsibility, is to see that our promises to you are kept. He and his assistant managers work under these

Instructions to Managers and Assistant Managers:

"Your biggest responsibility is to see that our policies are carried out and our promises to the public are kept.

"Most of your contact with guests will be with those who want something of you. You must always do everything you can to make their way smooth and pleasant.

"If his trunk hasn't come, or his ice-water doesn't flow; if he doesn't like his room, or has trouble at the mail desk—

"Whatever the reason for his seeking you, you are to take hold *interestedly* and give him the quickest satisfaction possible.

"In all your contact with guests (and, don't forget, with your associates, too), remember that the unforgivable sin, from our standpoint, is discourtesy. A close second is lack of interest; whether a guest comes to you with a complaint or a request, he *must always* be greeted and listened to and *helped* with the graciousness and courtesy that are the spirit of our policies.

"The very basis of these policies, and your guide in all matters which cannot be made the subject of specific instructions, is the golden rule. Be always sure that you are treating the other fellow, whether he be one of your guests or one of your helpers, as you would have him treat you if conditions were reversed. We not only promise that sort of treatment; *we guarantee it.*

"You are the men at the top in your houses, you managers and assistant managers. But you have no special rights or privileges over any other employee of the company in the literal carrying-out of these instructions from The Statler Service Codes: 'No employee is allowed the privilege of arguing any point with a guest; he must adjust the matter at once to the guest's satisfaction, or call upon his superior to do so.'"

It is by the loyal coöperation of these managers, by their belief in the rightness of these policies, by their untiring efforts to give better and better service through their employees, that this company can give you the below

Guarantee of Statler Service:

We guarantee that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We guarantee that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy the guest whom he is serving; and that if he can't satisfy him he will immediately take him to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to *me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

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The rate per day (for one and for two people) of every Statler room is posted permanently in that room, printed in plain figures.

FISH EAT FISH

(Continued from Page 10

But I don't see where you got the right to say I can't produce if I get the money, and I don't see where you got any right a-tall to say there's only gonna be one Iskovitch producing pictures. I got the right to produce pictures if I get the money. And my name's Iskovitch and I got a right to use it."

"Beat it!" shrilled Izzy. "Will you get those telegrams away, or will I fire you?"

"All right, Izzy." And Eli's light went out as he left the room with the parting mumble of, "My name is Iskovitch, but a lot o' good it does me."

Izzy's eyes followed him out of the door rather somberly. This was the first time any member of the tribe had shown any disposition to drool at the sight of his porridge, the Iskovitches now on his pay roll having so far been humbly content to hold their good jobs. He roused himself with a jerk. This was Thursday, and every second was bringing him closer to Saturday.

Nature has provided a marvelous food for fish, the same being fish. Similarly, financiers feed and grow to their maturity and wax fat on other financiers; for all the best authorities agree that there is only one way to get money, that being from those who have it. Isidor Iskovitch was not a financier—he was a motion-picture producer with ideals; but suddenly Isidor sensed that if he wished to remain a motion-picture producer, with or without ideals, if he wished to fulfill his boyhood dream of becoming the greatest magnate in the industry, as he had so blithely boasted to Klekoff last night, he would have to become much more financier than idealist, and swallow or be swallowed, there being small politeness among fish. Perhaps other idealists in industry have been driven to the same conclusion. It must be so.

He rose and stood somberly at the window. He had only a million-dollar plant, a piker proposition in this Brobdingnagian industry; but out of habit Izzy the boy again stretched it into vast acreage, built air castles in place of his dozen much-used fronts, dreamed golden dreams and improved the output of motion pictures to a most Utopian extent. He was the savior of the business—and just then somebody touched Izzy the man on the shoulder. It was a spider-legged person with a tremendous cranial development and goggle-eyes—Granger, the casting director—and he said, "Sapp'll be ready for the big mob scene Monday. He says he's to have a thousand extras. Does he get that many?"

Something darkened the sunlight between Izzy and the casting director. It was the shadow of Old Man Payroll, mowing and working his slithering chops. A thousand extras for three days would be fifteen thousand dollars added to next week's budget, and this week's budget not provided! Fifteen thousand dollars! Klekoff would have devoted less consideration to a hundred times that amount—a million and a half, and he had threatened to pass Klekoff. Hot dog!

"I was just going over to see Sapp about that. I'll let you know in an hour. Say, Joe, get word to Simmons and Hillary Wells that I want to see them on Sapp's set right away."

He hurried over to the brilliantly lighted big stage, where, in a splendorous mansion with only one end and one side, the rest being but darkness and scaffolding, Dorcas Sinclair stood on the steps of an artistic fountain, stripping her jewels from fingers and arms and neck and hair, and devoting herself to poverty for a sacred cause, to the mad applause of that choice and capable cast of which even Klekoff had been envious. The vapid ingénue was happily gone. All her shots were being retaken by Sapp with great enthusiasm, and the spirit of zest and pep with which the place tingled was a joy to the soul of the young producer.

"We're having a wonderful time!" cooed Dorcas, as, running out of the set on her cue, she found Izzy near the work light. "I feel that I'm going to do something big for you."

"You'll have to," he smiled. "You couldn't do anything too big for twelve-fifty-one a week."

She laughed and snuggled against him, a cuddly thing, with a round, smooth shoulder which just naturally seemed to find its way under a man's arm. She was like a purring kitten or a collie pup that confidently nuzzles into one's hand, and Izzy allowed his arm to rest negligently around her until Sapp yelled "Cut!" and the lights snapped off, the glow died down and Dixie Day sang out:

"K. O., Dorc, K. O.! Honey and Prue and me has stultified ourselves for years trying to make a gay Lorathio out of that little man, and you intrigue him in a single scene!"

The company shouted, as they were free to do, for they were all old friends of Izzy's—firm friends of many years' standing; but the deep-blue eyes of Prudence Joy studied Dorcas speculatively. As she turned her inquiring gaze to Izzy, however, she was concerned with the worry she saw there. She could read his countenance even better than his wife could. Their friendship had been a great deal to Prue and Izzy, and there had been a time when it had been almost more than friendship. She went over to him with a smiling softness in her eyes which relieved that always-lurking tragedy in them, and quite pleasantly took him away from Dorcas.

"What's the matter, Izzy?"

"I'm being gypped, I think. I gotta idea I'm being held out on, and if I am, believe me, I'm gonna burn somebody good. Why, I don't even see my pay roll, and this is Thursday!"

Prue looked with startled solicitude at those three deep creases between his eyes.

"They're after you, Izzy. I had a telephone call this morning, with a hint that there'd be big money in it if I'd jump my contract. They've talked before, you know; but I fancy they'd go the limit now. And they phoned Dixie too."

"They got a fat chance with you or Dixie!" laughed Izzy, and Prue laughed with him.

"I'll say they have! Dixie threatened to throw Klekoff down the stairs if he came to see her, and dispocate his cellar plexus."

"*Adsum!*" called a voice from the doorway, and six-foot Hillary Wells came lounging in, followed by flat-faced Harry Simmons. Whereon Izzy took his director and his production manager and his script editor into a far corner and bluntly informed them that they'd have to cut the mob scene. He might as well have hit them with a piece of lead pipe.

"I think I'm hard of hearing, Izzy," said Director Sapp with intense irony. "I seem to listen backwards. What did you understand him to say, Simmons?"

"That he's gone crazy," returned the production manager, also a friend of Izzy's for many years; and Wells, another friend of Izzy's for many years, rounded it out with:

"Where's the keyhole, keeper? It used to be in the window. Why, confound it, that mob scene is the picture! It's the big climax and we can't do without it."

"You gotta!" The three of them saw the Adam's apple pump convulsively in his throat, and they had a spasmodic inkling of what the decision was costing him. "We gotta switch that other mob scene we began with into the last reel, where we can use it for the climax."

"Then bang goes your fine logical story!" growled the director, kicking a cleat.

"All right, and bang goes my business if I don't do it. We gotta twist the story like I said, and still have it fine and logical. It can be done, and it's gotta be."

"Castles in Spain, they give me a pain," solemnly recited Wells. "I'm licked, Izzy. We four used to talk about the high mentality and artistic entity and general splash of the pictures we were going to do when you had your own good business. In the past year we've done our darnedest at the guided dream, barring accidents; but now we go back to the gutter where we belong."

They were all miserable, for this was the first time that Isidor Iskovitch had used any of the old-time methods so well known in the art; the first time he had weakened in his high intentions.

"Well, if it must be done, it must be done," said Sapp, suddenly remembering that he had a big picture on his hands and that the gigantic taximeter of overhead was clicking off the dollars at a furious rate. "While you're here, Izzy, I wish you'd look at the chapel set. They say it's ready, but I think the trolley slipped some place. I hate to knock, but I think that new technical sharp you signed on is the cat's tail."

A frown of aggravation crossed Izzy's brow and with it the realization that he had come to the parting of the ways—that his time and his energy and his talents must be spent in other directions than in the details of the production of good pictures. In that moment he stepped across the border line and became a financier; and Art, who had held hopes of this boy to the last, spread her wings and flew mournfully out of the place; while Izzy, with a mighty gulp, for he knew what he was giving up better than they, turned to Simmons and said:

"Harry, I got no time to monkey with these things. I'll have to have me a general manager, and of course you get the job. Wells, can you take on production manager and retain your editorship if I get you what help you need?"

"I can do anything you tell me to do, son," said Wells with his usual flippancy, but without much elation in it.

"All right, go to it." And with this curt promotion he turned on his heel and hurried away, leaving the three others of the conference to stare at each other. It was Sapp who broke the silence with a short laugh.

"Well, we're becoming a regular producing company. I congratulate you two."

"Oh, damn!" said Simmons. "Isn't there some way we can save that mob scene?"

"I think I have the idea for it." And Sapp, cupping his hands to his mouth, yelled across the studio, "Hey, Prue!"

In the meantime, Izzy, hurrying back to his office, dropped into his chair and pressed his bony fingers across those creases in his brow. He had relied too much on his collections, and he hadn't a resource. He'd need his wife's signature to borrow money on his business, but Miriam was touring in the East for her health, with her grandfather, Meyer Guldengeld. David Schusshel had taken the night train for San Francisco and New York. Thursday was as good as gone, and Friday was on its way toward him with rustling wings, swooping swiftly; and Saturday was hanging grimly to Friday's tail feathers, and on Saturday's back squatted Old Man Payroll, chortling and chuckling and gurgling in his ghoulish throat. Izzy was between the devil and a deep blue sea full of hungry fish.

There came a knock at the door, and Sapp walked in.

"Sit down," said Sapp. "I want to talk fast, because I have to get back on my set. I've ordered the company to stick tonight, and to work nights until the finish of the picture."

"Why the night work?" demanded Izzy, sitting as directed and looking at Sapp earnestly with a curious sense that there was something else underneath.

"The new general manager's orders. He and the new production manager and myself held a conference after you left, and we've decided that by writing out two sets and crowding the company to the last limit of human endurance we can save the mob scene; and we're going to keep it. That's flat! We shoot it Monday."

"Hot dog!" said Izzy with a gulp. "That sounds good, but I gotta tell you something, Ernest. It ain't just the net expense of the picture that's worrying me. I wouldn't let on to any others except you and Prue, but it's the pay roll."

"Oh, that's fixed," returned Sapp easily, and lit a cigarette. "Besides myself, there's Prue and Dennis and Dixie and Jim Graves and Benny and Honey and Hillary Wells and Simmons. Our combined salary is sixty-eight hundred. We just held a caucus over in my office and counted up. Well, we can do without our salaries for a few weeks, and we passed the hat for you, old top. Among us we can hand you thirty thousand dollars tomorrow morning by ten o'clock."

Izzy was staring at him, pale, his eyes strained and his fingers clutching the arms of his chair until every bony knuckle stood out white. Something struggled in his throat. He was trying to speak, but couldn't, and then the words came:

"Dammit," he said, the tears springing in his eyes, "the world can't lick me now!"

III

THERE is a curious bond of sympathy between ex-partners who have skinned each other; a strong bond, too, for it is founded on mutual respect. Quite like old times when Lucius Piltz called on Tad McCarthy at the Square Deal, where, naturally, Lucius sat in his old chair behind his old desk, now Tad's, and, picking up one of Tad's loose matches from the old red plush carpet, deposited it neatly in the center of the rusted and cracked ash tray which had once been pink enameled

"What I came over to see you about is this, Tad," said Lucius, lighting a cigarette; "I can't seem to think I can do any business with your little friend Isidor Iskovitch, and I'll make it an object to you if you can."

"You mean a better object," corrected McCarthy.

"Well, yes."

"It'd have to be." And McCarthy, shifting his cigar into the corner of his lips, glued it there.

Piltz cast on his ex-partner a rolling glance, and blowing a puff of smoke toward the ceiling, watched it complacently while he waited for McCarthy to take the lead in the conversation. Quite like old times. Lucius preferred to have other men talk themselves out before he began.

A brief bit of history may not be amiss. For twelve years Piltz and McCarthy had been partners in the Square Deal distributing chain, which sold pictures for independent producers, on percentage, to state rights buyers in key cities of the United States, these buyers purchasing outright, for subleasing, the exclusive exhibition franchise of a picture within a certain clearly defined territory around them. At the end of the twelve years Piltz had married into the Excelsior Distributing Association, a national motion-picture distributing organization financed by a group of important exhibitors, and in leaving the Square Deal to become vice president and general manager of the Excelsior, Piltz, by some clever head-and-finger work, had taken most of the good business with him, claiming as his justification to have discovered that McCarthy had been taking most of the money. Isidor Iskovitch, with the savings of ten years, had purchased from McCarthy, Piltz's half interest, and had mortgaged this to Meyer Guldengeld as part security for Meyer's loan of a quarter of a million dollars with which to purchase a quarter interest in the George B. Luna Studios, Meyer also holding a mortgage on this quarter interest. Isidor had then married Meyer Guldengeld's granddaughter, Miriam, in whose name the other three-quarters interest in the George B. Luna Studios then stood; and the wealthy Meyer, having great belief in his grandson-in-law, had handed back to Isidor his mortgages as a wedding present, on condition that Izzy pool his half interest in the Square Deal with the producing business.

Isidor had then contracted to the Square Deal, for five years, the distribution rights to his product. On his cheaper pictures the Square Deal could gross him a good profit; but on the state-rights plan they could not gross enough on his more expensive ones, so in the past year two of these had been subcontracted to the Excelsior by a little deal netting Tad McCarthy a rebate, though this appeared on no records available to Mr. Iskovitch, of 2.5 per cent; this because Piltz and McCarthy had been aforetime partners and there was great affection between them—presumably. Moreover, Mr. McCarthy rebated half this 2.5 per cent to Mr. Piltz in person, which appeared on no records available to the Excelsior. Furthermore, Piltz had held back Izzy's collections to help Tad force Izzy into a sale of a part interest in his business. Now we know as much as Piltz and McCarthy about the wheels within wheels of their business, and more than Isidor Iskovitch. McCarthy shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth and rubbed the back of his freckled neck with his big hand.

"How strong will you come, and what do you want for it—if not murder or mayhem?"

"A 2.5 per cent extra cut for yourself, with my split out, of course, and a 2.5 extra to the Square Deal. What I want is a blanket contract for all Iskovitch productions."

McCarthy removed his cigar from his mouth and studied Piltz acutely. Piltz, abstractedly looking at the ceiling, discovered there a cobweb and turned from it with aversion, for he was cat neat.

"How about it?" he asked abruptly. "Can you do business with him on that basis?"

McCarthy shook his head doubtfully.

(Continued on Page 141)

Turning to

Leopold Godowsky

Lily Ney

Max Rosen

Claire Dux

Mario Chamlee

Josef Hofmann

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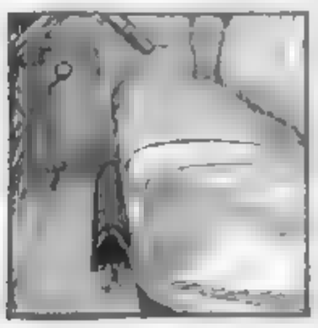

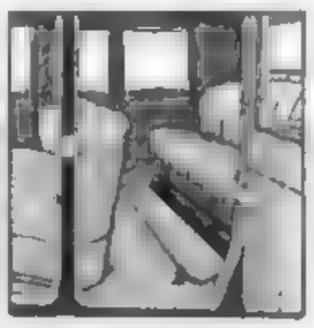

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Continued from Page 137

"People don't do business with Iskovitch; he does business with them."

"All right. I'll give you the last notch, Tad. I'll pass you back my split on that last two and a half that you can keep yourself or throw to Izzy—according as you find it in your heart." And a grin went with this.

"It's murder you want," guessed McCarthy. "Say, Piltz, before we go any further you got to slip me the low-down. You're offering to distribute Iskovitch for a percentage so low that it's crazy unless you have an ace buried. I'm up. Show me your hole card."

"We want his business," declared Piltz, with great earnestness and extreme candor in his open eye, though the lie detector wriggled ecstatically. "We believe he's a comer, and his pictures have class. That's the only reason, believe me!"

"Believe you? You know what I know you are without my telling you," growled McCarthy. The atmosphere began to clear in the red-plush room. The cold barrier which had been between their warm friendship was melting away. "Come on over," insisted McCarthy. "If you don't slip me the inside works on this deal I'll guess it and blab."

"Yes, you will!" chuckled Piltz, folding his arms on the desk in front of him; and by that sign McCarthy knew that the moment had come when all would be cleared away. "The answer is Klekoff."

"Klekoff?"

"Klekoff!"

Klekoff! McCarthy, throwing away his half-smoked cigar, lighted a fresh one so he could enter well equipped on this new and intensely interesting field of thought.

"Where does he figure in? Izzy's little business isn't big enough to be a fly on Klekoff's wheel."

"Oh, say, you did miss the banquet last night, didn't you?" And Piltz, with great joy, told the tale which at this hour was being told and retold, embroidered and improved, in every studio and office in picturedom, East as well as West.

McCarthy slapped his hands on his knees and roared.

"And he said all that to Klekoff! More power to him!"

"He'll need more power," said Piltz, joining the laugh with but a perfunctory smile, for Lucius never lost track through any diversions of the main thoughts in his head, they being circular thoughts. "You know, the Excelsior and the Pinnacle trade houses now quite a lot; and Klekoff told me this morning that Isidor Iskovitch has traits that are going to be his downfall, beginning now; and if we can secure the distribution of the entire Iskovitch product, the Pinnacle will give us parallel pictures to sell at a very low price."

The silence was much longer. McCarthy rubbed the back of his neck.

"The poor kid! I'd better get mine while the getting's good."

"I'll say so! You know, Klekoff filed suits this morning against Izzy and Dorcas, and he'll spend a million dollars to win."

"You'll come another two and a half, since it's personal," decided McCarthy immediately. "Now don't open your face, because you'll pay it, Piltz; and it's a cinch you're getting yours—big. But that isn't what we've got to worry about. This kid Izzy has a sixth sense, and he jumps from danger like a cat, before he knows for sure there is any danger. I can sell him the measles easier than I can sell him the Excelsior, although I'll try. But I tell you flat, I don't believe it can be done unless I can find some flossy trick to jar him loose from some of his stock in the Square Deal so I can get control; then I could subcontract to suit myself. But there's no chance of that."

"There's a way to do anything if you're smart enough."

And both men, musing on this indisputable truth, followed their smoke to the ceiling, McCarthy for inspiration and Piltz for memory. Naturally, Piltz beat him out, for, pursuing those neatly ordered circular thoughts in his head, he took up and cast down every trick that had ever been pulled in the business until he landed on this one:

"Say, Tad, why don't you suggest to Izzy that you get all your leading distributors here for a grand jag at your annual meeting, and give them each a share of stock in the Square Deal so that they can go back home and pep up the sales with a ballyhoo that they're a part of a grand coöperative distribution. Then you ought to be able to pick up proxies in enough shares of that stock, after you've pried it loose in that way, to gain voting control."

McCarthy chewed his cigar reflectively.

"If I can make that stick I can see my way clear to a profit in more ways than one."

"Yes, I've no doubt you'll play it for all it's worth," agreed Piltz dryly.

"Just what do you mean by that?" demanded McCarthy, flaring. Out of a clear sky the unsettled grudge between them had reasserted itself, as it did at some point or other every time these two met. "I'm the one that ought to start the dirty cracks. It was you that coaxed me to go to the country for my health, so that while I was gone you could steal all our contracts."

"And I've got 'em yet, you big cheese!" boasted Piltz. "I pat myself on the back every time I think of it. I had to send you to the country so I could get a look at your inside books and find out how much you'd held out on me. You owe me sixty thousand yet."

"Lie!" said McCarthy.

"You're another!" said Piltz, but complacently, and interlaced his fingers behind his head to enjoy the reaction now certain to be forthcoming in his old-time partner. It came with a purpling face.

"You make another crack like that and I'll paste you!"

"No you won't, Tad; I know your weak spot, and if I die for it, I'll land one on your paraffin nose."

No threat could have cowed McCarthy as did this, for that built-up adornment had been caved in with a chair leg by another former partner, Tim Barney, of the Climax, in the days of their early courage, when the picture business was crude, and the now visible nose was a delicate figment of wax which held the pugnacious McCarthy's spirit in subjection to his flesh; though always, as now, he was tempted to take a chance in spite of it.

At that moment a glossy office girl came in with "Mr. Iskovitch waiting, Mr. McCarthy."

Both Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Piltz relapsed into the normal as if actuated by springs, and glanced at each other like the old team mates they had been.

"Izzy?" asked McCarthy.

"Dumdum," laughed the girl.

"Send him to Izzy's office, Grace. I'll be right in."

He went into the adjoining office, formerly his own, and Piltz saw to it that the door was left ajar. One or the other of them had always attended to this little detail in the old days.

Dumdum was distrait and gloomy as he walked in, and following him was Sweetie Pepper.

"This is my little friend, Sweetie Pepper, Mr. McCarthy," said Dumdum, rousing himself to the pompous importance of a showman. "Say, Mr. McCarthy, do you know where I can get Sweetie a chance to break good into the business? She's a cutie, and I think she's a comer."

McCarthy smiled as he gave the cutie the once-over. Worse had made good in the business, but it had cost a lot of money to put them over.

"I'll see, Eli. If there's a chance I'll let you know. What's the good word?"

"Wait for me outside, Sweetie," directed Dumdum. "I'll be with you in a minute." Grinning engagingly at Tad McCarthy, Sweetie went out, hunching her shoulder at him to the last—and glued her ear to the keyhole. "I brought a note from Izzy," went on Eli, laying the missive in question on Izzy's desk, formerly Tad's. "Say, Mr. McCarthy, if I don't land Sweetie in good she'll quit me, and I think she's a comer." McCarthy opened the letter, as Dumdum continued: "Izzy won't do nothin' for any of my picks. I wish I could put 'er out in a picture myself; that's how strong I am for thinkin' this cutie's a comer."

Tad frowned as he read Izzy's terse note:

> You better hold a third-degree session in your office, beginning at the top. I jacked up Schwarzfelder and Einsman and Zinsvogel and Loeb and Hirchheim and Pulotski myself, and they all wire they remitted over a week ago. Am wiring them to telegraph the money to you, and to stop payment on the checks they sent. Am writing a complaint to the Post Office Department, and am tipping you to warn the banks to look out for those checks. See that my pay-roll money gets over in time.
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> ISIDOR ISKOVITCH, Pres.

"My name's Iskovitch," grumbled Dumdum, "but it don't get me nothing."

McCarthy, puckering his lips and his brows, grabbed the phone in a hurry, and as he waited impatiently for Izzy's number he became aware of an old familiar signal from the next room, the former room of his ex-partner, the tapping of a pencil on a desk as if in abstracted thought.

"Say, Izzy," he yelled into the phone, "have you sent away those telegrams?"

"Just gave them out," came the vibrant voice of Izzy, and had Tad been thoroughly at ease he might have detected a note of exultation in the voice.

"Well, stop 'em! Those checks have just turned up, and I have some more. I was just going to telephone you. One of my clerks went home sick last week and put these remittances in the bottom drawer of the safe and forgot to report them."

"You got some new stuff, Tad?" And now the exultation in Izzy's voice came out full and free. "What's the total?"

"Around sixty-five thousand. I'm sending them right down to the bank, and I'll give Eli a check for yours right away. I'm glad they turned up in time for your pay roll, Izzy."

"Oh, I got that all fixed, anyhow. I could run a couple o' weeks without it." And the phone at Izzy's end of the wire was hung up gently, while McCarthy puckered his brow and his lips. Izzy had it, anyhow!

"I don't see why I ain't got a right to use the name if I had the money to produce with," said Dumdum, appealing to McCarthy with his flat China-blue eyes for confirmation. "My name's Iskovitch just as much as his is. He didn't have to ask Uncle Moche Iskovitch or anybody if he could use his name to produce pictures."

McCarthy, busy with the eternal puzzle of Isidor Iskovitch's resourcefulness, scarcely heard him, but he did hear, through his abstraction, that persistent tapping of the pencil on the desk in the next room, the room of his ex-partner, and the old familiar sound roused him to automatic collusion. He told Dumdum to wait, went into the red-plush room and closed the door behind him. Five minutes later he came out and shook hands cordially with Eli Iskovitch, whom he had never heretofore greeted with more than the consideration due to a well-connected errand boy.

"How old are you, Eli?"

"I was twenty-one this spring. Izzy give me a raise for my birthday."

"Well, Eli, I know a man who will back you in some productions, and you get a release to distribute under the name of Iskovitch Pictures."

"Izzy'd skin me alive!" declared Eli in jaw-dropping fear, and no argument or persuasion of McCarthy's could move him, except to make him more impatient to hurry away from temptation. He went out of the room with the check in his hand; but McCarthy was still cursing the boy's stupidity to Piltz when he heard a noise in Izzy's office and found Dumdum had returned with a new light in his flat eye, as of a reborn soul. Something or other, out there in the hall, had made a man of him. Dumdum drew up a chair and sat down.

"What per cent of the profits do I get if I go in, and how much drawing account, and do I pick my own stories and cast, or don't I?"

As he sat there, Dumdum was startlingly like McCarthy and startlingly like Piltz, as like them as the undeveloped pea in the end of the pod.

IV

SOMEBODY has defined conscience as an acute dread of consequences. Whether this cynical view be correct or not, it is certain that Eli Iskovitch was uncomfortable in facing the direction of Izzy, absorbed at his desk, for fear Izzy, glancing up, should catch his guilty eye; and he was equally uncomfortable if he went to the window and turned his back, lest Izzy, gazing at him with his keen dark-brown gaze, should penetrate straight through his spinal column to his inmost self and see there the traitorship revealed. Perspiration beaded on the brow of Dumdum, and his fat hands were moist and clammy. After all, he had to a large degree the Iskovitch tribal loyalty, and he began to reflect now, when it was too late, on how much Izzy had done for the family, besides lifting the name out of its centuries of obscurity and giving them all something of which to be proud. There were nine Iskovitches now on Isidor's pay roll, and here was Eli, a miserable worm, playing traitor to the brilliant leader of that tribe. The beaded perspiration began to collect in fat drops and drip down his

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Are You wise to me?

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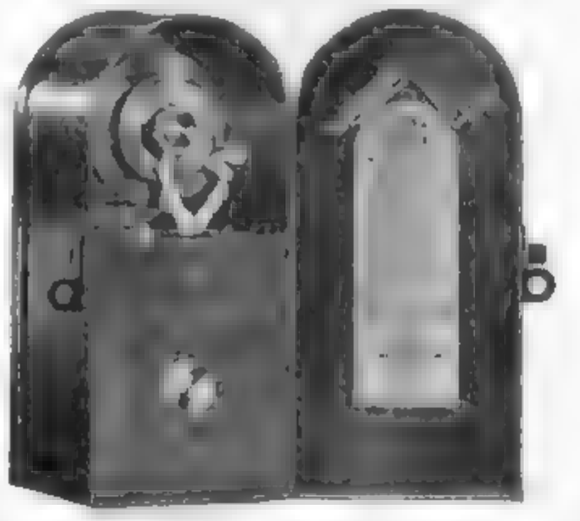

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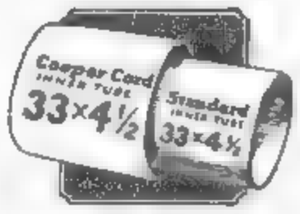

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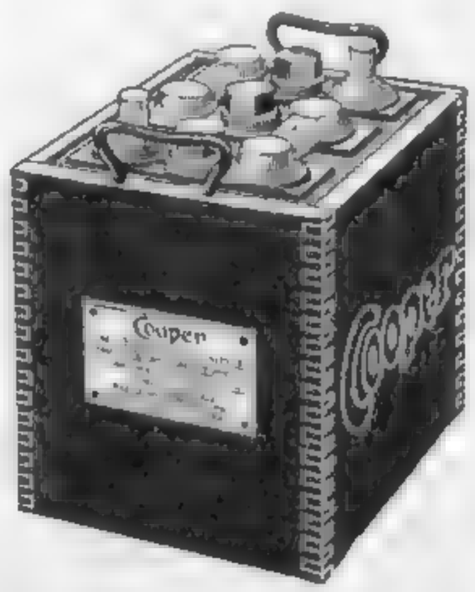

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cheeks. His thick lower lip trembled. His right foot scraped at his left ankle. He rubbed and rubbed his fat hands on his orange-colored trousers to get them dry, and finally, when he could no longer withstand that hot gaze boring into his vertebræ, he turned to find Izzy, with an unsettled problem in his mind, vaguely seeking solution in Dumdum's rotund form.

That miserable miscreant, finding those eyes fixed steadily on him, even gloomily, knew that detection was come at last, and whimpered, "I'm a dirty bum, Izzy!"

"Sure!" grinned Izzy. "What about it?"

"I signed up."

"You what?"

"I signed up for my own Iskovitch producing company. I signed up at McCarthy's office. He give me a hundred dollars to put the contract already in operation."

Izzy half rose, then sat back with a thump. "Come here!"

Like a cringing pup Dumdum came over to the desk, and had it been convenient for him to belly to the floor he would have done it.

"Now give it to me quick and straight. You signed up in McCarthy's office to produce some Iskovitch pictures. Who's backing you?"

"Name's supposed to be Brown," gulped Eli; "and my company's to be called the Heart Throbs. That's all I'm supposed to say, and not that I saw McCarthy or anything: only when we spring the first production it'll be Iskovitch Pictures, and not Heart Throbs, see? But say, Lucius Piltz is in on it."

"Piltz!" Izzy's jaws set.

"Uh-huh, Piltz. There was somebody else in the other office that Tad went in to see every now and then, to find out whether he'd come to the terms I made; and Sweetie Pepper, that was out in the hall waiting for me, peeped through the crack of the door when a boy went in there from the hall, and she said there was nobody in there but Lucius Piltz. She knows everybody in the business by sight. She's a cutie, she is!"

He smiled on this in spite of his misery, and at the smile a salt tear broke from each eye and rolled down his fat face to the corners of his lips, where he licked them off. Izzy was silent.

The occurrence was too grim for explosion or upbraiding.

"Piltz, eh? What kind of a contract did you sign?"

"A regular one; all witnessed and stamped by a notary, and—here it is."

With a wrench he drew the paper out of his pocket and laid it before Izzy and shut his eyes. There went his chance to get rich and famous like Izzy; his chance to star Sweetie Pepper; his chance to sit in an office of his own and have people kowtow to him and throng around, trying to get in to see him like they did Izzy. There it went, all laid on the altar of family loyalty!

"Thirty-thousand-dollar maximum," said Izzy, seizing on that point instantly. "That don't just mean they're gonna cash in on my name. They'd use seventy-five-thousand-dollar pictures for that. It means they're gonna cash in on my name and tear down the name while they're doin' it—tear down what I've been eleven years building up."

"No, they ain't, Izzy!" Now Eli was blubbering. "They ain't gonna do nothing to you! There's the contract, tear it up!"

"That don't help you!" yelled Izzy, his nerves at last letting loose. "Why, you can't get out of this by tearing up your contract! They have theirs! You gotta go through with it—six pictures a year for three years!"

"No, I don't, either. I just won't produce 'em! They can't kill me if I don't. And suppose they sue me—I ain't got nothin'!"

"You poor fish! I don't need Flackman to tell me that while this contract gives you the privilege to begin the producing and casting and selecting of stories with certain reasonable restrictions, it also gives them, in case of your failure, neglect or unsatisfactory performance, the right to produce motion pictures and call them Iskovitch productions, so long as they hand you your share of the profits. You've stung me!"

Eli stared at him a moment in a paralysis of distress, and then he wailed a wail like the wail of a hound, staggered to a chair, sat down and wrung his hands in an agony of remorse, rocking to and fro and to and fro with a rhythmic roll which would have been maddening to the nerve-strained Izzy had he not been too lost in concern to notice it. He had plunged into deep water, and had immediate warnings that he had better have his gills stretched or take some lessons in speed swimming—and just then Tad McCarthy was announced. Izzy turned to the suffering soul on the chair with an abruptness and fierceness which brought Dumdum up standing and quaking.

"Can you keep your mouth shut about having told me? Can I trust you to do that?"

"So help me, Izzy, you can trust me to anything! I'll go up and jump off the roof if you tell me to."

"The time for that was before you went to McCarthy's," growled Izzy, looking on his cousin gloomily for a moment; then he relented. "Beat it! And don't let McCarthy see you or he'll make you out."

"Izzy," sniffled Dumdum, "what we gonna do?"

"I don't know. It takes more brains to get out o' trouble than it does to get in. Beat it!"

McCarthy came in like a burst of pink morning sunshine, and to look at his shining countenance one would say that all was happy between him and the world and Isidor Iskovitch; and his first act, by way of securing a cordial reception, was to lay a check on the desk.

"What do you think, Izzy? I got a check from Piltz a few minutes ago, and here's yours. Funny how quick that bird could dig it up when we both leaned on him so hard." McCarthy settled himself comfortably in a chair at the end of Izzy's desk and lighted a fresh cigar. "To tell you the truth, I'm not so satisfied with the Excelsior's distribution nowadays. Are you?"

"I spoke my piece about them," said Izzy, lowering his gaze after one penetrating glance at his partner; for his sensitive intuitions could work better when not obfuscated by Tad's countenance.

What was behind McCarthy's change of front? Up to now he had always defended the Excelsior and Piltz.

"They're not getting you as much money on your second picture as they did on your first, and they're not getting it as fast," went on McCarthy as one business man to another. "And your second picture is better than your first. Everybody says so. At that rate, we could get more out of the next one ourselves if we were to pep up our own channels of distribution."

Izzy entered the amount of the Excelsior check on his private memorandum stub.

"Yeh," he said.

"Look here, Izzy! We unload practically our entire output to the same buyers in the key cities. We're hooked up with them so well that they're almost as much a part of our organization as if we were a national distribution company and they our branches, except that they buy outright and won't distribute on percentage. But they don't get the big ones that way, and they want 'em. Now, I've been thinking that they might take our smaller pictures on outright purchase as they do now, and handle your big ones on percentage, if we gave them a special interest of some sort."

So far this was straight business talk, and Izzy looked up with the customary creases of concentration between his eyes.

"Sure! That was my own scheme, if you'll remember."

"All but the special consideration," laughed McCarthy. "I've dug out a plan for that which I think will do the business. First, we hold a little convention of our own, invite all these fellows here for a grand doings and pour enthusiasm into 'em for about a week."

"Sure!" agreed Izzy, beginning to wonder again "That was my own scheme, if you'll remember."

"All but the special consideration," again insisted McCarthy. "What we've got to do is make these fellows see that our interests are their interests and their interests ours. We've got to make 'em feel that they're part of us, that it's a coöperative proposition, that it's as good for them as for us; and there's only one way I can figure to do that—give 'em some stock."

Stock! That one word was enough. He might as well have passed an electrical current through Izzy or jabbed him with a pin or touched him with a red-hot poker, for the mere sound of the word awakened in Isidor Iskovitch every faculty which might have had any tendency to be somnolent; but he had superior command of himself, and again entered the amount of the Excelsior check in his private memorandum book.

(Continued on Page 145)

The room where you spend the most working hours —

make it inviting and attractive as well as convenient

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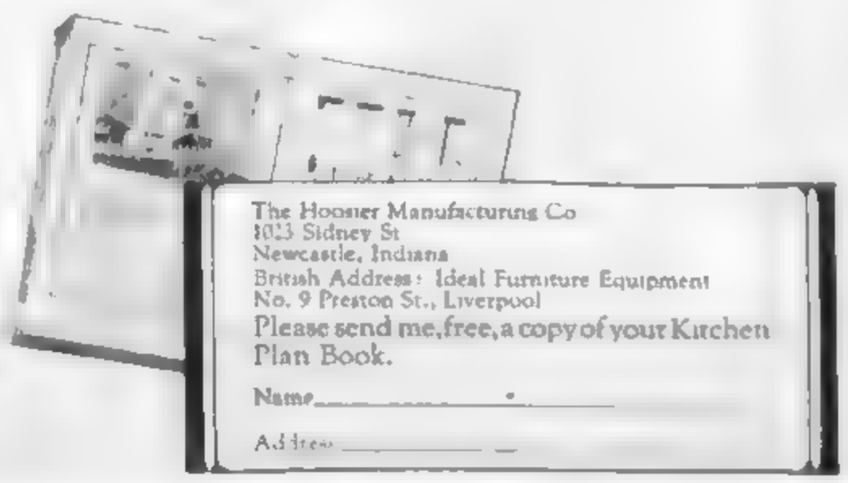
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(Continued from Page 142)

"Here's the dope, Izzy: There are twenty-eight of these fellows. I'll separate myself from fourteen shares of my stock in the Square Deal if you'll let go of fourteen; we'll get 'em here at our annual meeting and send each of these distributors home with a nice purple piece of our company—nontransferable stock, of course."

Stock! Something in the interior of young Mr. Iskovitch tried to make him laugh, but he wouldn't do it. Nobody knew how sacred was stock to Isidor, and in particular nobody knew how sacred 50 per cent. So long as he had that 50 per cent nobody could take control, but the minute he hadn't that 50 per cent other people could. On the face of it, Isidor could have given Tad his answer with his eyes shut and his hands tied behind him, for the proposition and the plan behind it were so transparent as to be childish, even if there had been no grounds for suspicion; and yet Isidor suppressed his inmost instincts, for he wanted time to consider. There comes a point where even the most conservative man must gamble or he'll ante away his chips.

"Well, Tad, show me what it'd get us."

McCarthy rose to that like a muskellunge after a piece of pork. If there was one thing in which he excelled it was eloquence, so Isidor had nothing to do but sit back and think, while Tad's mellifluent voice vibrated on and on, painting the lily and gilding the brick. Presently the light began to dawn for Isidor, the path to clear, the way to be revealed. Tim Barney's contract for the Climax with the Excelsior was soon to expire. The Circle was distributing through the New Producers' Association, and the DeWitt Brothers were distributing for themselves and slowly breaking under the strain. The——

"Well, what do you think of it, Izzy?" demanded McCarthy, after winding up with a magnificent peroration and sticking his cigar in one corner of his mouth and gluing it there.

"I'm sold."

Tad could hardly believe his own ears. He had his way! He had actually got young Iskovitch's consent to allow himself to be separated from his equal control in the Square Deal Distributing Company! Just like that! Tad slapped the poor simp on the back and went on his way bursting with mirth; whereupon the poor simp grabbed his phone and called up Tim Barney, of the Climax.

"Hello, Tim! How's your distribution?"

He grinned as the vigorous answer came over the wire, for there could be but one reply from any producer to that question. The distribution is always rotten.

"Hot dog!" chuckled Izzy. "I just wanted to find out if the Excelsior was makin' you as rich as it's makin' me. I'm coming over to see you."

He hung up the phone and sat for a moment in quiet thought; but the gloom was gone out of him, and the regret, and the glint of big things to do was in his dark-brown eyes, the creases of intensity of purpose between those eyes, and on his lips the hard straightness which comes to a man who must win his battles by endurance; though at the corners of his lips there was a trace of a grin, for zest was in him.

He took his hat, and out of the door there walked, full-fledged and full with the joy of it, Isidor Iskovitch, financier.

V

WHO was this resplendent creature who rolled up to the entrance of the Square Deal offices at the wheel of a shining little flivver coupé, on which one hundred and five dollars had already been paid? Who was this glorious vision with a rouge which was not Nature's on her rounded cheeks, and shining curly hair which ranged from a tawny red at the parting to a deep Titian at the ends? Who was this important young personage in the jade-green gown, which, though wrinkling a bit here and sagging a bit there, was nevertheless the latest West Coast imitation of the latest East Coast imitation of the latest Paris mode, and red heels on her fashionable slippers? Ask us! Why, it was none other than Sweetie Pepper, the movie queen, the star of An Aching Soul, which Iskovitch picture was now finished and cut, and ready for the art titles and other expenses of launching to an expectant public. With her, in abject vassalage, as such should be, was the eminent young star's eminent young producer, Eli Iskovitch, his spherical girth incased in a scarlet silk shirt and a deep-yellow pongee suit, with a long, gold-banded cigarette holder between his fat lips, but the traces of whipped and driven care on his bebetudinous countenance. He stumbled out of the car immediately and drew after him two heavy, square, battered tins of film. He was waddling to the entrance with them when an imperious voice stopped him.

"Don't keep me waitin'! I just all run out of patience when I wait. My nerves won't stand it."

"All right, Sweetie," returned Dumdum cheerfully, though that whipped and driven care was on his brow. "But maybe McCarthy's in a conference or something, with Izzy's convention that's here."

"Send him in word who it is!" ordered the star peremptorily.

"All right, Sweetie." And Dumdum waddled into the building.

Seething with life and activity was the office, where were mingling samples of careful and cautious citizenry from all over the Union; for the state-rights buyers, after much correspondence and arrangement, had been here for one week in a grand concatenation to link themselves into a closer band for better profits; and it was, "Hello, brother," from Tad McCarthy here and a slap on a back yonder and a story with a kick in another corner, Tad McCarthy being accounted the best back slapper and handshaker in the business. Electioneering with him was a born gift, and election a habit, although he was not playing for any specific election just now. Far from it! The slate was thoroughly agreed upon between himself and Izzy, the same old directory slate—Izzy and Miriam and Meyer Guldengeld, Izzy holding their proxies, and Tad and his wife and his brother-in-law, Tad holding their proxies; fifty-fifty and a good safe deadlock any time they needed it. Perfectly satisfactory, that slate, and all was honest and aboveboard—with Tad, anyhow—and he buttonholed nobody to whisper treason in his ear. It was by other methods that he worked; and, indeed, each man must use his own gifts. Isidor was not a back slapper or a handshaker, and had no repertoire of funny stories; instead, he did most of his entertaining with a lead pencil, three sharp creases between his dark-brown eyes and his head quite close to the head of the prospective voter. Frankly and flagrantly, Isidor was double-crossing his honest partner, who had as yet whispered treason in no ear. Frankly and flagrantly, Isidor was electioneering for a slate of his own, with the name of Tad McCarthy and his proxy directors absolutely and totally erased. All week Isidor had been at it, beginning on the first day with the six whom he could trust—six who were closely or distantly connected with the Iskovitch tribe by blood relationship. Day by day their arguments with a lead pencil had spread carefully and cautiously to others whom these six, after grave conference, felt they could trust. Today was the last day, and tonight was to be the night, and Isidor Iskovitch, in his quiet and artistic private office, was in a quiet and artistic private conference with Mr. Schwarzfelder and Mr. Hirchheim and Mr. Zinsvogel and Mr. Loeb and Mr. Einsman and Mr. Pulotski, all careful and cautious, prosperous and substantial men. They were checking up a list of names, after which one of the gentlemen would say McCarthy or Iskovitch, as the case might be. At the very moment of this secretive nose counting, mind you, honest Tad McCarthy, in the red-plush office, was doing no worse than telling some tales of doubtful taste. He was in the very skein of a yellow yarn when the glossy office girl came in, making much noise before she entered, and announced Mr. Eli Iskovitch with the nine completed reels of his five-reel picture.

McCarthy chuckled. He had seen some of the rushes on An Aching Soul, which had been dominated aggressively to its every last little detail by Eli, according to contract, and when this thing came out as an Iskovitch production, that slogan of Izzy's—"The Iskovitch name stands for high quality"—would have a dent in it.

"I have to look at a picture, boys, which is going to be offered us for distribution. How would you like to get an advance slant on a few reels of it?"

To a man they rose, for if there is any one thing that interests a man in the picture business it is pictures, there being probably no calling in the world more concentrated on itself. He sent them into the projection room and walked out to meet the resplendent young producer.

"Hello, Eli," said he cordially. "Roll the masterpiece right into the projection room and I'll have a little try-out audience for you so we can see how it goes."

"All right, Tad."

Dumdum was pleased. In spite of certain persistent adverse criticism, he was fully confident of the class of his production, which, though cheaply made, had in it the very dregs of human woe. "Say, Tad, I got my star downstairs. C'n she see it with us?"

"Not so you could notice it. Some of the boys might want to speak their honest minds about 'er."

"Say, looky, Tad," objected the whipped and care-driven producer, "we gotta let 'er in or she'll raise the devil with me till I go crazy. I gotta be careful how I handle this little Jane. She's temperamental, and I got some clean-ups to do with 'er, and she's liable to have a tantrum and walk off the set, and that costs money."

"Not any more of Mr. Brown's money," declared Tad with sudden aggravation. "If that little hell-cat raises any tantrums on those retakes there'll be no retakes. Mr. Brown is temperamental himself, and he has an apoplectic fit every time I put in another cost sheet on this picture. You've run over your contract allowance two thousand now on account of this brat's thinking she's Sarah Bernhardt."

"She's all right," mumbled Dumdum sullenly. "She's a cutie, she is, and I'll say she's a comer. Looky here, I'm gonna bring up Sweetie. I'd rather have a scrap with you than with her."

She was riding high, was Sweetie, in these days of her stardom; but not high with an audience of possible buyers. She smiled her engaging smile and shrugged a shoulder at them when she was introduced and accepted the big broken-backed chair as if it were a throne; and the starved little soul of the ex-peri thrilled with exultation. This was nectar to her parched lips.

Then An Aching Soul bared its ghastly scars to the gaze of the startled beholders. They were callous men, these; they were hardened men who had been in the business for years, and had sold to the public some of the worst pictures it had ever been that unhappy public's lot to behold; but this one was a revelation in rottenness, to use the slang technical term for a piece of cheese. It was by all odds about the most stupid story ever concocted, the most impossibly characterized, the worst directed and the worst acted, and its titles were filled with such platitudes that even this professional audience, used to hokum, stared and gasped. But those titles were grand to one beholder, and that was Dumdum, whose voice could be heard mumbling with maudlin emphasis and tremulous emotion:

"'A poor man's only riches is his honor.' 'My life you may take, but my virtue goes with me to my grave.' 'Disgrace may bow my head in shame, but my heart clings to my boy.' That's a heart wringer! 'Then the snows of winter like her silvery hair chilled her aching soul.' 'You sneer at my rags, as I spurn your black heart.'"

But that last one was too much, accompanied by its wild acting, in which Sweetie had done her worst, and a roar came up, at which Tad McCarthy turned on the lights and stopped the running. It was a rough awakening for Dumdum. He had bathed his being in the crude emotions of this picture, representing as it did the sentimental aspirations of the lowest possible intellect; and for a moment, as he realized that these experts in the business saw in it only a laugh, something cold gripped at his heart and stilled his breath and blanched his fat cheeks and left him a motionless lump, miserable and despairing. Suddenly Sweetie, with a small piping exclamation, rose and beat it out o' there. Eli stumbled out after her and overtook her in the hall.

"Where you goin', Sweetie?"

"It's none of your business, you bonehead!" she told him with a hard little glitter which he had never seen in her round flat eyes of blue-gray. "Your picture's a flop! You couldn't sell it for old celluloid! Oh, yes, you're the great producer, you are! You had to horn in on every scene, didn't you, and make the director do it your way. You had to stand in front of me and blubber and tell me how to act! Me! You had to tell the camera man how to light me so I'd look like something the cat dragged home. You've ruined my career, Eli Iskovitch!"

"Your career!" snarled a deep voice just behind them.

It was Tad McCarthy's, and he was furious. He had expected and hoped this Iskovitch production to be of low quality, but it had overshot the mark. He and Piltz and Klekoff had desired it to be a picture which should discredit the Iskovitch name, but they had not expected or desired it to be so atrocious that it could not be sold to anybody, for by that quality it defeated its own ends—and the experts gathered in that projection room had agreed unanimously that there was no way to save the thing. The only course possible was to put it on the high shelf permanently. Tad turned to Eli savagely.

"You're through, kid! I can tell you what Mr. Brown will say when he looks at this picture—that he won't spend another nickel on it. It's a dead one! It's wasted money! The next Eli Iskovitch pictures will be made without you anywhere near the works, as per the privilege of Mr. Brown's contract after this first production. Get that? You may have you a nice little office some place with a glass-topped desk and a blond stenographer, and write letters to yourself signed Eli Iskovitch, president, but that's as far as you go."

"Bite off his other leg, McCarthy!" applauded Sweetie; and Tad, turning on her abruptly, found the star of An Aching Soul smiling at him engagingly and hunching up one shoulder toward him. "I told this poor blubber fish his picture was cheese. He didn't give any of us a chance. He horned in all over the place, and you may strike me dead, McCarthy, but it's an honest fact, that everybody that come on our sets in our best sob scenes went away laughin'! When we rented our space at the Climax, Tim Barney gave Dumdum the bone medal. Mr. McCarthy"—and here a warm little hand went on Tad's arm—"in the next pictures I'll show you what I can do, won't I?" And how engagingly Sweetie smiled up at the big man!

But Tad McCarthy was Bessemer-smelted and case-hardened to all the skirts in the business, and he put the warm little hand off his arm.

"Say, brat, whoever told you you belonged in the picture business ought to be locked up where he can't do any more harm. You come around to me when you get old enough and I'll give you a job as scrub woman. You talk about being an actress! Why, you haven't got the first principles! You stand pigeon-toed! You wear your clothes like a sawbuck! You photograph like a custard pie! You haven't got the brains of a potato bug! You're a common little gutter-snipe and it shows through in the pictures! It always will!"

(Continued on Page 148)

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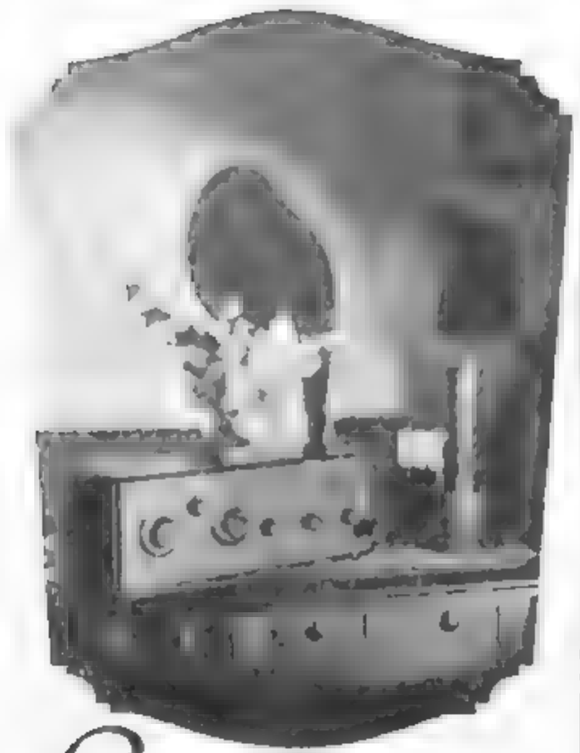

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TUSKA RADIO

(Continued from Page 145)

He whirled toward his office, but he whirled again and shook a finger at her. "Somebody ought to tell you the truth about yourself!"

On this he stalked into his office, but as he opened the door an empty film can whizzed past his ear; then Sweetie was flying down the stairs with Dumdum after her. She ran out to the little coupé, and her producer was about to follow her in when she closed the door on him and hammered the self-starter.

"Why, Sweetie!" gasped Dumdum. "You ain't floppin' me, are you?"

"I don't know you! I got some clothes now, an' I'm gonna hustle up myself a job before this picture gets out, if it ever does! Get off my running board! Throw out some ballast, you big balloon and go up!"

With a jerk she started her car and sent her ex-producer rolling roundly in the dust. It is marvelous how much an infatuated man will stand from lovely woman. Sweetie had stabbed Dumdum to the heart and had bruised his shin bone; she had hurt his pride and broken his watch crystal; and yet as he looked after the car, there was a lump in his throat and tears in his eyes, and he said mournfully, "You'll be sorry for this, Sweetie!"

Thereupon he brushed himself and went back upstairs to get his Aching Soul and take it to the leader of his tribe. He found that leader in a pleasant frame of mind, for he had eighteen votes out of a possible twenty-eight, and his content was not even jarred when Dumdum reported, in most woebegone tones:

"Say, Izzy, they flopped my picture!"

"I thought they would," returned Izzy with satisfaction. "For if it's all like some of the rushes I saw it's fierce."

"It ain't fancy, but it ain't fierce, either," mumbled Dumdum. "Say, looky, Izzy, I made this picture all myself, an' it's got a lot o' stuff in it that makes me quiver every time I look at it. Say, Izzy, lemme run it for you. If you say you will, I'll go over in the projection room an' sit there till tomorrow mornin' till you get a chance to hop in. Say, Izzy, they flopped it! They ain't gonna gimme money to finish it! It ain't ever gonna be shown!"

Suddenly a sob welled up in Dumdum's breast, and the tears sprang out and he blubbered like a baby. Izzy looked at his watch. After all, an Iskovitch was an Iskovitch.

"I'll see a couple o' reels right now. It's the only chance I'll have, because the whole convention's coming out this afternoon to take part in a big scene I'm stagin' for 'em. Brace up, Eli. Get your film in Room A."

In the darkness of the projection room, Izzy viewed Dumdum's atrocity—one reel, two reels, three reels, even past the point where Sweetie said, beating her sturdy little breast with both hands, "You sneer at my rags as I spurn your black heart!"

Then Eli, unable to keep silent any longer, ventured, "Say, Izzy, how 'bout it, huh?"

"It's terrible!" laughed Izzy. "It's the worst I ever saw! If that thing went out with the Iskovitch name on it I'd quit the business. But I want to see some more of it. Now keep still and don't bother me. Say, Jim, speed 'er up all she'll stand. Give 'er the last notch!"

The whole nine reels Izzy saw, and at the end of the run he laughed; then he sat silent for a long time.

"Get me Flackman," he finally said.

It was well on in the afternoon when Dumdum called again at the Square Deal and found Tad McCarthy telling the rich ones he had saved for Friday to quite a little company of the prospective stockholders, entertaining them until it was time for them to go to their hotels for their dress suits. The grand party of the session was to take place this afternoon, when all the visiting members were to work as extras in the Follies scene of Izzy's big picture. A neat entertainment, that, devised by Tad himself, and well calculated to put all the visiting members in high good humor; and right after the dinner they'd come down to the Square Deal and hold their stockholders' meeting and elect the slate. Highly pleased with himself was Tad, highly pleased with the world, and no man in all this convention could say that he had whispered treason in any ear.

That huge pleasure was in him when he went out to Eli.

"Say, Tad," began Dumdum, with knitted brow and painstaking slowness, "I gotta hunch you're wrong about my picture. I don't think it's the bum you think it is, an' I'll put every dollar in it I got in the world."

"How much is that—four and a quarter?" grinned Tad. "What you talking about? Make it snappy. I haven't any time. The boys and I are going over on Izzy's set for the big show."

"You ain't due for a hour." Dumdum was laboring under vast excitement, for now approached the dramatic moment of his career, and he was breathing hard and trying to suppress it. "An' a hour ain't too much when a fella's talkin' about spendin' fifteen thousand dollars."

Tad looked at him sharply. This was the first hint he had that Dumdum possessed more than car fare; but you never could tell in this business who was under cover with what.

"Have you got fifteen thousand dollars?"

"Well, all but two hundred and twelve." It was by an inspiration that Eli Iskovitch hastily deducted that percentage. If he could get away with it for fifteen thousand, he could get away with it for fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight. "And if you're gonna shelf the picture I'll buy it out for what I got."

"Well, I'll say you're all there when it comes to a bargain," growled Tad, but he sat down, nevertheless, and did some quick thinking. An approximate fifteen thousand was a brand from the burning well worth saving. That would only leave them an approximate fifteen thousand loss on the picture, which was a small price to pay for the privilege of making Iskovitch productions in their own way without let or hindrance.

"It's on," he said. "Pay me something on deposit, then come around tomorrow and I'll have Mr. Brown make you out a bill of sale."

"No, you don't." Dumdum was breathing hard again, but he suppressed it lest Tad should observe the drama of the moment. "If I put this off till after I get home, my folks or Izzy might get on that I'm gonna spend my money an' stop me. So we're gonna do business now, an' you ain't gonna write the bill o' sale, either. You stung me once, with that contract that gives me the toss after one picture, an' if y' sting me again it's gonna be my fault. How quick can you get Mr. Brown's signature?"

"In five minutes. He's right around the corner." It was crystal-clean logic that if they were going to get Dumdum's money they'd better take it now, or they might not get it.

"Then don't talk to me," ordered Dumdum. "I gotta think."

Grinning, McCarthy went out to the boys.

"Run along without me, you fellows. I'll meet you on the set. I got a bird in here that's trying to think and nothing to do it with."

But Tad was wrong. Dumdum was not thinking; he was remembering, with beads of perspiration on his round brow and his paper damp with clammy finger marks; and he was sprawling down syllable by syllable, word by word, comma by comma, the bill of sale which he had been rehearsing for an hour, a really meritorious document couched in the crude language of Dumdum, but bearing the fine hand of Flackman, the smartest lawyer in the motion-picture business.

VI

ACHEER, led by the shrill sopranos, went up as, across the big roof-garden scene, stalwart butlers carried tubs with long-necked bottles peeping coyly out through the glistening ice. The big stage was ablaze with lights and gay with paint and redolent with the fragrance of two hundred dollars' worth of real flowers, abuzz with jolly chatter and enlivened by the presence of the sparkling-eyed and shapely Follies girls.

But where was the Follies favorite, she who was to lead the mad revels? Where, oh where was Dorcas Sinclair? Her director was at the telephone trying to locate her at a dozen numbers; and Sapp's assistant, Artie, was sitting on the step of her still-locked dressing room; Simmons was at the gate of the lot looking for her car; and Hillary Wells, in his racer, was speeding back from Dorcas' bungalow, where he had gone on the wild hope that her phone might have been out of order; while Izzy, with those three creases sharpening between his eyes moment by moment, began to have a chill of apprehension, which was sharpened as he saw the grin on the face of a big Johnny who was walking straight to him across the jolly set. Nothing to cause apprehension in Tad McCarthy's errand, however, for he merely stated that if Izzy was waiting for Tad to get his thirst in order he might proceed with the shooting. What could be more innocent than that remark, and yet Izzy's chill apprehension deepened and all his intuitions were aquiver with the sense of something wrong—and then a man in a slouch hat, slouch coat, slouch trousers and slouch shoes slouched out of the darkness and straight up to the man with whom McCarthy talked, handed him a paper and slouched away into the darkness again.

"What's the present?" asked Tad with a smile much neater than Judas probably wore, and he glanced down keenly as Izzy opened it.

Something in Izzy's chest seemed to jump straight up into his throat, then drop back into his stomach with a dull, sickening thud. Something burned in him which he could not cool, and put a bitter taste on the back of his tongue, and tugged sharply at his cheek muscles. Instinct prodded him to quick action, however. First of all, he'd have to conceal the facts for the night at least. He'd have to announce that Dorcas Sinclair was ill, and then ——

"It's a dirty shame!" boomed out a deep voice at his side. It was Tad McCarthy, burning with honest indignation at this low-down trick that had been played on his partner, and, escaping Izzy's clutch at his sleeve, Tad turned to those nearest and boomed on, "Klekoff has stopped the show!"

Thereupon, with remarkable thoughtlessness, excusable only by his righteous indignation, he told them all about it; that Izzy had been served with an injunction by the Pinnacle, restraining him from employing Dorcas Sinclair or from exhibiting or in any way disposing of any motion pictures in which she had appeared or might appear. And that meant this picture and this scene they had been about to shoot, and it was a well-timed, scoundrelly trick to let these important men of the industry know, at a critical moment, that Isidor Iskovitch and anybody who did business with him might expect trouble from Klekoff, curse him! Oh, but Tad McCarthy was furious!

Izzy's jaws were pressed tightly together as he looked out over the glittering set and saw the animation die down, saw gloom come creeping in like a damp gray mist to spend a chilly evening.

"The scene will go right on!" shouted Izzy, jumping out into the middle of the floor. "There'll be a double will take Miss Sinclair's place for the long shots as fast as she can get make-up on, and Miss Sinclair will pose for the close-ups as soon as this injunction is squashed—and that'll be tomorrow! The Pinnacle can't make this stick! Artie, get your company placed for the opening shots without principals! Where's Sapp?"

"Here!" And Sapp came bursting through, his lean face knotted with anxiety. "Where's Prue?"

But even as Izzy asked about her he felt a touch on his arm, and there at his side she stood, regal in her dignified gown of black lace, her deep-blue eyes shining up at him their message of steadfast reliability. Izzy saw with satisfaction that Artie was beginning to stir up the Johnnies and the Janes to take their minds off their troubles.

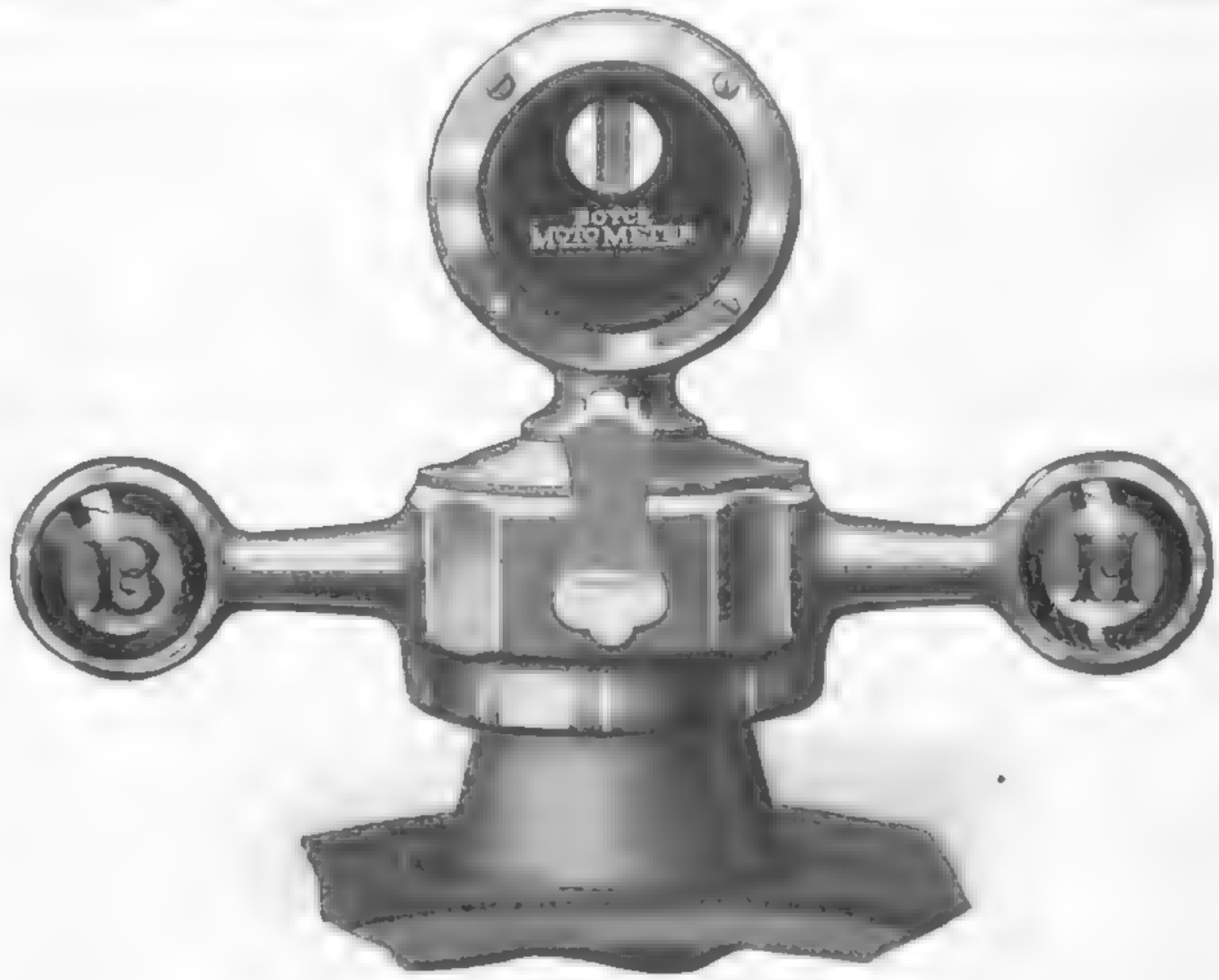
"Prue, run up to Dorcas' dressing room and put on her costume."

She was gone before Izzy had finished telling her—gone without a question.

"Looky, Sapp, there's only a couple o' scenes where Prue and Dorcas are together, an' we can shift them to the anteroom or some place out o' this set—an' Prue's the only one I'd trust to put the pep into the leadership o' this big stuff. Now get busy with the crank an' shoot just anything so they'll think they're workin'."

Oh, yes, he had them moving, but the damp gloom was still the outstanding character of the play. Anxiously, Izzy inspected the faces of the eighteen careful and cautious voters whom he had been entertaining with his lead pencil all week, and on the brow of every man the carefulness and cautiousness seemed to have deepened. They were thinking, every man, and here and there and yonder was Tad McCarthy, indignantly disseminating the idea that Klekoff was an implacable enemy; and how could the poor kid Izzy keep up with backsets like the loss of this hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar picture; and a few jolts like that and he'd just about be

(Continued on Page 150)



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(Continued from Page 148)

busted, now wouldn't he? And such a nice, fine, smart boy he was!

Eighteen votes out of twenty-eight Izzy had felt sure of before this jolt from Klekoff, but now what was he sure of? Only one thing—he knew why Dorcas Sinclair wasn't on the set. She was cowering some place out of sight, with her injunction in her soft little hand and her eyes wet. In the meantime Prudence Joy, with a pass key, had found an obstruction in the keyhole of Dorcas Sinclair's dressing room, and, jiggling at it impatiently for some time, turned to go or send for the locksmith, when she fancied she heard a slight rustling sound in there. Startled, she went back to the door and listened. No sound, and yet she was certain. There was someone in that little room! She called softly:

"Dorcas!" She fancied again she heard that slight rustling. "Dorcas! Dorcas!" This time she detected a stifled sob. "Dorcas dear, let me in! Hurry, please; I must have your costume. I'm going to double for the long shots of your part."

More than any emotional appeal was the strength of that professional demand, and the door opened. There stood Dorcas, red-eyed and disheveled from weeping, and the room was in a litter, where Dorcas had been cautiously packing behind a locked door.

"You poor kid!" said Prue, and she took the soft and cuddly Dorcas in her arms, where the girl clung, weeping. "You had the injunction served on you too?"

"Yes."

There was a hoarse cry out in the yard. It was Artie with a megaphone calling the stray visitors away from their hurried caucusing; and Prue, gently disengaging herself, put Dorcas in the little chintz-covered rocker which occupied a particularly chintzy corner in this fluffy little dressing room. Dorcas' giddy costume for this scene hung on the hanger rod, and Prue, locating it, began deftly to remove her own costume of dignified black.

"You ought really to come down and work in the scene, Dorcas. Izzy says he thinks Flackman can quash that injunction as soon as the courts open tomorrow."

"Oh, I can't!" sobbed Dorcas. "It's a court order! They could lock me up for contempt!"

"That can be got around," declared Prue out of her experience; and slipping from her dress, she took down the little handful which was to embellish the Follies favorite. "You can volunteer your services, and Izzy can have the scenes shot on the technical understanding that they are not to be exhibited, but are merely taken for the entertainment of these visitors. Then when Mr. Flackman quashes the injunction, Izzy can probably get a court order releasing the film for exhibition purposes." She held the costume over her arm, waiting; but even before Dorcas spoke, Prue realized the hopelessness of it with the girl in this condition, and began putting on the gayly spangled bloomers, the garters with their circlets of little bounding balloons, the fantastic little jacket.

"Oh, I daren't, Prue! You don't know!" And now the soft hazel eyes were filled with fright. "If Klekoff found out that I'd done that—and you know he would—I'd be lost. He would kill me professionally."

Prue, hooking the frivolous little excuse for a jacket to its frivolous little excuse for a bodice, shot a sudden sharp scrutiny at her; then she shook down the hair that shone like spun gold in the searching light of the dressing room; and Dorcas, even in her misery, gave an exclamation of pleasure as she saw its beauty, and did not notice the searching glance in those deep-blue eyes.

"Oh, but your hair is wonderful, Prue! I don't know how you'll ever do it up, though, to look like my bob, even for the long shots. Here, let me help you. If we turn it under this way ——"

"You've seen Klekoff—today!" Prue wheeled abruptly on her. "You've just come from him." She wasn't losing a minute. She was rolling up her own hair in little puffs like curls, and studying that characteristic Cupid's bow of Dorcas', even while the girl cowered back in her little rocker, gazing up with a new fright. "What have you done?"

Dorcas' only answer to that was a succession of fresh sobs, in which there was now a wail; and Prue opened the window to hail the first person she saw.

"Emma! Emma!"

Emma Iskovitch stopped alertly.

"Hurry on the set, please, Emma, and send Izzy up here quick!"

"No!" Dorcas sprang for the door with a wild instinct of flight, but Prue put herself in front of the door and locked it.

"You're going to stay right where you are until you tell. There's more than just the injunction back of this." Prue grabbed her lip stick from her make-up box and began work on the Cupid's bow. "You know, Dorcas, you've been taken right in as one of us. You've been given the same treatment that has kept us sticking with Izzy for years and willing to follow him through good luck and bad. If you've done anything to him, I'll never forgive you. None of us will!"

"Don't! Please don't, Prue!"

And now Dorcas went into such a fit of weeping and sobbing that Prue forbore lest she should drive the girl into a hysteria which would waste time; for they would soon be waiting for the Follies favorite down on the set to lead the merry revels. There was a vigorous knock on the door. Prue opened it, and Izzy's eyes lighted as he saw her, slender, dainty, pretty in the jaunty little costume, and she, catching in his eyes that admiration that had never wavered in all these years, averted her own swiftly, turning them in the direction of Dorcas and opening the door so he could see the missing ingénue. He stepped in instantly and closed the door.

"Hello, Dorc," he greeted her, with a perfunctory echo of the habit of the set, then he glanced at Prue with swift inquiry.

"She's been with Klekoff," explained Prue. "There's a trick some place, Izzy. Get it out of her."

"No, there isn't, Izzy!" Dorcas, as frightened as a mouse in a corner, tried her best to hold up before the keenly searching gaze of the young man who had been in intimate connection with stars for ten years before he had gone into business for himself. "Klekoff just reminded me of something I had forgotten. When I signed the original contract with him a year ago"—she gathered confidence as she went on—"Mr. Klekoff wasn't quite satisfied, and the next day we signed an amended contract. He tore his first one up, but I forgot about mine, and ——"

"I know," interrupted Izzy. "When I asked to see your contract you got the first one by mistake and the one I gotta fight in court is the amended one."

"Yes."

"And you're to get up in court and swear that the amended one was signed the next day."

"Yes."

"Fine! And he'll have witnesses to prove it! Well, Dorcas, you're lyin' to me! You signed that amended contract today—two months after you signed mine."

She looked up at him in dumb misery, but shook her head determinedly.

"Now what's the use?" blazed Izzy. "Why, there are fresh ink stains on your fingers yet!" She gasped in dismay, and it was the dismay of proved guilt. She glanced down at her fingers hastily. There were no ink stains there, but she saw some, and rubbed and rubbed at them unconsciously. "You did, didn't you?"

Her hand clutched at her throat. It was so swollen she could not speak; but she nodded.

"Well, you'll be a fine witness," said Izzy, grinning triumphantly at Prue, whose eyes were glittering. "I want to be there when Flackman puts you on the stand and twists you all up, and I want to watch Klekoff!"

"I wish I was dead!" sobbed Dorcas. "Oh, Izzy, please! Please!"

Rising to plead with him, she came toward him with her hands outstretched; then, seeing sympathy in him, she threw herself in his arms and clung there, sobbing. Prue, watching this tableau, detected the emotional softening in Izzy as he soothed the cuddly Dorcas, and was suddenly furious.

"Do we expect to hold that crowd down there forever?" she demanded. "You know those aren't paid extras you can fire. Those distributors might mean something to you besides playing in your picture." She laid firm hands on Dorcas' smooth, round shoulders, and put her back in her chair. "Come on, Izzy."

She was starting out of the door when Dorcas jumped up, sniffling.

"Wait! Give me my costume! I'm going on that set myself!"

"Hot dog!" yelled Izzy, and rubbed his eyes. They were smarting. "But say, Dorc, you don't look so good. Your face is all swelled up like a hot tomato, and your eyes are puffed nearly shut."

"I'll take down that inflammation in five minutes. You go on down, Izzy; I'll be there. I'll make up quicker than I ever did in my life!"

"That's the girl!" said Prue, relenting, and unhooking the frivolous little excuse for a jacket; and Izzy, exultant, ran down on the lot.

As he crossed to the big stage he saw in the descending twilight a familiar globular figure out there on the one hill he could boast, and suddenly realized that he had not seen Dumdum since that ardent producer had gone to buy his film from McCarthy. But what was Eli doing? He was acting very queerly; striding from tree to tree, looking up, circling each tree, sitting at its base with his head in his hands, then rising and waddling to the next tree. In his hand he carried a ring or a loop of some sort; and Izzy, still puzzling, slipped back around the stage and up the hill, keeping under such cover as he could until he was quite close to Dumdum, when the latter, hearing him, turned and saw him and started to run up the slope. The gangling legs of Izzy quickly overtook Eli's fat ones, and when he grabbed the boy and turned him, Eli's face was shocking in its tragic wildness.

"What are you doin' with that thing?" Izzy demanded, pointing to the thing in Dumdum's hand. It was a coil of rope.

"I'm huntin' a tree to hang myself!" choked Eli as Izzy jerked the rope from him. "I ain't got the nerve to tell y'what for. Go way an' lemme do it!"

"Now what have you been up to?" And Izzy gave a rapid thought to all the possibilities. "If you double-crossed me again ——"

"Oh, I didn't, Izzy! Believe me, I didn't do anything on purpose!"

"What's the matter? Didn't you buy your picture from McCarthy? Say, you didn't get that bill of sale balled up?"

"No, Izzy, no!" And Dumdum began to blubber. "I didn't get it balled up. I got everything down straight, what there was of it, bu-bu-bu-but I forgot Clause Four!"

"You ——"

Words failed Izzy as he felt the full force of this body blow. Clause Four was the fancy clause, the one a smart man could never get through, but which they'd pass with a bonehead like Eli while they laughed at him. It was the trick clause which would have nullified the trick clause in Eli's three-year contract with Mr. Brown, and would have given back to Izzy the exclusive use of his own name. In deep disgust Izzy handed back the rope.

"Go to it."

"All right, Izzy," said Dumdum dejectedly, and in him was such deadly despondency that Izzy hastily grabbed the rope again.

"I got a better job for you," he said, thinking fast. "Beat it to Tim Barney and slip him the low-down on this. He's my friend and he's got a big grudge at Tad."

A cheer broke out on the big stage as Eli rattled out of the lot in a borrowed car, and when Izzy arrived on the set, gloom had flown out into the night, and gayety sat enthroned, shrieking with joy. Dorcas Sinclair, herself, in person, was on the set in her giddy little costume, and leading the revels with an abandon such as she had never before put into any scene. Prue and all the principals were playing up to her as people inspired; and Sapp, wild with delight, was waving both arms.

Enthusiasm mounted higher and higher. Hurrah for Dorcas! Hurrah for Prue! Hurrah for Sapp! Hurrah for all the principals and all the company! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Isidor Iskovitch! The day was saved!

Ah, yes, indeed, the day was saved—but how about the night? Izzy, from behind the camera, was watching Tad McCarthy, and the grin in Tad's purple face was complacent and untroubled; for these were business men, solid and substantial, and not one of them had ever let his personal enthusiasm interfere with his bank account. The damage that had been done by the injunction was not lessened by the appearance of Dorcas Sinclair. The damage had been in the object lesson of Klekoff.

Hurrah for Isidor Iskovitch, he with the three creases deepening in his brow, and Tad McCarthy watching him with a grin. Hurrah!

VII

KLEKOFF! Like a mighty club, Tad McCarthy flourished that name over the heads of the stockholders in the office.

(Continued on Page 152)

VIRTUOLO

Playing the music he loves

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Hallet & Davis
ESTABLISHED 1839
Piano Company
661 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 150)

Isidor Iskovitch was in Dutch with Klekoff, and if Izzy were elected as an officer of the Square Deal, the Square Deal would be in Dutch with Klekoff. What was the use to talk? Business was business! With that powerful weapon Tad pounded Isidor Iskovitch off the ticket and put in a slate of his own. Just like that! All over but the shouting!

Then up rose Isidor Iskovitch, gangle-shanked and lean-stomached, stooped of neck and with three sharp creases between his eyes, a glisten on the hinges of his jaws and a straight line across his lips obliterating all traces of the youthful curve which was still his by right of his years. His knees wabbled under him a bit, for this was his first big meeting and his first big crisis, and he had only the word of eighteen men on which to rely, in place of the 50 per cent of stock which had never played him false.

"I got no speech to make, gentlemen," he said with a gulp in his throat. "I made my speech all week, and I'll be pleased to tell the rest of you what's in my mind after the ballotin'. I nominate myself and Mr. Schwarzfelder and Mr. Zinsvogel and Mr. Einsman and Mr. Loeb and Mr. Hirchheim and Mr. Pulotski."

Ten minutes after that the astounded Tad McCarthy was no longer an officer of the Square Deal. He was out! He was only a stockholder, and in a daze he was giving up his chair at the insistence of the newly elected president, Isidor Iskovitch.

"You undercut me, didn't you?" growled McCarthy, moistening his suddenly fevered lips. "You double-crossed me! You played me dirt!"

"Sure!" grinned Izzy, slipping into the chair of state. "And now you can show what a good loser you are."

"Would you be if you'd lost?" demanded Tad fiercely.

"No," grinned Izzy.

"I thought not!" growled McCarthy. "You haven't got it in you!"

And he sat heavily in the chair vacated by Izzy, still in a numb state of disbelief. He couldn't understand yet how it could have happened. He had only one clear idea in his mind. He had a voter's voice in whatever doings might ensue, and that voice he was there to use.

The doings came so abruptly that they made him blink. Before he knew what was happening, President Iskovitch, no longer wabbling at the bony knees, for now the way lay straight and clear before him, had put the meeting in order, dispensed with all formalities and opened the door to his own private office, out of which stalked Tim Barney, of the Climax, with a boil on his neck and him walking hump-shouldered because of it; and Belden, of the Circle, and Oscar De Witt, of the De Witt Brothers, and Jacob Jacobs, of the Arts and Letters, all live members and in the million-dollar-plant class of picture producers.

"Now, gentlemen," said President Iskovitch briskly to his stockholders, "these fellows an' me an' eighteen o' you represent the All-America Cooperative Distributing Corporation, an' they've come to put a proposition to the Square Deal. Since the votin' majority of you knows all about it, we don't needa waste much time. I introduce Mr. Barney."

"What is this?" roared Tad McCarthy, jumping to his feet.

"You sit down, Tad McCarthy!" roared the deep rich voice of Tim Barney, and for a moment the ancient enemies and ex-partners glared at each other. "You'll talk in your turn, maybe, but not before."

"Sit down, Tad!" urged McCarthy's friend, Murphy, jerking Tad's coat tails. "Barney has the floor, and I want to hear what he has to offer."

"Oh, so you do!" growled McCarthy, viewing his friend Murphy with dark suspicion, but he sat.

Mr. Pulotski rose from his seat on the side table, and he looked at his watch.

"Mr. Chairman, what's the use to waste time to read it? I move we accept the All-America's proposition without discussion."

"Second the motion," spoke up Mr. Schwarzfelder and Mr. Zinsvogel.

"Not on your life!" roared Tad McCarthy, jumping to his feet; and at the same time there jumped to their feet Mr. Murphy and Mr. Shaughnessy and Mr. Doolan and Mr. O'Rourke and Mr. Cahill, all pink-faced and all vociferating vigorously. The office was in an uproar; but order was not lost, for at the very outset President Iskovitch said something to Tim Barney; and Tim, with a big laugh, began reading the All-America proposition rapidly, though making no attempt to raise his voice above the din. There were a dozen infuriated men shouting at once now, but there were those who did not shout or become agitated in any way, and who kept their eyes fixed on the president. As soon as Tim Barney had finished making plain the proposition of the All-America, the president gave a signal, and Mr. Pulotski climbed down off the side table. Lifting his voice to the strident shrillness of a peanut whistle, he yelled across the hubbub:

"Mr. Chairman, I move we accept the All-America's proposition without discussion!"

"Second the motion!" yelled Mr. Schwarzfelder and Mr. Zinsvogel.

"It's been moved an' seconded that we adopt this proposition without debate," observed President Iskovitch hastily. "All in favor say aye." And he raised his right hand.

"Aye!" came a simultaneous cry from eighteen earnest throats.

"Contrary, no."

"No!" roared the strenuous minority, and kept on roaring.

"The ayes have it!" announced President Iskovitch, and he nodded to Mr. Pulotski.

"Move we adjourn!" shrilled Pulotski.

Eighteen seconds to that motion, and no more had the adjournment been carried than Tad McCarthy broke loose from half a dozen restraining hands and started for the desk, frothing at the mouth. He had no clear idea of what had happened; none of the minority had; but he was certain that he was the possessor of the biggest block of minority stock in a riddled and defunct company which wouldn't have a dollar of revenue so long as Isidor Iskovitch retained control. He was just about to fall on Izzy when he found himself confronted by big Tim Barney, who had cold hatred in his warm eye.

"Where are you going, Mr. McCarthy?" inquired Tim, with his steel-like clutch on big McCarthy's shoulder.

"Take your hand off me!" yelled McCarthy, jerking loose from him and glaring at him with hot hatred in his cold eye.

"I thought perhaps you was on your way to pay me that fifteen hundred dollars you've owed me for these twenty years, you big welsher!"

Blazing as was the wrath of McCarthy, that unexpected charge, more startling than any blow, left him without an adequate oath. He had been accused of many things that he had resented with his life, but never before had he been unjustly accused; and he was so dazed by it that he was unaware that a new meeting was being called to order, President Iskovitch, of the Square Deal, having most courteously offered to President Iskovitch, of the All-America, the use of these rooms for a stockholders' meeting, and the latter having accepted the same.

At last McCarthy found his voice.

"Do you mean to deny that I paid you that debt, Tim Barney?"

"Do you mean to say that you did?" demanded Tim in an equally loud roar; but at the same moment his warm Irish eye brightened as he saw, at the door of the inner office, the anxious round face of Eli Iskovitch. Dumdum and Tim Barney were great friends.

"I paid you that debt with full interest," yelled Tad McCarthy, "and you know it, you blackguard! You can't spring any dirt like that on me! Why, I've got your receipt to this day!"

"Where is it? Show it to me!"

"I'll show it to you, and with these witnesses; and then, Tim Barney, when I've proved that that old score is settled, I've another one to settle with you!"

So saying, the infuriated McCarthy dashed into the next room, where stood his private safe. Throwing it open, he dug down into the bottom receptacle and returned to the red-plush office with a time-yellowed and frayed and pocket-worn old receipt for the amount in dispute, duly signed by Tim Barney; and meanwhile the new meeting went on around Izzy's desk, where the ten minority were being highly enlightened.

"Oh, so you have the receipt," admitted Tim, still with that cold hatred in his warm eye. "Now what about that other score you wanted to settle? It was me that broke your nose twenty years ago, Tad, and I can break it again."

"Wait!" yelled McCarthy, with froth on his lips and red in his eyeballs. "Wait till I lock this in the safe where you can't get it in the fracas, and I'll pay you all I owe you!"

So saying, he dashed back into his own office, and no more had he reached his safe than he let a roar out of him which all but broke the windowpanes.

"I've been robbed! Thief! Thief!"

"Fire!" yelled the falsetto voice of Herman Moeschle.

Out into the hall the crowd tore, following the pungent smell of the smoke, and at the foot of the stairs on the tiled floor in front of the door which he had found locked stood Dumdum, his legs spraddled over some rapidly charring folds of paper and a three-foot red fire extinguisher in his arms with the nozzle pointed at the first man who dared to question his act—and that man Tad McCarthy!

"So that's it!" roared Tad, a calculating eye on the fire extinguisher. "You've burned up that contract for the Iskovitch Productions, you rotten little sneak thief!"

"You're a liar!" roared Tim Barney, who had framed the whole thing with Dumdum on the way over, and then it began.

It was probably the most perfectly matched single-armed fight ever staged in the history of the motion-picture industry, McCarthy needing one arm to protect his nose and Tim Barney needing one arm to protect his boil. Up and down the stairs they battled, crashing from wall to wall, plunging up the steps and staggering down, and all the time exchanging blows of such ferocity that both men, twenty years older than they had been twenty years before, finally sat where they last fell, paper-white with lack of breath, gasping with their hot lungs, but glaring at each other to the last with red-eyed hatred which would never heal.

Through it all the telephone bell had been ringing, and Izzy, at the head of the stairs, hurried in.

It was Flackman on the wire, and his smooth voice was full of smoothly repressed satisfaction as he said:

"Hope I didn't interrupt, Izzy. But I thought you'd like to know that Mr. Klekoff, in view of the circumstances which I have laid before him and his attorney, has decided to withdraw the cases against you and Dorcas Sinclair."

"Hot dog!" exulted Izzy, rubbing his bony knee vigorously with his bony hand. "And say, Flackman, everything's settled here too. I got the whole twenty-eight! And say, Eli never had a contract with any Mr. Brown or anybody else to produce any pictures!"

For a moment there was a pause, as of someone trying to comprehend something; then came the smoothly repressed voice of Mr. Flackman: "I congratulate you, Izzy." He hung up the phone and turned to the two gentlemen who were in the same room with him. It was the private office of Klekoff, and the two gentlemen were Mr. Ascher, Mr. Klekoff's personal attorney, and Klekoff himself. "My young client has just had a very successful evening," reported Flackman, in that chatty tone which gentlemen of large affairs use when they are discussing passing trivialities. Mr. Flackman was a remarkably well-groomed little man, who was all points from his patent-leather shoes to the two Mephistophelean points of black hair which stuck up above his pointed forehead; and his eyes glittered like points of black light as he continued: "He has just been elected president of the All-America Cooperative Distributing Corporation, and it has just purchased from the Square Deal Distributing Corporation, of which Mr. Iskovitch is now president, all its distribution contracts, including the pictures now on sale and collection, at a price to be adjusted between the boards of directors of the two companies."

A swift glance shot between Mr. Ascher and Klekoff; and Klekoff, dropped his long amber cigarette holder and broke it, and was of such common clay at that moment as to utter a smothered "Damn!"

"There shouldn't be much difficulty about fixing the price," said Ascher, who was fully as smoothly repressed as Flackman; "that is, if the boards of directors are friendly, as I assume them to be from their having a mutual president. By the way, who compose the All-America? It must be a new one."

"Oh, yes, quite new." And Flackman noticed, without looking, that Klekoff was paying strained attention. "I drew up the papers for it myself. It consists of the Iskovitch, Climax, Circle, De Witt and Arts and Letters organizations as principal stockholders, and twenty-eight very important state-rights buyers as subsidiary stockholders, with ten shares each, and they have formed themselves into a national distributing organization."

Klekoff was toying with the broken pieces of his cigarette holder, and apparently absorbed in the problem of repair. He knew those twenty-eight state-rights buyers very well, indeed. The Circle, Climax, De Witt and Arts and Letters organizations were sturdy little independents.

"On paper it looks very good," suggested Flackman, almost as if answering Klekoff's thought, perhaps intentionally answering Klekoff's thought. "It should make a very formidable organization. And whom do you suppose engineered the whole thing?"

"Iskovitch," guessed Ascher.

"Iskovitch!" corroborated Flackman.

Iskovitch! Klekoff threw the pieces of his cigarette holder into the fireplace.

Iskovitch!

Out in the drizzle stood the peris, watching 'em go in. It was the Los Angeles opening of that great Heart-Throb Productions picture, An Aching Soul, which all movie fans will remember as the remarkable success of its season; and all picture society was here at the invitation preview, eager to see the masterpiece after its sensational run in New York City; for once more that young wizard of the business, Isidor Iskovitch, had proved his astuteness as a financier. An Aching Soul had been too atrocious to sell by any ordinary methods, but Izzy had detected in it a fundamental appeal to the emotions which would react powerfully on all intelligences of the grade of Eli Iskovitch's; and he believed that there were enough of these intelligences to make it a good two-hundred-thousand-dollar gamble. It had cost him that much to hold it on in New York for a nine-month run, advertising it all the while as the most marvelously heart-gripping picture ever filmed; and now he and his partner in the pronts, Eli Iskovitch, were cleaning up.

Celebrity after celebrity passed in at the door, and the forlorn little peris, waiting in the drizzle at the gates of paradise to catch the eye of some archangel of the movies, and perchance be cast, passed those names from lip to lip in awe and envy.

Who is this jolly limousine load which waits its turn in the drizzle to draw in at the curb? Why, none other than Dorcas Sinclair, the famous ingénue of the Iskovitch Productions Company, and Prudence Joy, the famous young tragedienne of the same company, and Isidor Iskovitch, the famous proprietor of the same company, with his delicate little black-haired wife, Miriam, and Eli Iskovitch, the president of the Heart-Throb company, and shrewd little old David Schusshel, of the M. P. C., Isidor's papa in the business.

A thrill of satisfaction in them all as they watch the gay crowd throng under the marquee, the men in their glossy black and white, and the women in all the other shades of the color gamut.

"By golly, Izzy, I guess you'll clean up a million dollars on this picture of Eli's!"

"More," said Izzy, the creases between his eyes deepening for a flash of calculation. "It'll pass the million mark next month. Say, it makes me ashamed of myself, this rotten thing, because it'll take in more than my best pictures that cost ten times as much."

"You should worry," grinned David. "A million dollars is good money no matter what it comes from. It's a mistake you don't have the Iskovitch name on it any place." Then he chuckled. "Say, Izzy, you know who you owe it all to, don't you?"

"Sure!" grinned Izzy. "Klekoff."

There is an extra flutter among the glistening-faced peris in the drizzle. Who is this resplendent creature in the spangled gown and the hair of tawny bronze, she with the silk and perfumery to sell, and the well-manicured pudgy little hands that have never known the reddening scars of honest toil, she with the piquant nose and the disdainful flat blue-gray eye for all the peris at the gates? Who? Ask us! Why, Sweetie Pepper, star of An Aching Soul! Admittedly an atrocious actress, Sweetie, without one point of popular appeal or any one thing to excuse her remaining in the business, except that she had played the lead in a phenomenal hit, is now under a fat contract to the producer on whose arm she hangs. Welcome, Sweetie, to our billboards!

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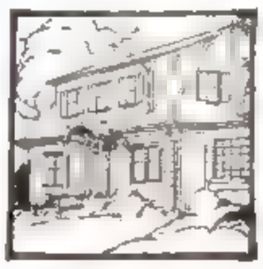

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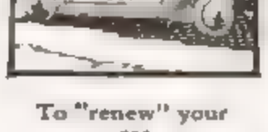

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BRICK	*SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss *S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* dull finish			*Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* for woodwork only	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory. For interior and exterior use
FENCES	*SWP House Paint:* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* water resisting, heel-proof	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well, washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* high-gloss, durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint:*			
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Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	
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RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum* or *Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint* *Metalastic:* *Ebonol* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted color	*Rexpar Varnish*	*Floorlac:* (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
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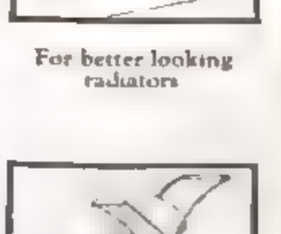

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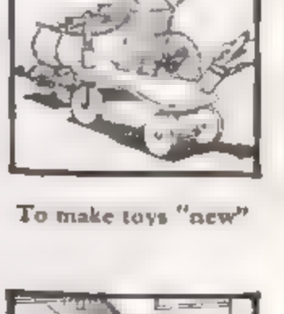

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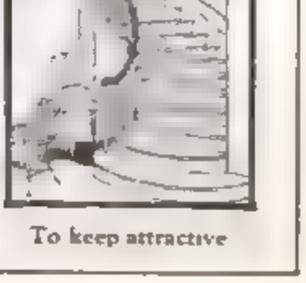

To make toys "new"

To keep attractive

To renew furniture

MY BOOK AND HEART

(Continued from Page 29)

do it. They are the least affected, the kindest, and frequently very dull persons. Once a man acquires the habit of thinking in the terms of the written word he loses the babbling use of his tongue, which is a notorious characteristic of interesting people. My own feeling is that this nervous frenzy of speech has practically dried up the deeper fountains of friendship. Very few of us enjoy silent companionship; we merely endure it like a nervous strain, all the while stirring about frantically in our minds to find some idea with which to explode it.

Sometimes when Lundy was displeased with me he could ascend into a sort of infernal intellectual silence which was more terrible to me than if he had seized his hat, gone out, slammed the door behind him and spent the evening in the black world at large. On such occasions I was like that valorous worm storming the gates of heaven; which is a figuration character in one of our oldest hymns. For a time I would imitate his abstraction, go to my desk, become absorbed in work by way of implying that he no longer existed. But I could never hold my note. Presently I would be standing before him. And I was always shrewd enough not to begin by asking him "What have I done to offend you?" This is a fatal mistake women make in dealing with their husbands. The idea is to assume all the blame with noble contrition whether you are to blame at all. He knows it if you are not. And the more you exaggerate your guilt the more you awaken his remorse and enhance the vicarious sin-bearing loveliness of your own character. Many a time by this method I have extorted the most soothing apology from my husband for some fault I had committed or caused him to commit.

I remember only once having tried out this theory of purely intellectual silence. And it proved, you may say, the triumph of dull matter over mind.

I was in England, and had gone to spend the day at Oxford. My host was a certain old don celebrated as a writer and thinker upon the most abstruse subject. He was an authority at both ends of it—anthology and sociology. He wore spectacles, a straggling gray beard, a sage-green shirt and deeper green knickerbockers, and he was riding a bicycle when he met me at the station.

I walked beside this erudite old grasshopper up into the university grounds, hastening to make the usual remarks about the weather with which all intellectual, moral and spiritual conversation in England must begin. We came to a place green with grass and beautifully tufted with flowering shrubs, charming little domestic beds of phlox and petunias. The whole place gave upon other spaces of similar greenness and brightness between the farther buildings, all of them big and old and rather cross-looking. They catered to no modern ideas of architecture and stood with their towers coldly lifted as if they were proud of it. They were admirable in form, I imagine, more particularly from age and tradition.

The don flung himself upon the grass and I sat down politely as becomes a guest from a young and romping nation on her best behavior in one of the sacred places of an old nation.

My host made haste to get to the point of contact. He thrust both hands out at me and invited me to regard his cuff buttons. The request was a singular one, and made in a tone denoting indignation, a wound or an affront of some kind. I saw glittering in each sleeve a silver horseshoe studded with diamonds where the nails belong, and having linked inside a riding whip of black metal with a larger diamond at the end. He seized his tie and jerked my attention to that. The pin in it was of similar design.

"A young American from California sent them to me. After four years here as a Rhodes scholar he could still choose a gift like that for me!"

"But you wear them," I retorted, smiling.

"For you, madam; you also are an American," he said, implying that on this account I must be at least accessory after the fact. "But you can perceive perhaps that the gift is incongruous. That is what I have to say about Americans. They have no sense of the fitness of things," shooting a fierce blue glance at me.

"Their sense of humor is a trifle keener than the one you mention," I admitted.

From this he went on to discuss the manners of my nation. We had no reverence, he said. He was especially severe upon us as sight-seers. We came to this place in droves, poked our unbrellas at sacred pictures, exclaimed loudly over these thresholds and towers.

"I suppose," he added suddenly, "that you feel you are wasting time now. You would like to see everything. That tower behind you was built by Edward"—I forget the serial number of this Edward. It may even have been a Henry. "We will go at once and look at it," he grumbled.

I Reckon for Conscience's Sake He Would Kick Your Hard-Earned Standards of Art Out of the Back Door

"No, I prefer to sit here very quietly and feel it there behind me—feel all this, as you remember songs and war and wisdom made faint and sweet by time and distance," I told him—something like that.

Followed one of those silences I mentioned a while ago which are so hard to achieve and nearly impossible to keep. I was resolved not to break it if the sun went down. I am a good steady actor when I sit with no lines but silence to say, and that at the other fellow's expense.

Can you see me sitting in the shade of those towers beside this old don, suspended in his British perversity upon the grass, surrounded by the awful gravity of ancient England in a classical mood? It was merely a test of endurance, but he was a man full of learning with an audience at hand! Presently he began to toss about in this outrageously enforced speechlessness as one does in an active dream. At last he sat up and finished what he had been wanting to say all the time about our country, judged by the Rhodes scholars we so generously contribute to leaven the life of Oxford University. I gathered that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, as it is written in the Scriptures, which must have been the purpose of Cecil Rhodes when he made this provision for reseeding Oxford with a cross strain of quicker if less cultured minds.

"Now, what do you think of that?" he demanded, referring no doubt to what he had been saying.

"I am not thinking; I am still just feeling," I breathed softly with a high and reverent look at the domes and towers above us.

"We may as well go in and have tea," he announced brusquely, springing to his feet.

We went into the very bowels of Balliol College, you may say, and actually had tea—a form of refreshment, by the way, that I have also had in a publishing house just off Piccadilly Circus in London. What I mean is that they keep it hot and ready to serve everywhere in England around five o'clock in the afternoon.

The old don accompanied me to the train, again leading his bicycle. My feeling was that I had made a strong impression, not agreeable, but heavy with respect. And if there are no other contestants I shall always claim the American record for silence in England under high pressure to speak.

A few weeks later I sailed for home from Naples. We stopped in the Strait of Gibraltar long enough to take on a few passengers. Among them was a round-bodied man with gray hair, gray eyes, gray mustaches, who wore gray clothes and had a neutral-to-man manner.

This was William Dean Howells. He was already far gone in his Easy Chair period. But he was the dean of American literature. I had written reviews of his novels and I was anxious to meet him. Finally, quite by accident, he recognized me, as the West Point plebe would say when an upper classman speaks to him—but in no other sense. He was far from suspecting my identity when he engaged me in conversation one day on deck.

When he discovered that I was the author of A Circuit Rider's Wife, however, he did his duty as dean by me. He gave me some advice. He told me never to discuss my work with other people—I had been on the point of discussing it with him!—and above everything to avoid reporters and interviews. This was an undignified form of publicity. Leave the publisher to advertise my books. That was his business, not mine. I still think this was good advice.

When the tug bringing the inspectors and health officers met us outside the harbor of New York, and a raft of reporters also climbed aboard, I followed Mr. Howells' advice. I declined to be interviewed; I conducted myself with a prideful silence, which must have been diverting to these young journalists.

Later I saw Mr. Howells seated with his back to the wall in the lounge entirely surrounded by reporters. They clung to him when we disembarked. The last I saw of him he was moving like the nucleus of American literature through the customs house accompanied by this comet's tail of reporters. He had not been able to practice what he preached.

This is not the place to record it, chronologically speaking; but while I am on the subject I may as well set down the third and only other occasion in my experience as a writer when I was obliged to endure my own silence when I had every right to be the principal speaker.

I was in New York, probably during the winter of 1913. I was to see the representative of a certain paper who wanted an interview. At the appointed hour the young man appeared. He was tall, slender, with a narrow face and excitable red hair, of the shade sometimes called auburn. He strode in with the excelsior step of climbing youth. I did not see his banner of strange device, but I felt it instantly. He had fine roving eyes, not easily focused upon anyone or any mere thing; they saw chiefly the images created by the brain behind them. He did not really see me at all. His vision rejected me.

His name was Sinclair Lewis. I do not know if he was a feature writer or if he was actually connected with any paper. What I distinctly recall is that the interview did not come off. He did not give me the chance

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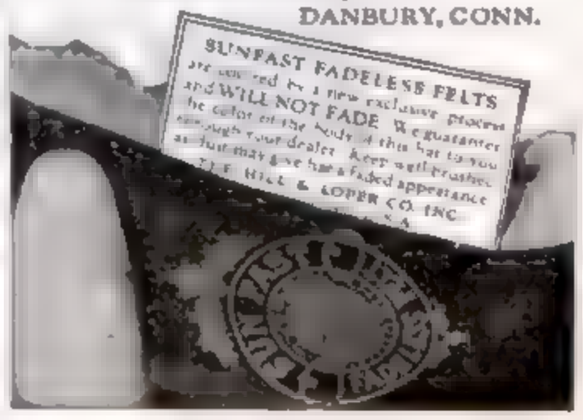

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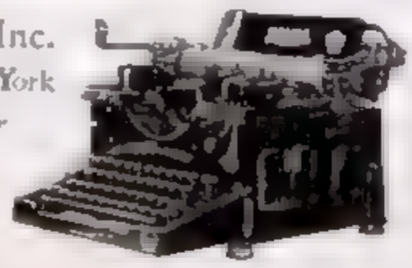

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"Compare the Work"

to say anything. He began talking at once and continued to speak without intermission or hesitation for two hours. I had asked him to be seated, but he would not remain seated. He stood up, he paced back and forth in a fine frenzy.

I felt very queer when he finally seized his hat, bade me good morning and went out, without so much as asking me what I was writing now, or giving me the opportunity to tell him one little thing about myself, my work or my ancestors. The only thought I had to soothe me was that he must at least have found my presence inspirational, as the Italian ladies say. And I had my misgivings about even that, because he was a man then so obsessed with his own ideas that he could not have conversed with anyone, but he might have spoken eloquently to sticks and stones.

So far as I was concerned, he remained a mystery until his story, Main Street, was published. The vast vapors of creation were even then boiling in him. Years later they cooled and congealed into this novel.

The sanest, most interesting literary companionship I have ever enjoyed was as a member of the Pen and Brush Club in Nashville, and this was never of the least service to me in a literary way beyond the relaxation and diversion it afforded.

There were eight of us who met once a week, consumed amazing quantities of indigestible foods and discussed everything under the sun except politics and religion. I do not know why we omitted these subjects unless it was that so much of the business end of religion was exploited in Nashville that nobody felt the spiritual illusions of life very strongly; and Tennessee is gifted with so much political ferocity that to talk politics would have been like discussing the family skeletons of the state at large. I merely venture this explanation as delicately as possible to cover the omissions in our communisms. I do not really know why we stuck so passionately to the upper regions of art and literature unless it was that they were so far beyond us they appealed to our imaginations.

We also read our own compositions and talked about them. We loved them and praised them. No one would have laid the weight of one critical word upon the frail wings of struggling talent in that club. We were literary humanitarians, if you know what I mean.

I recall only one member of this club who ever spoke the truth, and she would do it. Some of us regarded her as a short circuit. She had decided talent as an artist, which she had not been able to develop on account of her duties as a wife and mother. She was beautiful. She had gray hair, the satin skin of a girl and the most artlessly innocent expression I ever saw in a woman's face. She had all the endearing feminine virtues, and was one of the few women I have known who literally would not gossip about other people, however much they deserved to be talked about. But let one of us read a story in that club and she would knock it higher than a kite, no matter if every other member vowed it was a masterpiece. She became rigidly truthful, and the awful thing was that she invariably hit the nail on the head. Not that she knew or pretended to know anything about literary criticism, she would add, then go on riddling the thing by way of apology for her temerity, while the dying author sat upright with a far-away look in her tear-dimmed eyes.

The very singing-wren brooder of all our geniuses never risked her own copy there. She was a newspaper woman, and an able one; but the truth was not in her when it came to discussing our works. She lived to love and praise regardless of the truth. I remember this honey-bee trait she had—she always carried a small black hand bag, and this thing would be stuffed with clippings of verses—really good poetry, though I never knew where she found it. When the murk of criticism clouded the atmosphere, if somebody's feelings were hurt, she would take one of these little pellets of verses and administer it in the sweet cadence of a fine reading voice; or she would clasp the hand of the woman in pain for her literary deed, squeeze it and work her face tenderly as you do at the sick bed of your beloved.

We had what you may call a retired member. That is to say, she was no longer in the active struggle as a writer I do not know that she ever wrote anything except an article on her travels in a foreign country. This was published in a local paper perhaps ten years before the Pen and Brush Club came into existence. She had been elected to membership because we liked her, and, I suppose, because she might have become a writer if she had not been such a good, unselfish woman in the performance of her other duties. She came regularly, listened patiently to our ravings and the perpetual five-finger exercises we carried on, figuratively speaking, in literary composition. But she never could be praised for anything, because she did not write anything.

Something must be done about this. We were really good, you understand; we lacked the enterprise, the experience, even the animus of our chosen profession. We felt obliged to lift the scenes of this lovely woman who had wealth and social position, but no praise for that article she had written long ago. So we invited her to read the thing to us. She was glad to do it. We devoted a whole meeting to her. Never shall I forget the picture she made, sitting up primly in a spindle-legged chair, her white hair piled high, her lavender draperies flowing, her hands trembling with excitement as she held the yellowed pages of that old newspaper as if it were a nosegay she smelled with her spectacles, and read hour after hour, it seemed to me, while we sat in stricken silence, but not listening.

Still it was the most enthusiastic meeting we ever had; not a dissenting voice as to the charm and style of this wonderful letter about her travels. She went home pink and glowing with happiness. After that she had an air such as other authors acquire when they have retired from active literary labors with the consciousness of having made good.

I suppose the inside lives of most writers are made up of similar incidents and experiences, of no particular significance, except that they record the way we actually live, not what everybody knows, which at best is only the works we achieve.

We come upon a stretch of level years now and then in the hardest life, as we find even ground here and there upon the roughest road. I reckon it is providential. The Lord allows us a little time, a little space in which to get our wind and strength for the next vicissitude or the next hard pull, for I have noticed this is what always happens. I am not complaining. I am merely setting it down here as a part of this record that there are no easy roads from end to end anywhere—not if you bear your own burdens and earn your own expenses—and that the weather of a whole lifetime is never settled. You may miss a spring now and then, but winter does come.

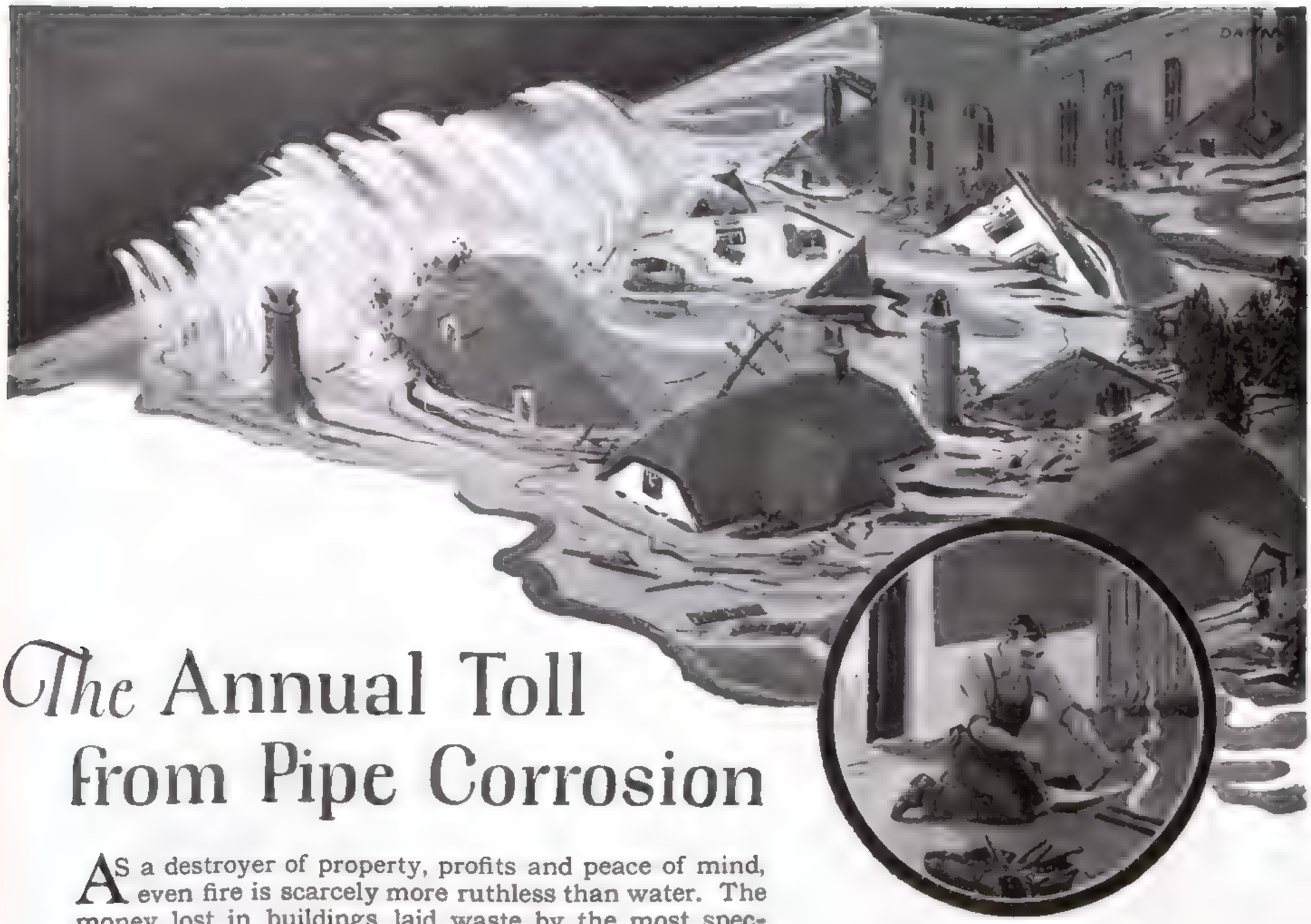
These first years in Nashville were for me a spell of good weather, a warm, bright space in time. I had no great joys and no overwhelming sorrow. I worked hard and was reasonably contented. Faith would graduate the following June, Lundy was rendering efficient service in the board of education and had a little church where he preached every Sunday. My place as a peaceful woman seemed assured in the order of things. My literary work was merely a means to this end. I had no worldly ambition to serve. I never expected to write a great book or even become a well-known author.

Presently, when everything was going smoothly and Lundy's conscience appeared to be resting peacefully, that famous controversy began between the church and the trustees of Vanderbilt University as to the ownership of the university. If the trustees won in the courts, the church would lose control of the policies of the institution. The trustees finally came out victorious.

The church immediately faced about and built Emory University in Atlanta. I have always held that the Lord himself could not save us without working His will for good through our very perversities. What I mean is that the youth of this country has inherited another great educational institution which would probably never have existed but for that row over Vanderbilt University. The trustees and the church only think they own them. Both of them belong to the students who use them.

But such a struggle is like any other war. Men fall in it never to rise again. Lundy was one of the casualties in this one. A peaceful man, more averse to a disturbance than any other man I ever knew, he suddenly rose up and took sides with the trustees of Vanderbilt University, not noisily but calmly, and with outrageous effectiveness. He must have known that he risked his own position in the publishing house. As to that I remember an interview which took place between him and a man

(Continued on Page 160)



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(Continued from Page 158)

now dead. This man had come to remonstrate with him, and finally to threaten him with the loss of his place on the board of education.

"Your livelihood is at stake," he warned him

"I do not have to live," Lundy retorted, and went on collecting material for the brief which the lawyers were preparing that was eventually to free the university from the episcopal yoke.

Things were bad for Lundy after that, and his health failed under the strain, and he finally came down with an illness which lasted for four months.

I was his nurse every day during this long illness, from seven in the morning until twelve at night. Between midnight and daybreak I rested. From five in the morning until seven I worked at my desk, turning out articles and two or three short stories, enough to make our financial ends meet.

As I have said before, love is the great inspiration. It can keep you up and going strong when mere worldly ambition would fail. I had the strength of eagles for this business. I was never tired in mind or body.

It was at this time and under these circumstances that I began to write sketches of his life which afterwards became the latter chapters of A Circuit Rider's Wife. I thought he was about to die, and I was determined that he should not pass diminished, without honor or praise for his courage and great services to the church. I remember yet how I used to feel after I had spent those first two faint daylight hours of the morning writing the stuff—revived and refreshed, as if I had put something over in spite of everything.

I must have passed through days of terrible depression and almost hopeless anxiety, with Lundy lying so near the gates of death. But if so I do not remember them now. I do not recall writing any letters to my friends or relatives telling what a bad fix we were in. I do not recall a single visitor coming out to sympathize with me in my afflictions. This was because the hospital was located in the country beyond Nashville, and probably because nobody knew the situation. But all this may be wrong. I have sometimes suspected that I have a prideful mind which conceals the memories of defeat.

If someone else should write this record I suppose it would be very different, and probably more accurate so far as outside facts show. I am only telling the truth as I felt it and remember it from the inside. If the meanest wretch alive had the gift for doing that, he might make quite a hero of himself in a similar tale. I have myself been so touched by the accounts villains or doubtful women gave of themselves that they seemed to me only misshapen in conduct because of the wrongs they had suffered. But this theory will not do in practical life. It gives too many morally catawampous people the advantage of you. Still, I think I have a little inkling of God's mind about them, and that we may accordingly see some strange reversals of position in heaven. Those of us who have had the chance to practice our virtues and develop noble attributes of character which win the praise and admiration of men are in grave danger of forgetting that Scripture which prophesies that the last shall be first and the first last.

But those poor last ones! They never expect to be first in the kingdom of heaven. This is the advantage they have over us who give ourselves airs and record our good deeds chiefly in a record like this one. We who are so eminently respectable ought to take warning and sneak around more than we do on our spiritual all-fours before the Lord. I do sometimes, but not often enough. I seem to have acquired the habit of strutting and clicking my spiritual spurs. But knowing you, dear brethren and sisters, as I do, I know you will make your little subtractions here and there and get me down to par value in spite of all the prancing and promoting I can do. So read on and see how much good your short division of another person's virtues will enhance your own.

I do not know if the medical profession will vouch for this, but my belief is that it is very difficult for even death to accomplish its purpose in the shielding presence of an intense affection. Anyhow, Nature began to mend Lundy at last; and when he learned that his resignation had been sent in, but was not accepted, his man's pride was comforted and he began to mend rapidly.

At the earliest possible opportunity I hurried into town and resigned from the place where we had been boarding. I took an old house on a quiet old street, and for the first time I went head over heels in debt furnishing this house; not splendidly, of course, but very well indeed.

I had always been a reasonably honest person, and the only way I can account for this unscrupulous extravagance is that my head must have been turned at the joy of Lundy's recovery; for I had no prospect of paying this debt. The Circuit Rider sketches lay in my desk—precious stuff. I had no plans for disposing of it. I was merely jerking out a bit of copy now and then on anything from June Brides to Fortune Telling by way of meeting current expenses until Lundy could get on his feet. But he must have a home now, a quiet place to rest in, if he was to gain his strength. Faith would be coming home soon and must have a happy place to live in. I was still expecting happiness, you understand. For so many years I lived securely in this illusion. It was my palace of dreams, the clear sky above my head upon the darkest days—the expectation that presently we would get over the last rough place in the road and live happy ever after.

I have sometimes wondered about the veracity of the Almighty at this point. We are made so intoxicated by hopes and faith, by the very nature of flesh and blood, that we expect happiness in a world made wise by unhappiness. But it is not so bad, once you get accustomed to the truth that happiness does not make anybody happy long, but that it is learning how to be decent and not crooked in the game that makes life worth living and insures peace somehow.

Lundy went back to his work in the publishing house and we settled down in this old red-brick house. There was a clump of purple phlox on either side of the door, many flowering shrubs in the yard, a brick walk netted with fine grass between the bricks that led to a real front gate, a big garden, a huge willow tree on the west side of the veranda that trailed its boughs like green veils of loveliness—but not a single thing inside paid for! I wondered why Lundy did not ask me how I came by all these things. But he never did. He was like one taking gifts from God now, and asking no questions. He was a bit dim in his mind from this time to the end about all realities.

I worked some of the Circuit Rider notes into a short article and sent it to a New York magazine. It was promptly returned—for the same reason, I suppose, that no motion-picture concern would ever consider putting the story of the Circuit Rider, as it was finally written, on the screen.

Great motion pictures are as a rule only great feats in photography. They must fill the eyes of the audience to bursting with terrible scenes or grand scenes. But when you analyze them their appeal is to the sensational pop-eyed faculties, made up of crowds, costumes, catastrophes and wind-blown natural scenery.

I wish somebody would try a good old roaring Methodist preacher as a motion-picture director and give him a free hand. The results would not be artistic. I reckon for conscience's sake he would kick your hard-earned standards of art out of the back door. But, believe me, he would make a fearfully awkward, convincing picture.

You may think such a performance would be primitive and absurd. It would. There is nothing more diverting to the vulgar eye than an exhibition of religious zeal. But such a preacher is accustomed to that. He faces the same element in his congregation at the beginning of a revival. He simply goes on preaching the Word of God. He knows there is a place in the worst man's heart where it lodges to stay. He lets them have it, hell and damnation, prodigal son, "blessed are the meek," one charge after another until he gets them all. I have seen him do it.

What the motion-picture business needs is a winnowing of stars and acrobats, less art for art's sake—a damnable doctrine anywhere—and more men with imaginations at the head of it, even if they are short on financial ability. The whole thing might go bankrupt for a while, but this nation would be better off.

The Circuit Rider sketch had been refused, you will remember. Something must be done about that. June was at hand. I felt called to go to Baltimore for Faith's graduation. This required funds. I had fifty dollars—not enough! The spirit of Wall Street entered me. I plunged—in my imagination of course, because I had nothing else with which to plunge. But the sky was the limit. If I fell, great would be the fall of me. But I did not expect to fail. You want to remember that—nobody can fail who will not admit defeat. Still it was a question how I should get back home if my plans miscarried.

I added three thousand words to my Circuit Rider story out of the mass of notes I had made at the hospital. Then I packed my bag, stuck the manuscript in with my other things and started for Baltimore.

I experienced the glorified distinction in Baltimore of being recognized as Faith's mother. I may not have been very well, after all I had passed through, a trifle depleted nervously, for I was tearful with happiness, being noticed so much, and loved and praised and escorted this way and that. Girls are adorable hostesses.

I saw Faith standing like a small pink doll in her cap and gown, and the neat little motion she made changing the tassel on her cap to the graduating angle when she received her diploma. I thought I had never seen a prettier gesture. My bosom swelled, my eyes smarted at the sight of my dear little bachelor of arts, who was so short of stature, and who looked so high and prim in the face, with her soft blue eyes raised as if she said with them, "Now I am wise forever." It seemed to me I could not bear it—her exquisite self-consciousness. I felt my hat to make sure it was not tilted too much to one side with this stress of emotion, because my hats will do that no matter how securely I pin them on.

That night I saw Faith in her first evening gown—satin, my dears, with quite a train. The color was the palest yellow, brocaded with lilies of the valley. There is no telling how many articles on the Acts of the Apostles that thing cost me! But it was worth a million to see her so lovely, her dark hair without a crimp piled high on her head, her shoulders so white, her face so fair, cheeks barely pink—nice girls did not use rouge then—such a winsome little lady, with another brighter smile every moment, but too impressed with her new dignity to let go into actual merriment. The train of her gown spreading behind her, I suppose, gave her this charming touch of gravity.

It lies now folded and faded along with so many other tokens of her life and loveliness.

When the commencement exercises were over I sent her home to be with her father until I could attend to my own important business.

I had determined to publish my Circuit Rider story in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, being too desperate to think even in the terms of merely submitting the thing. That implied a possible refusal. I cannot think what might have happened if the editor of THE POST had suspected my powers of predestination. I do not suppose it would have made any difference. Nothing else has in my experience, except his own judgment of a piece of work.

I mailed the story—which was not so much a story as a series of impressions, half-sketched pictures of the itinerant life—along with a note merely saying I would call in person presently to discuss this story. I may have put it as fiercely as that.

My funds were very low by this time, and I followed, you may say, with the swiftness of Paul Revere upon the heels of my manuscript. It was a mad thing to do, because editors prefer to deal with authors on the typewriter. I would not advise any prospective literary celebrity to follow my example. When a certain successful author threatened to come and read her story to an editor, I remember hearing him say she would have to tie him to his chair if she did it. They are fierce about things like that.

But can you see me, dear readers, arriving at the offices of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the next day? Have you any idea how the woman who had lived the experiences recorded in A Circuit Rider's Wife looked the day she went in there to see about it? I was wearing a plain black alpaca frock—bombazine used to be the name of this material—and a small black hat trimmed with black ribbons. I was not looking very well, because you cannot if you have been sitting up night and day with a sick man for months, and have done a lot of work besides, and gone in debt for your household things, and have very little money in your pocket, and do not know after all what is going to happen to you within the next few minutes. I remember that I had a headache, but recovered from this pain almost immediately. I reckon many a woman has done that when she had to be well and strong instantly or fail in something vitally important.

An associate editor met me. My first impression of him was one of good will and kindness. But I have never been able to find out what kind of man he is when it comes to testing copy submitted to THE POST. He is frightfully quiet about that.

He had very little to do with me on this occasion. He led me into the editor's office, not exactly by the hand, but as gently as parents bring a child to school the first time. Then he left me, as they do.

I recall only snatches of the interview which followed, and that I did not feel like sitting down on account of the human weather in that place, which somehow suggested a high, keen wind, probably followed by electrical disturbances. But I remember distinctly what I thought and how I felt. I felt very uneasy. For me it was now or never. I must either sink or swim in a few minutes. Presently he sat down before his desk and let me know that he liked this sample of my work. But he told me that he wanted a whole serial of the stuff—six chapters.

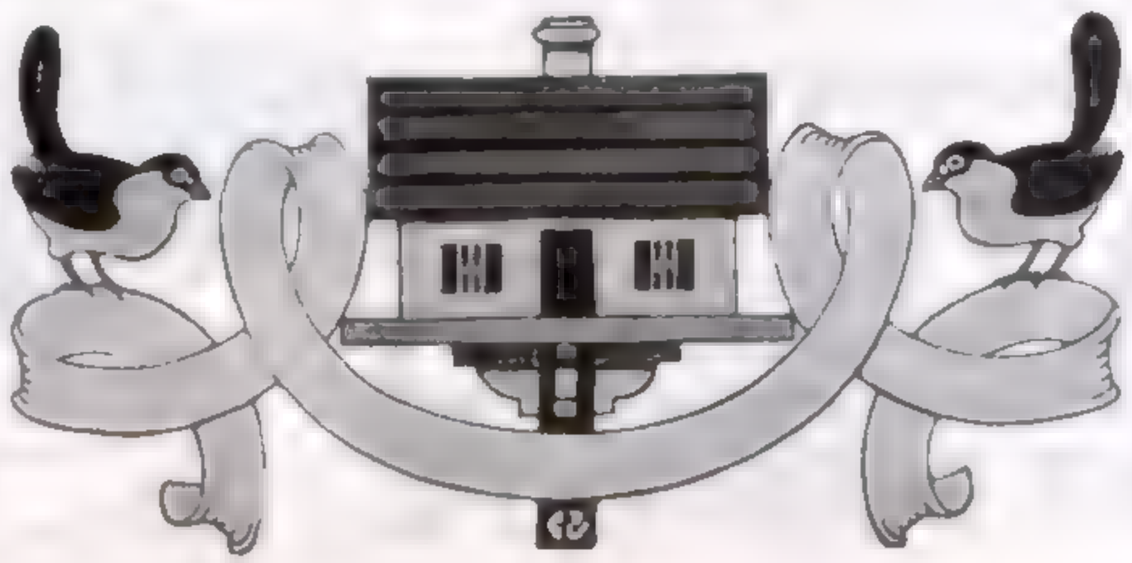
I was appalled. I had never written a story then of more than five thousand words. This was as far as the wind of my imagination would carry me. But I told him promptly that I would write the serial. Once you plunge you must go on plunging, or go under. I was gambling on my powers to create and stick it through. I did not know what kind of powers along this line I had, but they had better be enough to cover this order was what I thought.

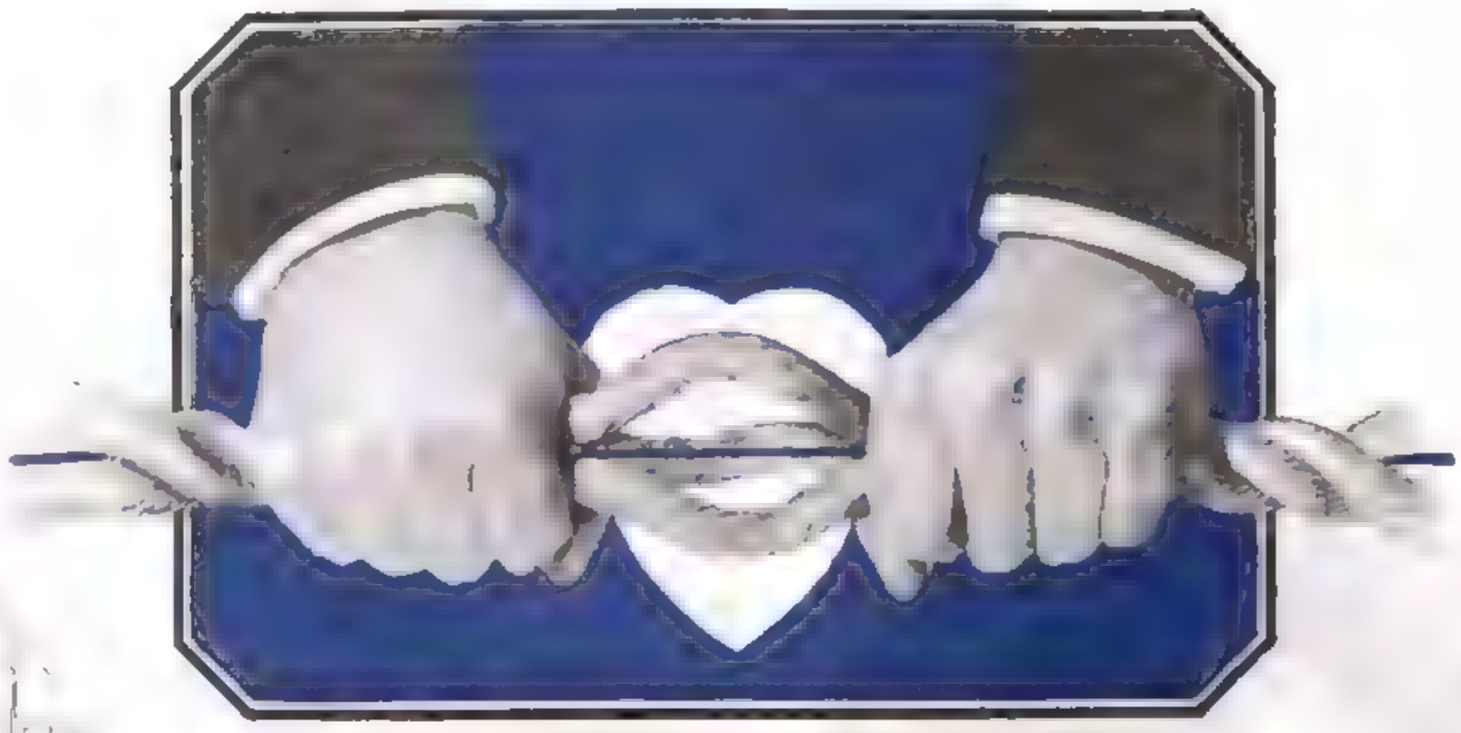
These were the circumstances which led to the writing of A Circuit Rider's Wife and to fifteen years of fortunate and happy association with THE POST and its editors as a contributor.

I took the next train for Nashville. I walked to the station, carrying a huge bunch of what I supposed to be iris lilies, given me after lunch that day. I did not know why the people on the street stared at me, nor why on the train the porter was so solicitous about keeping these flowers alive, nor why the women in that coach seemed to admire me. I thought it might have already got out that I was about to contribute a serial to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. When I reached home somebody informed me that the lilies were orchids! I still have that wealthy bouquet, pressed and faded, somewhere in a portfolio

I began A Circuit Rider's Wife on the third day of July, 1909, and finished it on the thirty-first day of the same month It was not so arduous a task as I had imagined, no creative work at all, but merely copying from memory the experiences Lundy and I had lived in the itinerancy, precisely as this record I am now writing is the same kind of life copy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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Here's a rope that will withstand the strain of hoisting winches; that resists to the limit the grinding wear of block and tackle; and that retains its "life" unusually long under exposure to weather. Yet it costs no more.

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PROVED on muddy practice fields, and in the scuffle of inter-collegiate games, Bradley Knitwear has had spectacular opportunity to demonstrate its wear-resistance and color-fastness. Your own use of a Sweater is likely to be less strenuous—but it is worth knowing that when you buy a Bradley, you are buying a Sweater *guaranteed* to yield you a remarkable measure of long service. This is one reason why your next Sweater or Jersey should be a Bradley.

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Bradley Sweaters *for men, women and children, also toddlers'* Knitted Suits *are pictured in the new Book of Bradley Styles. This also describes* Sports Hose, Gauntlets, Mufflers, Toques *and* Tams. *A post card request brings it to you.*

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Bradleys today have conspicuous place in the garb of every devotee of the out-of-doors. There are *pull-over* and *coat* styles, brushed wool, jumbo and shaker knit. There are camel's hair *vests* to wear beneath your coat, and *jackets* for indoors—classroom, home and office. Especially now, in the midst of the football season—you'll want one of the great, smart coat models—all white, or banded with college colors, or in dark shades. Certain styles are shown above. Your Bradley merchant has them!

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY Delavan, Wisconsin

The Style Book for Autumn and Winter

Gay tam and scarf sets, toques, gauntlets and golf hose—are among the smart knitted accessories to outdoor dress. These, with every desirable type of Sweater and Sports Coat, are shown in the new Style Book. Write for it.

A few practical hints about Window Shades

by Helen Richmond

THE other day I was explaining to one of my friends who is redecorating a lovely little home that one of the differences between good window shades and inferior ones is the same as that between high and low quality sheeting. You know how nearly every woman, when she buys new sheeting, rubs it between her fingers. Although good shades must be made of pure, uniformly woven fabric, there is no way to tell by rubbing whether or not it is the best quality.

Even the experts in the stores are sometimes uncertain.

The solution is the same as when you buy an electric iron, a carving set and lots of other things. You can't judge the electric apparatus inside or the steel in the carving knife, so you ask which manufacturer is noted for quality. Which one lives up to his ideals and wins the confidence of the leading stores?

You'll find the largest department stores, best decorators and shade shops have confidence in *Columbia* shades and rollers.

No store will try to deceive you. They will sell you *Columbia* window shades from stock or order them if you ask them to.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

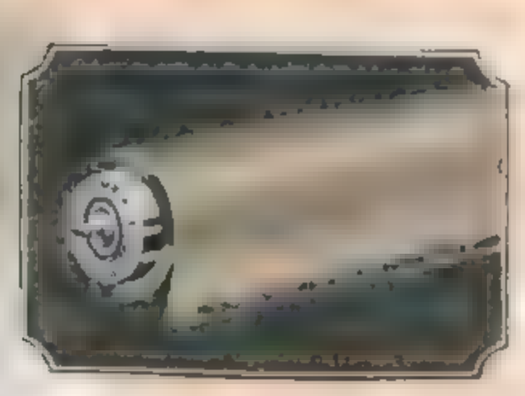
Here is what great decorators advise

THE breakfast room, of all rooms in your home, should make one feel just as refreshed and stimulated as an early morning in June.

Your guest coming down late will say, "How beautiful this room is! I never feel as though I had slept too late. It sort of soothes my conscience. No matter how high the sun is, the room seems flooded with the lovely light of early morning. What *does* it?"

That's just the effect the decorator at the store describes when you buy your window shades. She explains exactly how the source of tone in every room is the source of light—the windows. And how light, diffused through window shades of one of the beautiful tone-colors, will give this mellow freshness.

Your dining room will never look so pretty as when these new shades are up. It is really wonderful to see how the softened light brings out lovely tones everywhere in the room, just as the decorator says. Every sharp line and harsh contrast melts into decorative harmony.



"BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS" is the title of a new illustrated book by Elsie Sloan Farley, who has decorated some of America's best known homes. It will give you dozens of hints for making your home more beautiful by toning daylight with window shades of the lovely translucent tone-colors, just as you tone lamplight with lamp shades. Send 10c to *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Columbia Roller is the silent partner of Columbia Shade Cloth. There isn't anything you can reasonably expect of a roller in the way of performance that this roller doesn't do. And after you have had it so long that it ought to be worn out, a simple adjustment brings its reserve power into play, adding 30% to 40% longer life.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

WHY PRESIDENTS BREAK

(Continued from Page 4)

a very decided change now exists in patronage matters; a new light in the minds of cabinet officers and those with executive authority that appointments of merit, with ability and efficiency, create a far better political asset than mere partisan political preferment has done much to relieve the President of the cares of patronage. In my service, with perhaps a few exceptions, appointments in the various executive departments, including those that required presidential nomination and confirmation by the Senate, were named upon the recommendation of members of the cabinet. President Harding never sought or attempted to settle the quarrels of political bosses. He never gave a moment's time to investigating, with an eye to its political effect, the nature of any appointment that was recommended to him. He accepted the policy that members of Congress of his own party should be recognized in appointments to duties in their respective districts and states. He insisted on honesty and ability. When a patronage problem confronted him where differences of opinion were apparent among those given the responsibility of recommendation he sought their efforts for agreement and a harmony program. Failing in that, he would urge a compromise and seek their endeavors for a settlement of their factional differences. When he found no response to his appeal he accepted his responsibility and made his decision fearlessly.

Post-Office Appointments

A survey of the executive departments discloses few patronage problems for the Chief Executive. Outside of the presidential appointments the nomination of which must go to the Senate for confirmation, there are no appointments in the State Department. In the Department of the Treasury, the internal-revenue collectors, the collectors of customs, the state prohibition officers are all considered as senatorial patronage and the Secretary of the Treasury makes his recommendations for nominations to the Senate upon the indorsements of the senators. Senators are, as a rule, in harmony, and join in a letter of indorsement. There is no patronage in the War Department or in the Navy Department. In the Department of Justice we find the district attorneys and the marshals of the courts are presidential patronage. Here, again, the Attorney-General makes his recommendations to the President, following the indorsements of the senators. There are some differences in some states, of course, but seldom are there frictions that cause annoyance.

In the Post-Office Department there are an enormous number of postmasters. They are chosen by executive order from an eligible list established by examination held by the United States Civil Service Commission. The three candidates making the highest passing grade of those taking the examination are certified by the commission to the Postmaster-General as being eligible for nomination. The Republican congressman in whose district the vacancy occurs is advised of the list, and his indorsement is requested by the Postmaster-General. If the district is represented in Congress by a member of the minority party the senators' indorsement is sought. When both senators and congressmen are of the minority party the national chairman and the national committeemen give to the Postmaster-General their indorsement. This policy is not a new one. During the service of President Harding 10,728 nominations for postmasterships were sent to the Senate. With the possible exception of perhaps fifty, all these nominations were sent to the Senate upon the recommendation of the Postmaster-General, without conference or discussion with the President. The exceptions consisted of appeals from members of Congress for executive order where their preferred candidates were not eligible by reason of age. In some of the fifty exceptions the President himself sought conferences with members of Congress relative to appointments in which he himself found some personal interest. Contrary to the popular thought, the naming of postmasters is not a burden on the President.

In the Department of the Interior there are some land-office commissioners in the West as presidential patronage. The Secretary of the Interior makes his recommendations in the same manner as applies to appointments in the other executive departments. In the Department of Agriculture, in the Department of Commerce and in the Department of Labor very few positions are available for patronage.

There does exist a patronage problem that carries a very heavy responsibility and causes a great deal of worry and anxiety. The Constitution gives to the President the authority for the nomination of the judges that constitute the Federal judiciary. They must be confirmed by the Senate. The members of the Supreme Court, the Circuit Court of Appeals, the Court of Claims of the United States, the United States Court of Customs Appeals, the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia and the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia are all named for life terms. One can readily appreciate the very serious nature of this obligation.

The President is a very serious-minded official when this task confronts him. It is with no difficulty that he makes his decision for vacancies on the Supreme Court. When a vacancy occurs outstanding men, with nation-wide reputation as lawyers and judges, come instantly to his mind, but for the other courts he finds the pathway to determining the proper nomination a difficult and trying one to travel. In his efforts to find a dependable estimate of the qualifications, the character, the capacity and the fitness of those who are being considered or have been suggested to him, he finds a conflict of opinions and convictions that bewilders and disturbs.

I have seen a large delegation of prominent lawyers urge the fitness of their candidate for judicial service in most impressive terms, and at the conclusion have seen members of this same delegation seek a private audience in order to give to the President a far different estimate of the candidate's qualifications, and seek the President's interest in another name. Partisan politics is not always a factor in this duty. At times a man of the minority party is being sought. I have never seen any indication of the importuning of the so-called political bosses, of vested interests, or of capital or labor, but I have seen a very decided interest on the part of those charged with the responsibility of confirmation and of organizations whose activities are of law-enforcement interest. It is not very comforting or helpful to the President, confronted with this most difficult task of all his responsibilities, to receive a communication saying: "I address you not only in your capacity as Chief Executive but as the leader of your party." The duty of selecting the judiciary of this republic is indeed a very heavy responsibility that worries and distresses and causes great anxiety. A mediocre bureau chief can be removed; not so a Federal judge.

Many Papers to Sign

I know of no way of relieving the President from such burden as may exist in his office that is created by the patronage problem. You cannot divorce a President from the responsibility of being the leader of his party. Relieve the President from his party leadership, his party responsibility, his accounting to his party and through his party to his constituency of faithful performance of party pledges and party promises, and you make him a distinguished chief clerk. Patronage is a factor of his leadership. One might be of the impression that you could relieve the President of all patronage matters by giving him an assistant for the patronage problem. He has ten able assistants now, members of his cabinet. A determined, fixed policy of delegating all patronage matters to the members of his cabinet and holding them strictly responsible for honesty and efficiency sounds ideal, and to a very great extent was followed by President Harding.

It won't work, however, without a great many exceptions. A President cannot call men from all parts of the country during the time between his nomination and his election, seek their advice, their counsel, their service, their coöperation in his personal behalf and in the behalf of the party, and again seek their aid in March to help and to assist him in keeping his promises to his constituency, and also tell them, in the same breath, to see the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General and the Postmaster-General about a presidential nomination when these men are now seeking the President's help, service and coöperation in keeping the promises and pledges they made in the work of electing him President. It is impossible for a President to ask a conference with a senator in order to convince him that his policy on foreign relations is in keeping with party pledges, urge him to be a supporter, and then ignore his wish to be helpful when he suggests the name of a distinguished lawyer for the position of a Federal judge. It is impossible to establish by law a patronage policy. A President must fix his own policy, determine in his own mind his own method of discharging this obligation. If he needs assistance he has able and efficient and trustworthy counsel in the members of his cabinet. It is not necessary to create the office of assistant to the President.

"Anyone having occasion to go into the President's office is impressed with the fact that the Chief Executive is forever signing letters and documents," says another metropolitan editorial writer. There is, of course, a large amount of purely routine work that confronts the President. In itself, as a daily task, it is not a great burden. The Chief Executive of the greatest nation of the world, with forty-eight states having connecting Federal relations with a hundred million people, with the duties and the powers placed upon him by the Constitution, with the many responsibilities that Congress each session directs him to assume, quite naturally finds routine requirements constantly before him. Official papers from executive departments, requiring the President's signature in order that his approval of a purely executive matter may be indicated, are numerous, but the task of simply annexing a signature to official papers, the text of which it is not necessary to analyze, is of slight physical effort and no tax on the mental faculties. I have no doubt that this burden, if you wish to call it a burden, could be greatly lessened by modern business methods and legislation that would place a great deal more of the responsibility upon the heads of the President's official family and the chiefs of the various bureaus.

Other Nominations

The official papers that come to the executive office from the Department of State, with the exception of the nomination papers and various commissions, are very largely of a Constitutional nature, and very little relief could be afforded. I can see no reason why the commissions of coast-guard officers, public-health-service officers, collectors of customs and collectors of internal revenue should be issued and signed by the President. I have never sought to determine the reason or the necessity of having various regulations in the Treasury Department, assignment of public-health officers to consulates abroad, or the designation of coast-guard vessels for winter cruising and protection of seals or the approval of coast-guard-retirement records require the President's approval.

In the War Department the President is required to nominate the Secretary of War, the Assistant Secretary of War, all bureau chiefs, chaplains, the adjutant general, the inspector-general, judge-advocate-general, quartermaster-general, chief of finance, surgeon-general, chief of engineers, chief of ordnance, the chief signal officer, chief of air service, head of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, chief of the militia bureau, chief of the chemical-warfare service; to nominate and sign the commissions of army officers above the rank of colonel, and to approve certain Philippine acts and all court-martial cases.

In the Department of Justice all police and municipal judges in the District of Columbia must be named by the President, likewise the commissioner of deeds in various states for the District of Columbia; the commissions of all notaries public in the District of Columbia must be signed by the President. In my judgment the President of the United States should be relieved of all responsibility connected with the District of Columbia. I have no new method of government to suggest for the district, but I can see no justifiable reason why the President of the United States should be importuned for his influence with the district commissioners, whom he nominates, for the selection of the chief of police or the superintendent of schools.

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America's most popular style of knit coat. Men of all ages and occupations are enthused over this all-'round, all-year coat. In offices, homes, for outdoor sport, it makes real pals.

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Unusually elastic, yet shape retaining. Long fibre worsted gives warmth without bulk. Heather mixtures; raglan shoulder; tailored finish; reinforced seams, pockets and buttonholes. Know the pleasure of a **Rambler. Also made in Angora finish and four pocket vests.** Write us for folder and dealer's name.

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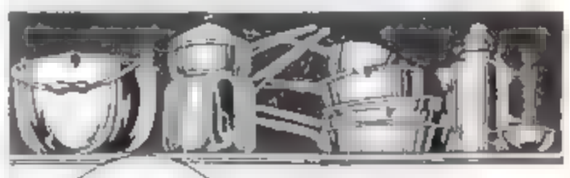

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Now that Arrowhead Ankle-Clinging Hosiery has shown the way to more beautiful ankles, society frowns upon carelessly selected stockings.

Something more appealing than beauty of texture has identified Arrowhead Hosiery in the minds of well groomed women—beauty of line; the close fitting of the ankle, revealing and glorifying nature's own priceless gift.

Skilled craftsmen in the Arrowhead mills have fashioned a super-elastic stitch which stretches—and contracts, fitting the ankle like a glove and adding neatness, trimness and beauty.

Long wear—and moderate price assure you of utmost satisfaction so long as you insist on seeing the Arrowhead label.

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Ask for "Minnehaha", a fine silk stocking plated with pure thread silk, and strongly reinforced with mercerized yarn at the top, heel and toe.

Arrowhead
Ankle-Clinging
HOSIERY
For all the Family

I have noticed in the press that a very close student of governmental activities has suggested the appointment of an assistant to the President in order that he may be relieved of the burden of considering applications for pardons. "The assistant in charge of applications for clemency would read the official record in all such cases, digest the same, and then place all the facts upon which a decision could be based before the President." Not very complimentary to the Attorney-General or to the pardon attorney, who has been in the government service many years and in whom great confidence is placed in the matter of applications for pardon. They read the official record, digest the same and place all the facts upon which a decision may be made before the President. The facts in all pardon cases are placed before the President by an Attorney-General, and the pardon record comes to the President with his recommendation as to the proper decision. But it still rests with the President and his conscience under what circumstances it is his wish to grant executive clemency to violators of the law who have been tried by a jury of their peers and sentenced by a Federal judge.

It is a very difficult task to come to a decision on pardon cases, but if a way can be found which will prevent the President's friends from seeking his favor in the matter of pardon cases, court-martial cases, West Point and Annapolis dismissals, a real relief will be afforded. All these matters have been passed upon by duly constituted agencies, created by law, all of them have been approved by a cabinet officer, all the facts digested and presented to the President with a cabinet-officer's recommendation, and yet a good-natured, kindly disposed, cordial and courteous President is embarrassed, annoyed, distressed and disturbed by friends who impose upon him even by following him to and importuning him in his private home. No enactment of Congress can relieve this burden.

There come also from the Department of Justice, for the approval of the President, claims against the Alien Property Custodian, all of which carry the recommendation of the Alien Property Custodian and the Attorney-General.

A Characteristic Reply

All postmasters' commissions are signed by the President. One day when in the President's office, noticing an unusual number of postmasters' commissions awaiting his signature, I said to the President: "That's a hard job. Why don't you vest authority to someone in the Post Office Department?"

His reply was very characteristic: "I don't mind it, and Hays tells me that the postmasters like the President's signature on the commissions, and I am glad to please them."

In the Navy Department the approval of all naval regulations, requests for retirement, proceedings of retirement boards, dismissals from the naval academy, proceedings of selection for promotion board, and all court-martial records are required of the President. This is not a task that worries or annoys if it is the President's policy to follow the recommendations of his cabinet officers. From the Interior Department come the contracts with the various Indian tribes in quadruplicate—desert-land contracts, coal-land withdrawals and restorations, Indian deeds and wills, leases under the Oil and Gas Leasing Act, orders of modification of various power sites, petroleum and power-site withdrawals and restoration orders, public-water reservations and reservoir-sites reservations with their restoration. In the Department of Agriculture the President's approval is required in various regulations. Few papers of a purely routine nature come to the President from the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor.

These comprise the name-writing requirements. Of itself, the task is not so burdensome as the public thinks it is.

The friendly greeting and the cordial handshake of admiring constituents; the acceptance of full responsibility of the problem of patronage; the general routine duties of the office, created by the enactment of law; the duties and powers bestowed upon the Chief Executive by the Constitution do not break a President.

The responsibilities, however, that come to him, by reason of his political leadership, by reason of his being the chosen agency of a great constituency, intrusted with the faithful administration of their expressed wishes, their hopes and their desires, and by reason of a consecrated pledge for accomplishment—these responsibilities bring the anxiety, the worries, the cares and the trials that sap the strength of the robust man. Accomplishment of a duty is ample compensation, but the disappointments are many and bring regrets and great sorrow.

The Republican Party pledged its nominee, Warren G. Harding, to the policy of its platform. The people by an overwhelming vote voiced their confidence in the sincerity of these promises and their faith in its nominee. The President was inaugurated on March 4, 1921, immediately assumed his duties, and faced his responsibilities with confidence and full assurance of accomplishment. In his inaugural address he renewed his pledge of faithful service: he was not "unmindful of the tremendous responsibilities . . . but with the realization comes the surge of high resolve." He "would shrink from the burden if there is to be sole responsibility, but there are a hundred millions with common concern and shared responsibility." He invited their cooperation. He said, "I accept my part with single-mindedness of purpose and humility of spirit and implore the favor and guidance of God. . . . With these I am unafraid and confidently face the future."

The Legislative Program

The President after the inauguration ceremonies hastened to his duty with renewed vigor and in good health.

On March 22, 1921, he called an extra session of Congress to convene April eleventh. The Congress assembled with the largest working majority ever given to a political party. The President's party was in control, pledged to party policy. The President sought consideration by the Republican Congress of national problems too long delayed; he called attention to the fact that the people had charged this new Congress and this new Administration with the solution, the readjustment, the reconstruction and restoration which followed the wake of war.

He invited their attention to their party pledges; the vast national expenditures and the need of economy; the tax burden and the need of relief; the urgency for an instant tariff enactment, emergency in character; the enactment of legislation providing for the national budget system; the need of inquiry in the matter of deflation; the need of investigation in the matter of railway rates; the need of amending and strengthening the laws governing Federal aid for highway construction; the need of a merchant marine; the importance of radio and cable communication; the duty of the Federal Government in the regulation of air navigation; needed legislation for the organization of a bureau for all matters relating to hospitalization, vocational training, war insurance, rehabilitation and all pensions; the creation of a department of public welfare; the race problem; appropriations for the Army and the Navy; the pledges of the party for an association of nations. Then Congress went to work.

Congress was in extraordinary session from April 11 until November 23, 1921. The regular session convened December 5, 1921, and again the President called their attention to the nation's needs and the problems still pressing for accomplishment. The regular session lasted until September 22, 1922. On November 9, 1922, another extraordinary session of Congress was called to convene November 20, 1922, and again the President went to the legislative branch of the Government, and again indicated the problems that still confronted the nation. The extraordinary session adjourned December 4, 1922, and the regular session began the same day. Once more the President went to Congress and said: "So many problems are calling for a solution that a recital of all of them in the face of the known limitations of a short session of Congress would seem to lack sincerity of purpose." This session lasted until March 4, 1923.

President Harding was in office two years and five months, and Congress was in session almost continuously.

It is not, then, the handshakers, the patronage, the routine duties of the office, however many formal signatures they may involve, which cause our Presidents to break. It is that fearful strain which is the

(Continued on Page 169)

It Took 25 Years to Learn This Simple Lesson

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, only a few people suspected that the old-fashioned wrought iron had any advantage over the newer product, steel. As time went on, close observers began to suspect that the newer product rusted out much faster than the old one, an idea which was vigorously scouted and even ridiculed by those who had abandoned the old for the new metal. But as years went by, the fact became more and more apparent that the genuine old wrought iron possessed superior rust resisting properties when installed under exposure to air and moisture.

The pipes illustrated above are from two very similar buildings, on the same street, in the same city (New York), under identical conditions of service. Thousands of pipes, when recently examined, all bore testimony to the same remarkable ability of genuine iron to resist corrosive attack for generations with but slight deterioration, when used for plumbing, heating, gas, steam, water supply, and other service.

No Compromise with Cheapness

Engineers and architects now fully recognize the greater durability of the old wrought iron, their observations resting largely on the eminently satisfactory service records of Byers genuine wrought iron pipe—the pipe whose quality has never been compromised to meet the universal desire for cheapness. These experts know they can depend on the pipe made by Byers to serve future generations as long and as faithfully as the pipe made by Byers forty or fifty years ago.

The Extra Cost is Small

The careful hand processes involved in making Byers pipe naturally increase its first cost. But as the pipe alone in most pipe installations rarely amounts to over 15% of the total cost, the extra cost of Byers becomes a small premium paid but once, to insure double or treble life of the entire pipe installation, also protecting the building itself against heavy damage incident to the failure of pipes concealed in walls, floors or other inaccessible places. (See diagram above.)

SEND FOR FREE LITERATURE

Byers Bulletin No. 32—The corrosion of iron and steel pipe in house drainage systems, reports of two independent investigators with photographs and service records.

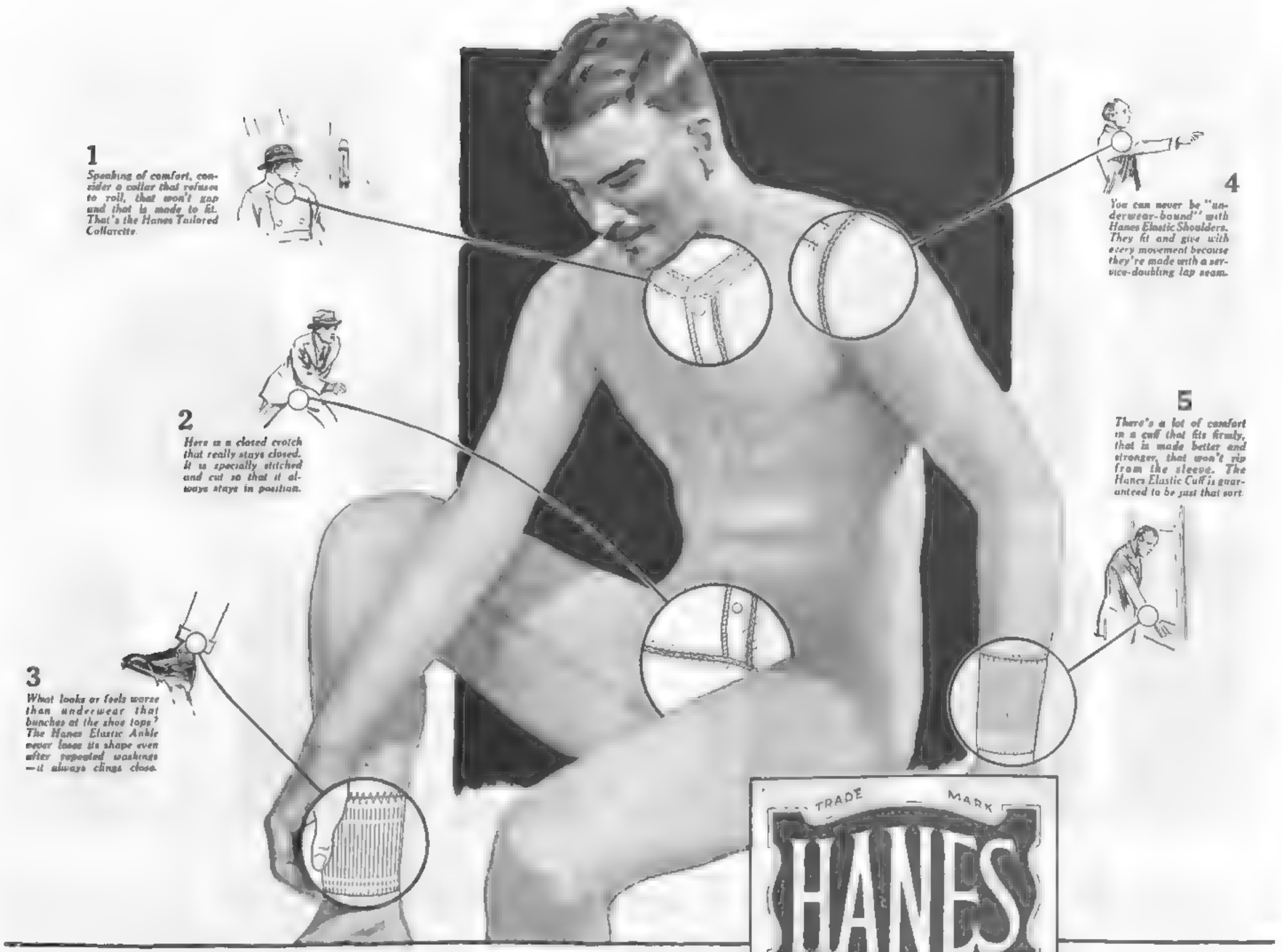
Bulletin No. 38—The Installation Cost of Pipe—an analysis of a wide variety of pipe systems, with figures showing the main items of cost.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Established 1864
New York Philadelphia Boston Chicago Houston
Distributors in all Jobbing Centers

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length


1
Speaking of comfort, consider a collar that refuses to roll, that won't gap and that is made to fit. That's the Hanes Tailored Collarette.
2
Here is a closed crotch that really stays closed. It is specially stitched and cut so that it always stays in position.
3
What looks or feels worse than underwear that bunches at the shoe tops? The Hanes Elastic Ankle never loses its shape even after repeated washings—it always clings close.
4
You can never be "underwear-bound" with Hanes Elastic Shoulders. They fit and give with every movement because they're made with a service-doubling lap seam.
5
There's a lot of comfort in a cuff that fits firmly, that is made better and stronger, that won't rip from the sleeve. The Hanes Elastic Cuff is guaranteed to be just that sort.
TRADE MARK
HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

You can pin your faith to these five points

WE took the five things that make most winter underwear uncomfortable. And we made them right.

But that's not all! We made the seams flat and non-irritating—sewed the buttons on to stay—made buttonholes that the hardest tugs won't pull out of plumb.

We took so much care in the making of Hanes and in the materials that go into them that we were able to put behind every garment a hide-bound guarantee—a guarantee that covers every thread, stitch and button.

Then we put the price of Hanes so low that no underwear made could stand up with it for value for the money. You can bank on Hanes breaking any underwear record ever set. Satisfy yourself on Hanes quality and workmanship. Examine a suit and you will say that beyond a shadow of a doubt it is the best underwear you ever saw for anything like the price.

You can get them in shirts and drawers, or union suits in light, medium, and heavy weights. Most dealers carry a full line of Hanes. But if you can't get them near you, write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

Hanes for Boys too!

They are the same hard wearing quality, the same comfort, warmth and perfect fit that go into the men's. Two weights—medium and heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years (sizes 20 to 34). 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seat. Made also in knee-length and short sleeves.

Hanes Guarantee: We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next summer wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!

(continued from Page 166)

inevitable concomitant of the tremendous, all-important and far-reaching problems with which he is constantly confronted. It is the incalculable strain of leadership, the strain involved in attempting to bring about harmony among a great variety of conflicting views, the strain of instilling energy and expedition into men who, perplexed with the intricate problems involved in their legislative duties, are disposed to proceed at a pace which almost suggests loitering to those whose interests are vitally affected. It is the strain of dealing with problems on which the comfort, the prosperity, often even the lives of the people depend, with no authority, with no adequate machinery, and the solution of which may be acquired only by the expenditure to the extreme limit of the forces of logic and good fellowship; of seeking by persuasion and appeals to humanitarianism and patriotism to induce men to sacrifice—or at least to compromise—that which they regard as constituting their just and inalienable rights, in order that the general welfare may be conserved, that the great body politic may be saved from unwarranted and unmerited hardship.

Presidential Problems

A cursory glance at the standing committees of Congress will afford some conception of the variety of problems with which the President, both as Chief Executive of the nation and as leader of his party, is called upon to deal. Among these committees are those dealing with agriculture; traffic in alcoholic liquor; general appropriations; banking and currency; claims against the Government; coinage, weights and measures; education; the District of Columbia; the election of the President, Vice President and representatives in Congress; public buildings; flood control; foreign relations; immigration and naturalization; Indian affairs; industrial expositions; insular affairs; interstate commerce; pensions; irrigation; the judiciary; labor; the merchant marine and fisheries; military affairs; mines and mining; naval affairs; patents; post offices and post roads; public lands; railways and canals; civil-service reform; revision of the statutes; rivers and harbors; public roads; war claims; woman's suffrage; the budget, and so on.

This list, incomplete though it is, affords some conception of the diverse, intricate, technical and often perplexing questions brought constantly to the attention of the President, regarding which his advice is sought, often by men who in all sincerity differ radically regarding the methods which best will serve the public interest. No man entering upon the duties of the Presidency can possibly be informed on the great variety of subjects with which he will have to deal. He must listen to conflicting views with the utmost patience, often resort to such expert advice as he can procure, and then with gentleness and diplomacy seek to compose differences which otherwise must militate against the public weal and jeopardize his party's success.

Typical of the problems which arise almost to confound each President was the shipping question, with which Mr. Harding was called upon to deal as soon as he entered the White House. A vast fleet, built as an exigency of war, was owned by the United States. Obviously its operation for the great routes of trade was essential to that restoration of normal prosperity to which President Harding stood pledged. The mere maintenance of the fleet and such limited operation as then existed involved a deficit of $180,000,000 a year. Practically without precedent it became the duty of the Harding Administration to blaze a trail, to work out a method of operation which would reduce this deficit to a minimum—if it could not be wiped out entirely—without sacrificing the vast capital already invested and without jeopardizing the nation's foreign trade. The solution of this problem would crown with glory the executive officers and directors of any great business corporation. It would be regarded as a lifetime achievement by any captain of industry. It was merely one of a thousand problems which confronted the President of the United States when he took up the burdens of that great office.

No small measure of the strain which devolves upon the President grows out of the necessity of dealing with situations in which he is wholly lacking in authority—often as a result of the comparative insularity of the states as compared with the Federal Government. In this category belong those labor controversies which from time to time threaten or actually do paralyze the coal and other great industries. Those controversies which threaten and sometimes do paralyze the transportation industry of the country belong in this category only to a less degree. Twice during his Administration President Harding was confronted with the danger of the paralysis of the means of transportation. In neither instance had he the legal authority to say to employers or employes "Thou shalt not." In one instance, without that authority and inspired solely by horror of the frightful hardship which menaced the entire people, he did say it, and a strike was averted; averted probably in large measure because of the ability he displayed in making the parties to the controversy perceive the suffering the fulfillment of their determination would inflict upon all their fellow citizens.

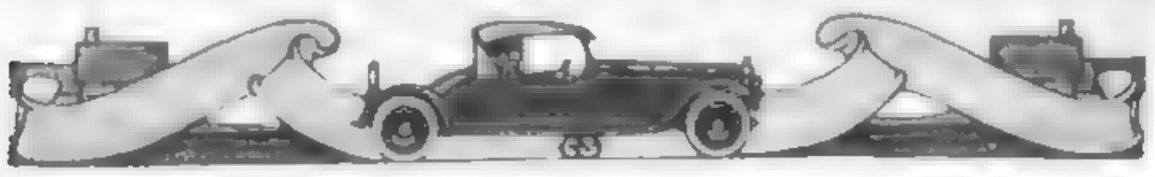
In a second instance, when the threatened strike of railway employes was less general, he was not so successful. But no thoughtful person can escape a realization of the strain under which he labored in both instances.

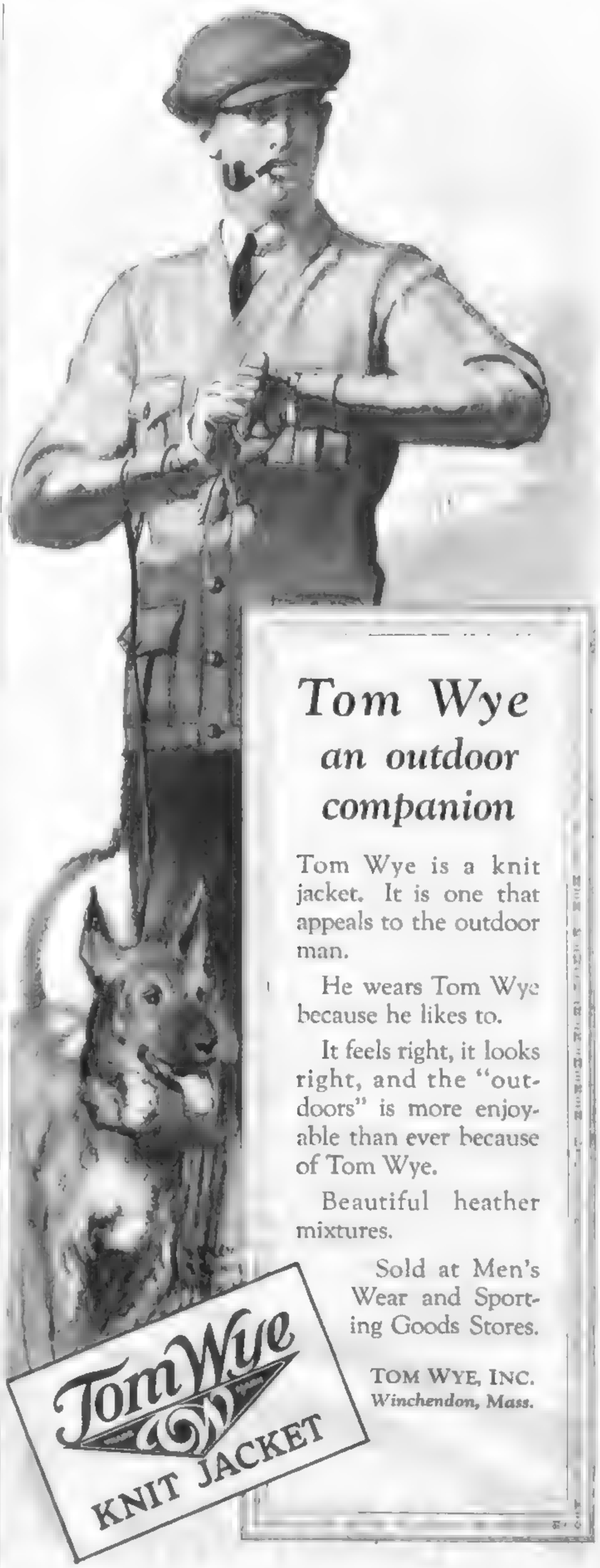
Obviously a contributory cause of the great strain to which our Presidents are subjected is the tremendous growth of the nation. With that growth also has come a rapidly increasing diversity of governmental functions. Occupancy of all fertile and available agricultural lands has created the necessity for the irrigation of hitherto arid lands; the reclamation of what heretofore have been regarded as irretrievable swamp lands. Increasingly intensive agricultural development with its accompanying denudation of timberlands has led to the necessity of vast Federal schemes for flood prevention. Decreasing available supplies of coal have made necessary extensive and intricate Federal machinery for the distribution and regulation of water power capable of developing electrical energy. These are but a few of the developments resulting from the growth of the nation, each one of which presents complex problems which in the last analysis come to the President for consideration and solution.

Party Discipline Relaxed

But in addition to the growth of the country, the last two decades have been marked by another development, a political development, which at best greatly increases the strain upon our Presidents and their difficulties. This is the steady and rapid deterioration of party discipline—a result, in my estimation, of the extension of the primary system. The time was when the President as leader of his party could appeal to his party associates in Congress to uphold the policies advocated in the party platform and to support the interpretation given those policies by himself and the party leaders on the ground that such action was essential to party success. The so-called popular primaries have led to a far-reaching undermining of this method of control. Under the present system each national legislator finds himself dependent on and responsible to the views—or what he conceives to be the views—of a majority of his constituents. He feels that he owes little or nothing to his party for his nomination or election and that obedience to the judgment or the mandates of the party leaders will bring him no reward. It makes no difference how ill-conceived may be his conception of the wishes of his constituents or how completely at variance their views and wishes may be with the national welfare.

Under the old system, if the nation as a whole prospered under the guidance of the party in power that party received the commendation of a majority of the voters and that party possessed the power to reward those of its members who had contributed their part to the national welfare. But with each member of the party a law unto himself it can easily be perceived how difficult is the task of the President when it

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an outdoor companion
Tom Wye is a knit jacket. It is one that appeals to the outdoor man.
He wears Tom Wye because he likes to.
It feels right, it looks right, and the "outdoors" is more enjoyable than ever because of Tom Wye.
Beautiful heather mixtures.
Sold at Men's Wear and Sporting Goods Stores.
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KNIT JACKET

Model '99—Note the hammerless solid breech. Nothing can get in to jam that powerful action. Built for 22 hi power, .250 3000, 30 30, 300, 303.

From the tough little woodchuck to the giant bears of the north

—*a Savage for every kind of American game*

Savage has led in making the difference between the hunting of yesterday and the hunting of today as great as the difference between traveling in an old stage coach and a modern express train.

Savage made the first hammerless repeating rifle—the first light sporting rifle to handle truly high-speed cartridges.

And since the Savage .303 first made its reputation twenty years ago, Savage has accomplished wonders in developing high-power rifles—light, well-balanced rifles with an unbelievably slight recoil.

Today—in the Savage lever-action or bolt-action high-power rifles—a calibre for every kind and type of American game.

.22 Hi-Power. The amazing little "Imp"—smallest of all high-power rifles. Ideal for small and medium game—from woodchucks to wolves—capable of killing even much larger animals. Accurate at long and uncertain ranges.

.30-30. A standard and an ever-dependable cartridge for deer and similar game at moderate ranges. Used by many seasoned hunters against the largest American animals.

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.250-3000. An all-around rifle—powerful enough for any animal in the Western Hemisphere. Terrific speed and accuracy make it *the* gun for mountain sheep, goats, and other game at extreme ranges. Excellent also for deer.

.300. Delivers a smashing blow that will drop the great Alaskan brown bear in his tracks. The most modern cartridge for the biggest game. Splendid for moose and elk as well as smaller animals.

Nor has Savage stood still in the field of .22 rifles. The *Sporter*, the latest Savage .22 Model, bolt-action repeater, was—to put it mildly—a sensation among the "gun-cranks" this year. And the Savage .22 slide-action repeater—you know how it performs—it's a standard.

It is advisable, whenever possible, in order to get the best results, to use ammunition manufactured by Savage. Ask for the Savage red box.

Ask at your dealer's, or write direct for our interesting catalog.

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Owners and Operators of the J. Stevens Arms Company

The Savage Sporter—bolt action .22 repeating rifle. 24 inch round barrel, genuine American walnut stock, varnish finish, pistol grip, open sporting sights, five-shot detachable box magazine.

Savage *Repeating* Shotgun—accurate and hard hitting, hammerless, solid breech design. Savage high pressure steel barrel

SAVAGE

becomes his duty to bring order out of chaos, to induce individual members to sacrifice their personal predilections or yield their personal judgments in order that the greatest good of the greatest number may be promoted.

Still another phase of the great strain under which the President labors is rarely perceived by the general public. This is the fact that aside from his hours of actual sleep the President enjoys no moment of complete relaxation. It seems inevitable that his every waking hour must be devoted to the promotion of some phase of the public welfare; and this does not exclude even the periods devoted to meals and to what is commonly termed relaxation. Rarely does a President enjoy even a meal free from the presence of those invited to his table for state reasons or from the company of friends who, being, like himself, vitally interested in state questions, consciously or unconsciously direct the conversation to matters of state. It is the experience of every President that suggestions from party leaders are constantly received, proposing that he invite to his table this or that guest as an expedient method of promoting some state policy, of according recognition for some service done—rarely personal—sometimes to the party, more often to the state, and not infrequently of a purely philanthropic or patriotic character.

Needless Speechmaking

Even when the President seeks some measure of outdoor exercise, at golf or riding or similar sport, state reasons dictate the selection of his companions, and every moment not essentially devoted to the pursuit of the sport is occupied with the consideration of the problems of his office. Custom has sanctioned the devotion to the use of the President of a naval dispatch boat, the Mayflower, and it is not uncommon to read in the public prints that the President and his family, accompanied by several guests, are making a week-end trip on that vessel. To the casual reader this naturally suggests a period of delightful recreation, but the more observing analyst will perceive that invariably the President is accompanied by personal or party friends, members of his cabinet, or others; and could the public be present on these trips they would realize how small the measure of actual recreation even they afford the head of the nation. At best the President is compelled constantly to fill the rôle of host and is thus deprived almost entirely of those periods of complete retirement and relaxation which go so far to maintain the physical tone of the man engaged in normal pursuits, however engrossing may be his business cares, however heavy his responsibilities.

Thus far I have outlined the grave and inevitable strains which come upon our Presidents, which too often break down their health or impair their efficiency either during their terms of office or soon following the expiration thereof. I now come to another strain which should be and I believe is avoidable. This is the strain of unnecessary traveling, and especially of unnecessary speechmaking. No one outside of the White House itself can form any adequate conception of the demands on the President's strength made by those who seek his presence in their respective communities, who plead that he address their various meetings and conventions. It might not be entirely delicate for me to suggest that in some instances, at least, such invitations and such pleadings are inspired, perhaps unconsciously, more by a desire to utilize the President of the United States as a drawing card to insure a generous attendance at a meeting, a convention, a fair, or what not, than by any loyal devotion or genuine anxiety to hear the President speak. It is, however, true that to one inside the White House, at least in some small degree charged with conserving the President's strength, such a suspicion is sometimes unescapable.

It is unquestionably a part, and an important part, of the President's duty to make known to his fellow citizens the aims for which he strives, the necessities which prompt his course, the reasons which inspire his policies. It is essential to the success of any Administration that the great mass of the people shall have a clear conception of the President's motives, a complete realization of that which he has achieved, and a keen perception of that which he seeks to obtain. But it should be a fundamental principle of patriotism that the President's fellow citizens should not express or even countenance insistent demands that he address their respective communities or gatherings for the gratification of those communities or the satisfaction of local ambitions. In a word, the President should be left wholly free to determine when and where the best interests of the country demand that he shall appear and speak. Those interests demand that he should be permitted complete freedom from the necessity of disappointing his fellow citizens by declining invitations to appear among them. So extensive are the facilities of the press, so thoroughly is the White House covered, to borrow a journalistic phrase, that there exists little or no necessity for the President to tour the country and expound his views from public rostrums; and only on those rare occasions when the existence of such a necessity appeals to him should the burden of leaving the national capital to make public speeches—or even of attending and addressing conventions held in the capital—be imposed upon his strength.

Occasions may arise, as was the case when Mr. Harding determined to visit Alaska, when the President may decide of his own motion that it is his duty to visit some section of the United States, but even on such occasions he should be left free from importunities personally to appear before and to address gatherings of his fellow citizens. The burdens of his office have become too great to permit the continuance of a custom which may in the past have afforded much pleasure to both the President and his auditors. That custom should now give place to conservation of the President's physical welfare.

The Duty of Keeping Fit

Is there no remedy for the great burden of strain which devolves upon the President? Unhesitatingly I answer, no. It is an inevitable result of the nation's growth and an inherent part of our system of government. The Government must have a head and in all important controversies that head must be the court of last resort. This is a republic and to that head must never be delegated the prerogatives of the dictator. To him can never come that measure of relief and satisfaction which might accompany the power, when a decision is reached arbitrarily, to order that decision carried into effect. The strain cannot be obviated, but it need not break our Presidents. There is an alternative.

Physical fitness is the only safeguard which will prevent our Presidents from breaking. From the time of their inception into office every effort must be made to impress upon them the grave necessity of keeping physically fit for the Herculean task they have undertaken, and the public must be educated to a realization of the fact that such recreation, such measure of outdoor exercise as it is possible for the President to procure, is as essential to the national welfare as it is to his well-being. With this realization there will come, I am convinced, a complete abstinence from a deplorable disposition sometimes observable in a portion of the newspaper world and upon the stage to treat with levity, not to say ridicule, those exercises to which the President, under the guidance of his physical advisers, may be induced to resort. The golf or the tennis or the horseback riding or other forms of open-air exercise employed by the President should be recognized by one and all as a part of his duty and no more the occasion for levity or ridicule than the drastic physical exercise to which soldiers and sailors and marines subject themselves in order that in the nation's hour of need they may be fitted for the arduous duties they are called upon to perform.

It is not only a duty but a solemn duty of the President to keep himself fit for the burden he has undertaken to carry. The method by which he achieves that end is immaterial. It is a reasonable assumption that it can best be chosen by those responsible for his physical welfare, and the time has come when he who makes light of the President's efforts to keep himself in training, who would turn them to ridicule, should be regarded as an unpatriotic and disloyal citizen. Encouragement, not criticism, should be the portion of the President whose force of character is sufficient to enable him temporarily to lay aside the problems and anxieties of his office in order that he may thereby the better prepare himself for the further discharge of his onerous duties.

The Lines of Nature are the Lines of Burson

Burson Hosiery is actually *knitted* to a *permanent* shape by the Vee Weave—not pressed or stretched to a mere temporary form. ¶Then there is the shaped foot, knit to fit without a seam anywhere—not even across the toe. ¶Burson-clad ankles intrigue the most critical eye, so dainty and smart are their lines.

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LOOK FOR THIS
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THE NEW
WAY OF FASHIONING
NICE STOCKINGS

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FASHIONED HOSE

Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized & Silk

This ticket (in red) on the hem of every pair

ROMANCE SELECTIONS $1.00. *A selection from the fifteen most popular kinds in packages. A wide assortment of pieces—crunchy nuts full centered fruits in the most delicious coatings*

The decision that brought a new delicacy of flavor to a box of candy

ASSORTED NUTS—$1.50

Just what the name implies—fresh, crisp almonds, walnuts, filberts, brazils—covered with a blend of chocolate which gives them a rare, distinctive goodness

THE HOSTESS PACKAGE—$1.50

The choicest chocolate covered fruits and nuts—nougats, fruit cordials, glacé nuts, and specialties. Send for a box today. An ideal gift for any occasion

THE TIFFANY PACKAGE, $1.25

An assortment of specialties in a package that is new and striking

How Romance Chocolates gained a reputation for goodness that has carried them into nation-wide vogue today

IF it's just candy you want—any kind will do. Here is the story of a candy that's distinctive—extraordinary!

Five years ago it was known only to a fortunate few in the larger cities. Today it's become the favorite all over America with people who want their gifts to be different—surprising.

Romance Chocolates were originated in 1913 by a group of experienced candy men who wanted to go at candy making in a new way. They decided to have none of those pieces that somehow linger in most boxes long after the rest are gone. They decided to make every piece in every box a triumph!

Luscious new flavors—the richest of thick chocolate coatings—an astonishing assortment of meaty nuts and full-flavored fruits—

That's why Romance Chocolates have become *the* thing to give among people who know.

And yet—they're priced reasonably. Eighty cents to one dollar and a half the pound—and there are over a dozen different combinations to choose from.

Wherever you live in the United States, there should be a confectioner or druggist near you who has Romance Chocolates. If yours can't supply you, send us his name and address together with one dollar (or whatever the price of the package you want may be) and we'll send you a full pound box—postpaid. Cox Confectionery Company, East Boston, Massachusetts.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

THE BURNING QUESTION

Continued from Page 5

talking in Washington has become more or less of a disease. Folks with ethical minds have pointed out the benefits of industrial cooperation and the advantages of developing good will and contentment among the workers. Righteous citizens stop you on the street and proceed to establish the fact that all we need to do is to educate the people to know the truth in the matter of coal, and then public opinion will prevent the perpetration of any injustice by either miners or operators. In the meantime the coal commission has given us the facts in the case, and the question is, What are we going to do about it?

We have been informed that our coal deposits are abundant; that prices are often too high; that our anthracite comes from a small area in Pennsylvania; that coal mining, in point of numbers employed, ranks next to transportation and agriculture; that the capital invested in the business totals $2,330,000,000; that there are approximately 10,000 commercial mines, 90 per cent of which produce soft coal; that certain industries consume certain percentages of the output; that 180 railroads carry the coal, and 38,000 retail dealers sell it.

We are also told that the industry is cursed by instability, which is probably due to labor trouble, deficient transportation and profiteering. The causes responsible for the lack of system and steadiness in the coal business are enumerated; the check-off of union dues is analyzed and the alleged suppression of free speech in the nonunion fields is discussed. It is asserted that the transportation deficiency here in the United States is due largely to inadequate terminal facilities, insufficient gateways, too few tracks and winter storms, and not always to a lack of cars and locomotives. The belief is expressed that irregularity of demand for coal and the overdevelopment of the industry are the underlying causes of labor difficulties and transportation deficiency. The short working year of the miners is attributed to too many mines and too many miners. Taking a recent month's output as the basis for calculation, and assuming a 100 per cent supply of cars, it is indicated that if production were to be carried on for a whole year at the same rate, the total output of bituminous coal alone would amount to 900,000,000 tons. In other words, the maximum capacity of our mines would be more than a billion tons yearly if we were to include anthracite in our computation and assume full-time operation for all the plants.

Facts for Future Guidance

Hundreds of other facts of greater or less consequence have been presented for the public's consideration, but none of the suggestions equal in importance the proposal that in case of a serious strike interrupting the normal flow of coal and threatening industry and public welfare, the President of the United States shall be authorized by act of Congress to declare that a national emergency exists, and shall be given power to take over the operation of the mines and the transportation, distribution and marketing of coal. Furthermore, it is recommended that the President be given full power to determine the wages to be paid to mine workers, the prices at which the coal shall be sold, and, subject to court review, the compensation to be given to land and mine owners. Governmental regulation for the coal industry is urged so that the owners of our essential fuel supplies shall not be able to operate their mines with complete indifference to the welfare of the general public.

The commission holds that coal is quite as much a public necessity as gas, street-railway service or any other service or commodity that has been brought under public regulation. The business should be conducted in the open and the guiding principle should be maximum service to the public and not maximum profit to the owner. It is recommended that the principle of individual and corporate responsibility be maintained, so as to insure economical management, and the idea of government ownership, either by purchase at present value or by expropriation, is opposed. The principles of collective bargaining are upheld, and it is stated that these principles honestly lived up to would perpetuate the open shop and at the same time permit the existence of the union.

The investigators set down ways and means to avert strikes, which include the recommendation that each wage agreement shall provide for penalties for the breach thereof by either party, and the method by which such penalties are to be enforced. It is further suggested that the anthracite and bituminous wage contracts shall expire at different dates, and that in case the principals are unable to agree upon the terms of new wage agreements, the President shall be so informed, and a committee shall immediately be appointed by the Chief Executive to inquire into and make a report upon all the relevant facts in the controversy. Speaking of anthracite mining, the statement is made that the whole rate structure in the hard-coal field harks back to the practices and conditions of 1902, and is antiquated. Nothing could be more a fact than that an industry, subject to constant changes, cannot tie itself inflexibly to conditions of twenty years ago without hampering the management and working injustice to the miners.

All of which information supplied by the coal commission is interesting and helpful, but it is nothing more than a mere assemblage of words if the many suggestions are not backed up by legislative action. It is, of course, true that the country has never had what might be termed a real fuel famine, and it is for this reason that the public has adopted an optimistic frame of mind, and goes on hoping that a coal crisis may be avoided without any resort to strenuous remedial measures.

A Case of Cold Feet

And no class of our citizens so heartily dislikes putting their fingers into the coal muddle as do our politicians. A few weeks ago when the anthracite operators and the miners broke off their negotiations, the President sought the aid of the coal commission in an effort to settle the differences. Then later the onerous task of trying to bring about an agreement was taken over by Governor Pinchot, and the discussions were shifted away from the nation's capital. Many of our high-up government officials undoubtedly hold the idea that meddling in labor matters is an unhealthy activity, the consequence of which may be political extinction. But some day, and let us hope it will be soon, one of our important Federal leaders will awaken to the truth that there are only about 600,000 union miners, while there are 20,000,000 and more purchasers of coal who would certainly be grateful to anyone who would give us emancipation from fuel oppression.

The miners' union is a far different organization today from what it has been in the past, and the change is due almost entirely to John Lewis, the miners' president. Other leaders of the men, like Mitchell and White, were clever, level-headed fellows, well versed in trading points and usually ready to compromise differences. Lewis is a different type of man.

A few years ago he was statistician of the miners' union, and he came into control more because he was in the line of succession to high office rather than for any unusual qualities of leadership that he was supposed to possess

When he became president of the union, miners in many parts of the country knew little or nothing about him, and it was the belief of a large number that he would not have the nerve necessary to carry the men through a stiff fight.

Practically the first important matter that Lewis had to deal with was the serious trouble that resulted from the union's efforts to organize the mines in Southern West Virginia. Before the difficulties had reached a critical stage the miners' new president asked the Chief Executive in Washington for arbitration of the differences, and the answer was a refusal of his appeal. A little later the miners started a march that culminated in a miniature civil war with some loss of life, and the outcome was a complete defeat for the miners' organization. Lewis not only has never asked for arbitration since then but has refused even to consider any such method of settlement, stating time and again that if arbitration could not be offered where the union was weak it would not be accepted where it was strong.

At the present time the whole coal outlook swings around this one man, who has

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become more or less the dictator of the mining industry. He is not a radical, as we understand the meaning of the word. In fact, Lewis has fought Bolshevism, communism and anarchy in the ranks of labor with all the power he possesses. A short time ago I had several hours' talk with him, and he said: "I have no patience with those who are always attempting to upset established practices and substitute experimental methods for those that have been proved worthy. I believe in the United States and have never doubted for a minute that we have here the grandest nation and the best government in the world. My children are growing up and I want to keep our land free and clean so that it will be a proper and desirable place for them to live. I am opposed to I. W. W.-ism and all kinds of similar cults whose chief purpose is to destroy rather than to build up."

This is not mere talk put forth to mislead a gullible public. John Lewis is an American, descended from a father who spent his life working in the mines, and who, the son believes, would have lived ten or twenty years longer if the working conditions of those earlier days had been better. Lewis is aware that the miner's task is an onerous one, beset by unusual hazards, and it is his opinion that the men who spend their lives underground shooting and loading coal should receive equal wages with workers in other industries that render a similar service.

In order to get a correct slant on this whole mining situation, one must bear in mind at all times the true nature of this union leader. He is the type of fellow who is immediately ready to stake everything on a single outcome. He says that the miners' union is composed of men who by both training and instinct are the greatest fighters in the world. Also, he has great respect for the talents and ability of his executive associates, and this faith in his organization has materially increased his confidence in the irresistibility of the power he controls. Apparently Lewis is fearless, especially when it comes to shaping his course in direct opposition to public opinion. There has never been any evidence of his becoming discouraged by any disapproval of his actions on the part of the people at large. In fact, it may be truthfully said that the miners' leader is possessed of all the qualities of an absolute dictator, and he controls the destinies of two-thirds of a million workers as completely as did any ancient czar the lives of his subjects. The President of the United States failed twice last year in personal appeals to move him an inch from his determined course, and his successes have increased his willfulness rather than lessened it.

Settlement by Surrender

Furthermore, Lewis learned early in his administration that all it was necessary for him to do was to call out the men, and sufficiently curtail production so as to reduce fuel supplies to a point where the public will become alarmed and make an outcry loud enough to reach the ears of Government officials. The immediate result is a demand by the Government that the trouble be settled and mining resumed. In order to bring about such a conclusion of the difficulty, sufficient pressure is brought to bear upon the mine owners to force them to make such concessions as will satisfy the workers and cause the strike to end. In other words, the common custom has been to end coal strikes by giving in and thereby purchasing peace with the public's money.

The so-called man on the street has utterly failed to grasp the seriousness of this whole coal problem. He has failed to comprehend the fact that only two steps remain before our entire coal industry is placed under the control of the workers and becomes subject to the dictation of the president of the United Mine Workers of America. The first step leading to this end is the establishment of the check-off in the anthracite field, and the second step is the unionization of the bituminous mines in Southern West Virginia and other states where the mine workers have not yet been organized. The adoption of the check-off by the hard-coal operators would make it possible for Mr. Lewis and his associates to collect a million dollars a month in the anthracite region, with which they might finance a strike in the soft-coal fields while the anthracite collieries continued working.

The check-off materially increases the power of union officials and establishes an absolutely closed shop in any region where this scheme is employed. The check-off gives the miners' officials a secure strangle-hold on the coal industry and actually substitutes management by strike for management by brains. While the thoughts of the public relating to the coal situation are only developed and influenced by daily events, the plans of the miners cover a definite course of action that leads to a future day when the nation's key industry will be completely in the hands of the workers.

The organization known as the United Mine Workers of America is practically the only great union in this country that is organized in a body that covers the entire industry rather than in unions made up of the members of the different crafts. It is for this reason, and because coal is so essential, that the United Mine Workers is by far the most important union in the eyes of every socialist, no matter to what class he belongs.

Evils of the Check-Off System

It is not surprising that the average citizen is mentally confused over the multitude of issues that are included in the nation's coal problem. The arguments that fly back and forth between the two factions are so contradictory that the whole question is covered with an impenetrable cloak of mystery and technicalities. The miners point to the check-off as an innocent system that renders no evil and that merely simplifies the monthly collection of dues by eliminating the multifarious business transactions required between the miners and the secretary of the local union. In addition, they say it lessens the material factor of cost to the miners' organization. It is also the contention of the union leaders that the check-off is productive of greater discipline and makes for the stability of trade relations and the more efficient enforcement of the provisions of wage contracts.

In answer to this assertion stands forth the truth that the check-off has undoubtedly strengthened the union, but has not promoted peace or discipline. In one state alone, where bituminous coal is mined and where the check-off system is in force, the average number of strikes that have occurred in violation of agreement has totaled more than one thousand annually for the last four years. Hundreds of similar strikes in violation of agreement have taken place in other unionized states. The soft-coal operators tolerate the check-off from compulsion and not from choice, which is indicated by statements submitted to the United States Coal Commission, in which an emphatic demand is made by the bituminous companies for the abolition of the plan.

There is foundation for the statement that the check-off is a system which proposes to make union membership a condition of the constitutional right of a miner to work at his trade. It is also a fact that on practically every occasion public arbitrators have rejected the principle of the check-off as an undemocratic plan, and impartial legal authorities have frequently expressed the opinion that the check-off is an unlawful monopolistic arrangement in violation of the nation's antitrust laws. Not even the miners themselves can deny that their own union can just as easily collect its dues from members without the check-off, which places this duty upon the employer, as can other organizations.

The miners are continuously and consistently demanding concessions that will strengthen their union, and are offering nothing in return that will supply the people of the country with any safeguard to insure the nation against the unjust and oppressive exercise of power and authority by the organization of the mine workers. Mr. Lewis is doubtless an able, honest leader, but how can we tell on whose shoulders his mantle of authority may fall? Under him are fiery radicals having large followings in the districts over which they preside. One such union official has kept his entire region for more than a year in a constant turmoil of unauthorized strikes. So far President Lewis has been able to control these refractory elements in his organization, but there is nothing certain about the length of his day of dictation and mastery. The public will probably never know how many moves the miners' president has been compelled to make in recent times that were not of choice, but rather were made to satisfy chronic kickers.

It is for this and other reasons that we must view the growing strength of the

(Continued on Page 177)

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(Continued from Page 174)

miners' union with considerable alarm. Not so long ago the arbitrary, selfish attitude of the mine operators provided the country with its chief industrial problem. Even yet some of the methods of the coal-company officials disregard public welfare and are oppressive and wasteful. Some of the worst evils that now surround the coal industry and that are caused by practices of the miners may be traced back to methods followed by the mine operators.

Outlaw strikes curse the coal industry in every field where the union has gained control. As many as forty-five outlaw strikes have taken place in the mines of one company in a single year. These walkouts are called for any one of a variety of reasons. If a member of the union is temporarily laid off for disobeying a mine rule, or for engaging in some dangerous practice, the men immediately go on strike and stay out until the discharged employe is reinstated. It is evident that in such a case the exercise of ordinary discipline is seriously obstructed, if not completely broken down, by such strikes or threats of strikes.

What are known as button strikes are employed frequently in an attempt to force coal inspectors, clerks and others to join the union. It goes without saying that button strikes and all similar walkouts occur in direct violation of the wage agreements existing between the operators and their men. The union officials, though admitting the illegality of outlaw strikes, still maintain that it is a perfectly proper procedure for the workers to violate their contract in order to keep a member from being discharged or to prevent a delinquent member or nonmember from being continued in employment. In most districts the local unions observe a certain day of each month as button day, and specially selected committees of workers carefully examine the working buttons worn by all employes in and around the mines. It is an amazing situation that now exists in view of the fact that wage agreements expressly forbid strikes and discrimination against any person on the ground that he is or is not a member of any labor union. No argument is necessary to support the evident truth that the hundreds of outlaw strikes now taking place in our coal fields each year, with the added evil of restricted output, constitute a source of great economic waste, the result of which must be a material increase in the price of coal.

Arbitrary Restrictions

In practically every branch of coal mining today the owners are facing restrictions of one kind or another. The affairs of the miners' union are handled arbitrarily. The organization is an autocracy in the highest degree. Furthermore, there is a sad lack of responsibility on the part of union officials to their own members, to the operators and to the public. Even when the sentiment of the rank and file in the union is opposed to a strike, this opposition counts for nothing if the leaders have decided to stop the production of coal. All such deficiencies must be remedied before we can have peace and plenty in our fuel industries.

As a matter of fact the new order, or rather disorder, that now prevails in the coal industry is merely a substitution of autocratic rule by the workers for a similar type of oppression formerly exercised by the mine owners. Practices that the union once termed sinful when the operators ruled supreme, now find their duplicates among the methods the miners employ. So far as the public interest is concerned, it is no less inimical for one or two labor leaders to control all the human energy necessary in the production of coal than for a few capitalists to have unregulated and unrestricted control of all the lands containing fuel. As the coal fight now goes, we have merely the substitution of one form of feudalism for another, and the new rule manifests no more consideration for the general public than did the old. The present policy is to exercise coercion by public privation, and this plan will continue to be successful in the hands of our labor barons so long as we have a government afraid to apply correction and regulation to the nation's most powerful labor organization.

Our coal problem is America's foremost industrial question, and there is no remedy for our difficulty that does not recognize the necessity of correcting union evils. There is no doubt but that the rank and file of workers in our mines and elsewhere honestly desire to be fair and reasonable. However, as the union of the mine workers now functions, there certainly is not complete freedom of expression and vote, which results in the administration of affairs being left to the more militant and loud-speaking minority. In the case of practically all large locals, the rules of the union make it possible for less than 1 per cent of the membership to hold meetings and transact vital business. Impartial observers insist that there is great need for more democracy in the union, and it is suggested that one important step toward this end must be the establishment of the secret ballot so that the miners may vote without fear or coercion.

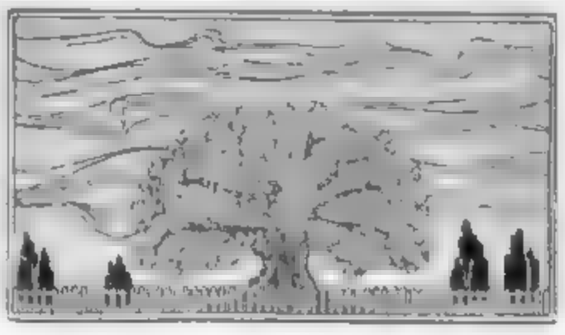
The Public Still Waiting

For years the people of the United States have waited patiently for the coal operators and miners to establish their business on a basis of law and order. The only reward the public has received for its forbearance is an endless series of conflicts, the economic waste of which is beyond description. Outlying coal fields, such as the regions in the Southwest, are practically starving in idleness because the companies there operating cannot market their coal on any such wage basis as is now in effect on paper and compete with fuel oil and wood. The rank and file of the miners in Oklahoma, for instance, realize this truth, and if there was any such thing in the miners' union as district or state autonomy these workers would, in their own interest, accept a material reduction in their present wages. But they have as little to say about their own local affairs, and what they may accept for their labor, as the individual operator has to say concerning what he will pay.

The wage scales which the coal operators of outlying districts must pay, and which the miners in these fields must demand and accept if they continue to work in the mines, are arranged in Cleveland, New York City or some other distant point, by conferences composed entirely of the competitors of the producers in all these outlying districts. The result is that the wage scales so made are always adjusted to the advantage of the operators and miners of the three or four states that make them and that desire to extend their marketing territory. The conclusions on which wage contracts for bituminous mining are constructed are always based upon conditions prevailing in the so-called Central Competitive Field, and the pay of the men is founded upon what is thought to be appropriate and bearable in that field. Then the acceptance of these conditions is autocratically and summarily forced upon all other districts, in most of which the coal deposits, the conditions of mining and competitive market situation are different.

It is an interesting fact that the representatives of the United Mine Workers of America at no time, from the beginning of the strike, April 1, 1922, met the operators west of the Mississippi River, or intimated to them what they would accept until after settlement had been made with coal companies east of the Mississippi. Then the operators in the West were given notice that they would be conceded the same, and only the same settlement granted in the East. As a result of this the price of coal in the Southwest has advanced to a point where the public has revolted and is refusing to pay the bill.

With oil selling at approximately one-third what it brought in the summer of 1920 when the present high wage scales became effective, with coal costing as much as it cost at that time, with freight rates on coal 35 per cent higher than they were when the present wage was adopted, and with the purchasing power of the farmer materially reduced by a general lowering of the prices of everything he sells, it is not difficult to understand why many railroads and industrial plants in the Southwest and elsewhere, that have heretofore remained faithful to the use of coal, are going over to oil. This also explains why the farmers and the townspeople in agricultural communities are economizing by burning wood. Such developments are strangling the industry and reducing miners to virtual starvation in Oklahoma and other outlying fields. Furthermore, this situation plainly indicates the impossibility of having any Federal official or government commission satisfactorily administer the affairs of our great mining business by the simple issuance of blanket orders from an office in Washington.



In some sections of the United States today miners would greatly increase their monthly earnings by agreeing to accept substantial reductions in wages. Through such action the workers would bring about steadier employment by eliminating much idle-day expense, enabling the operators further to reduce prices and successfully market coal in competition with oil and other fuels. Undoubtedly high wages are pleasing and contribute to the prosperity of a community. But a high rate of pay that results in a prohibitive price for a product, in a consequent loss of customers and in poverty for employes because of lack of employment, is not bearable from the standpoint of either the miner or the operator, and certainly is not in the public interest.

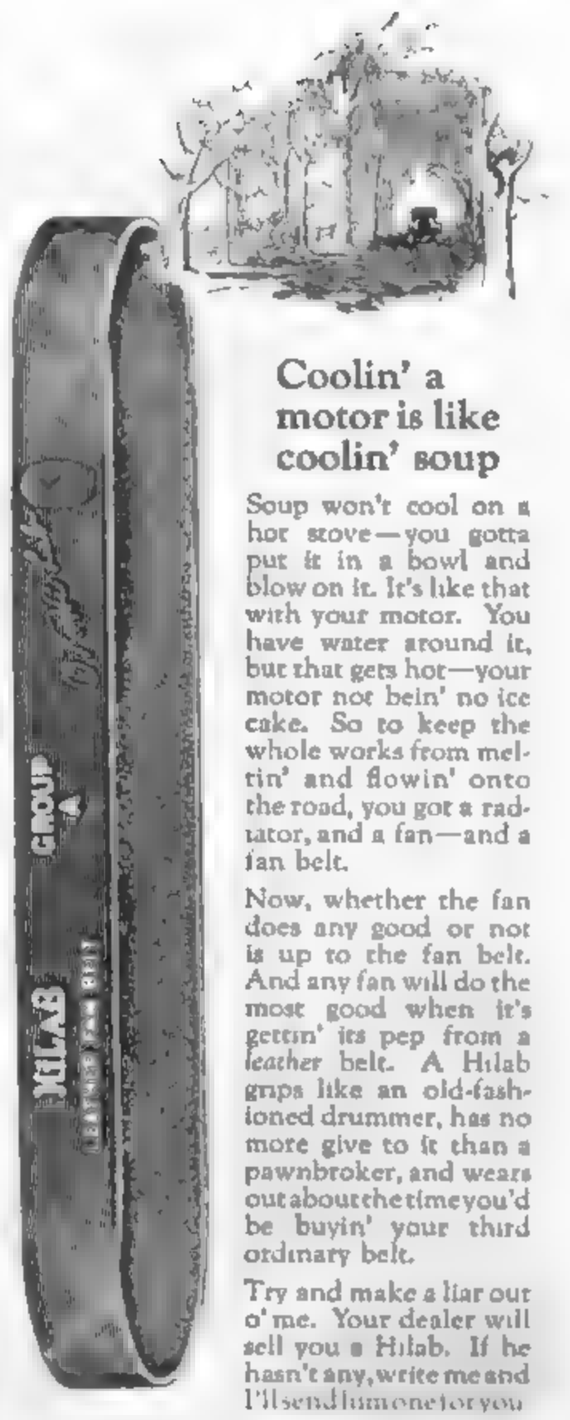
The sober-minded, peace-loving miner has as little escape from these conditions as the operator in organized territory. He cannot disobey the most arbitrary demand of the union, or refuse to contribute any sum called for, and continue to hold a position at any mine in any state that operates on the closed-shop basis. Under the check-off system it is not unusual for the union to assess each worker six or seven dollars a month, while in special cases the union's demand on the individual worker has amounted to more than twenty dollars. Of course when the burden gets too heavy for the miner he can go to nonunion fields and escape the dictation of the board member and the organizer. But the coal owner cannot move his mines and must operate them where they are, under conditions prescribed by the union. If the operator should try to throw off the yoke and undertake to work his mines with men that are willing to serve for what he can afford to pay, the result is almost certain to be bloodshed and a destruction of property.

The Menace of Violence

The big problem with respect to coal mining is to substitute intelligent industrial coöperation for the present vicious industrial strife. The business must be relieved of the menace of violence. The widely diversified units and the keenly competitive interests in the bituminous field must be permitted to undertake unification and organization of the industry under the close scrutiny of the Federal eye. Coal operators, who have invested their all in this basic industry, and who are charged with the responsibility of producing the nation's chief fuel supply on a reasonable cost basis, must not be denied the right to manage with efficiency the properties they operate.

But this does not mean we must abolish the miners' union. It does not mean the men must be denied the right to organize in their own interest and bargain collectively. It does not mean that the labor leaders must be forbidden to use every lawful means of persuasion to induce unorganized workers to join the union. Industrial history has proved that workmen seldom get justice until they pool their interests and use the power of a central body or society to defend their rights. All over the United States one can find employers in dozens of industries who are unjust, arbitrary and cruel. Therefore, let us have unions of workers to protect employes from the tyrannies of the industrial despot; but let us not be bullied into accepting a proposed solution for the labor problem that merely transfers the rod of public oppression from the hands of the unjust employer to those of the irresponsible union leader.

There isn't any doubt at all but that we have come to a time when there must be a showdown in this vital matter of defining the respective rights of capital, labor and the public. The coal industry has evidently been selected for the test. The leaders of our big unions have assiduously applied themselves to the task of adding one new principle after another to those that form the foundation of the general labor policy. The latest rule of action that has been proposed for our acceptance is the doctrine set down by the miners' president that no



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dispute shall be settled by arbitration. We are informed, in fact, that we must accept this proposition without question or prepare to face a fuel famine.

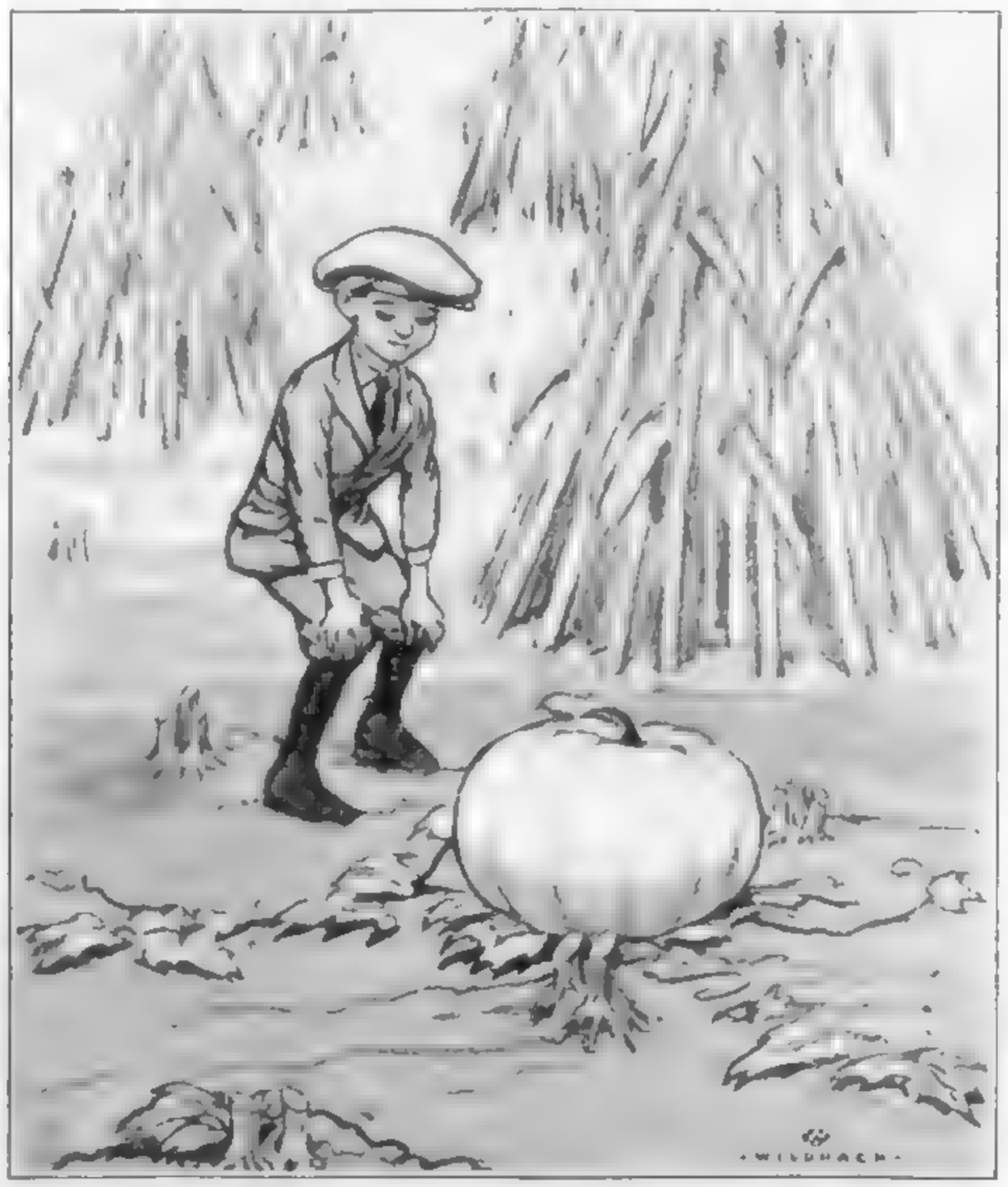
In answer, let the American public for once show its displeasure and disapproval by forcing action, rather than by merely bandying words. Could anything be more just than to insist that the miners' union be compelled to accept responsibility in the same way that capitalistic groups which own our mines are held liable for their acts? Organized labor must be made to recognize how preposterous is its demand for complete immunity from any effective regulation by the state. No free citizen can be made to work if he does not want to. But the great mass of our people, commonly known as the American public, can very properly undertake to establish a few principles of its own, and the first and most fundamental one should be the tenet that when any worker or group of workers voluntarily enters employment and freely makes a contract, it is a solemn duty to keep this agreement, and there can be no freedom worthy the name on any other terms. It is ridiculous to say that men are reduced to involuntary servitude by a perfectly fair and just law that merely compels them to keep their word. The responsibility for working contracts must rest equally upon the employer and the employe.

Since there appears to be no way to prevent coal strikes, it is evident that the only course of action to safeguard the public interest is to force a settlement of such disputes before the stocks of fuel on hand throughout the country have been reduced below a legally prescribed danger point. Because fuel ranks next to food as life's most essential material, we must determine and define by law what a coal emergency is, and just when it commences to exist. In case of a strike the President must be given authority to declare such an emergency, and the matter in dispute should then go to a board of arbitration previously authorized by law to function in such a time of need. Statistical machinery must be ever at hand to enable this court of judgment to render a speedy decision, so that when the terms of settlement are announced the country will still have a considerable supply of coal on hand to tide over the crisis.

Of course there is a strong likelihood that striking miners will refuse to accept the decision of the arbitration board, in which case the Government will immediately proceed to the business of producing coal temporarily under Federal supervision. Obdurate miners cannot be made to work, but they can be asked to move on and secure employment in other lines. In the meantime an injunction would be secured from the courts, prohibiting the union from carrying on a strike in the face of a national emergency, and past experience has shown that no strike can be successful when the organization machinery of the workers' union has been enjoined from functioning. It would take weeks and perhaps months to build up an adequate force of miners to supply the nation's fuel needs, and general industry might have to be materially slowed down in the meantime. The cost of settling such a controversy in this manner might total some hundreds of millions of dollars. But the coal strike of last year cost the country considerably more than a billion dollars, and the likelihood of further trouble was increased rather than lessened. There are times when no price is too much to pay for the upholding of law and the maintenance of a nation's self-respect.

The mine operators naturally do not want their business interfered with or in any way subjected to Federal regulation. The miners threaten to end the political career of any public official who favors the use of the court injunction to defeat a strike or who insists that the union assume responsibility and submit to arbitration. But if the people of the United States are earnest in their declared desire for permanent relief from the fuel evil, then a deaf ear must be turned to the voices of the fighting factions, and the remedy selected must give primary consideration to the consuming rather than the producing interests. The idea of having the Government go into the coal business, even temporarily to tide over an emergency, is not a popular one, but to those who object let me say that no one throughout the length and breadth of our land has so far been able to suggest any other cure for the coal muddle that would be more than a mere palliative.

We must either indorse moderate Federal regulation of the coal industry now, or be prepared to accept complete government ownership a little later.



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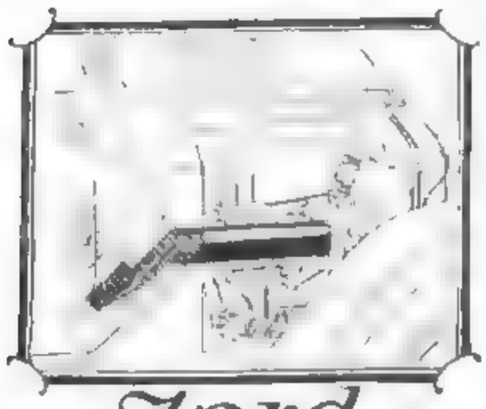

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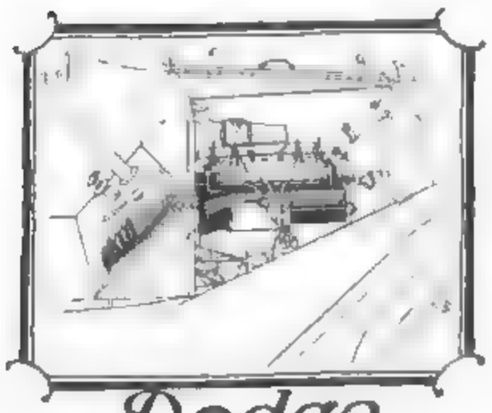
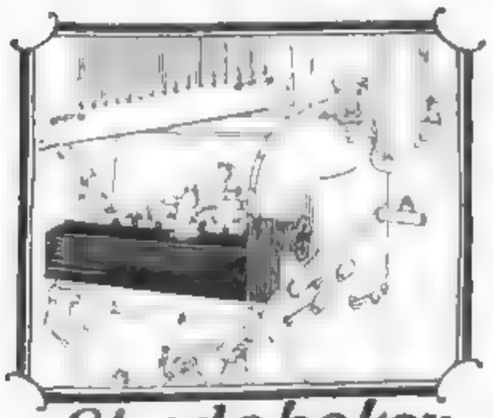


Dodge
$ 5.00



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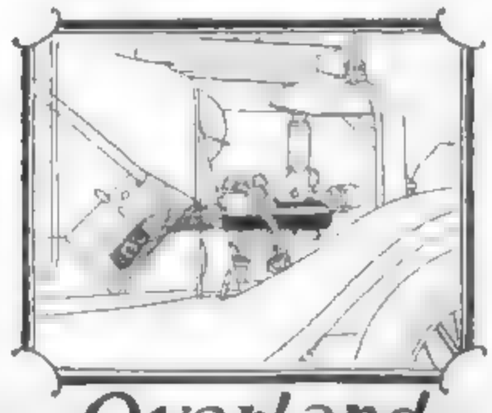

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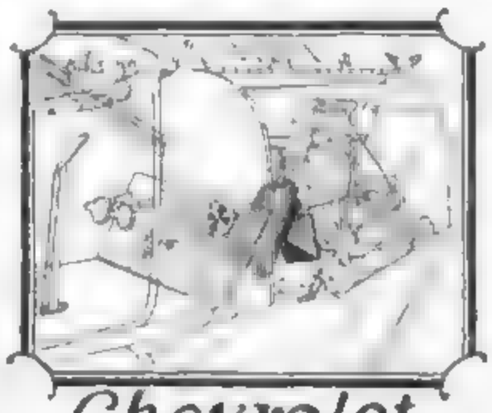

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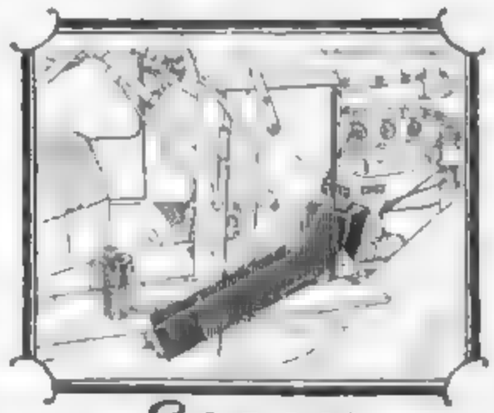

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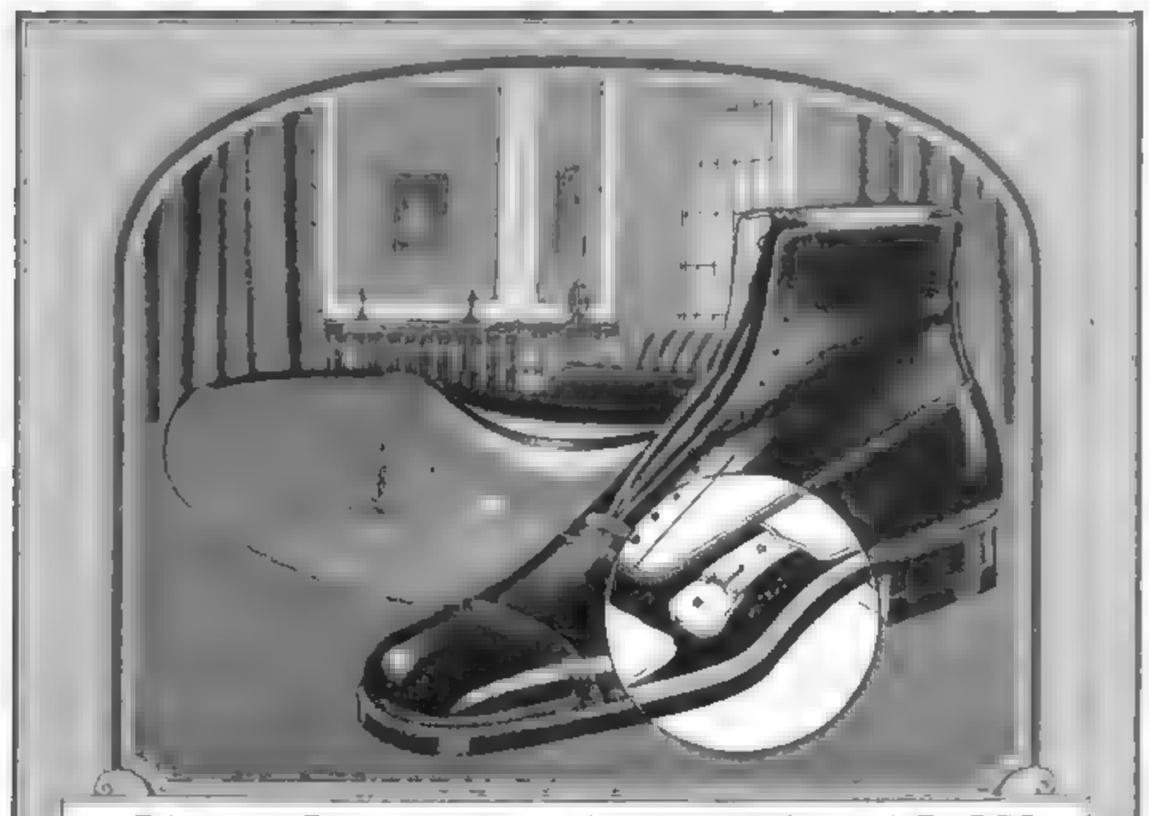
CAR HEATERS



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WINTERFRONT
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OUR FOREIGN FARMERS

Continued from Page 23)

"Living on a farm ain't living," explained a foreign-born worker who had abandoned his farm and returned to industry. "You work day and night, year in and year out, and at the end you've got nothing to show."

As a business proposition it does not appeal. So that if Uncle Sam, in a sudden brain storm of benevolence, should advertise to the immigrants, "Today is the day we give farms away," there might, indeed, be a general rush to secure holdings; but it is certain that inside a year over 95 per cent of them would be standing in line at the employment gate of the big basic industries, asking their old jobs back again. For American farms, whether they know it or not, are not what the vast majority of them want; what they want is cash in hand.

The Farmer's Handicaps

In the second place, most of them upon arrival in this country lack the necessary capital to buy a farm. They have no financial margins; farms cost money; running them costs money; and to obtain that necessary initial sum, industry claims them for a period of at least five or ten years. So that even if all of them were bent on owning a farm, which they are not, they would still have to spend a term in industrial servitude in order to amass the necessary capital. There is also a third major obstruction—the lack of suitable land. It is conservatively estimated by the Department of Agriculture that somewhat less than half the land of the United States can at present be cultivated with profit; and a large proportion is inferior, sub-marginal, and of absolutely no use to the individual settler unless he be possessed of invincible will, vast reservoirs of courage, patience and strength, and in addition several rugged incarnations in which to achieve his arduous goal. At bottom, farming is not different from other occupations in its requirements for success; and a man going into it, whether he be foreign or native, should possess the requisite capital, the requisite tools, the requisite experience, and above all the requisite brains and grit to put up a nervy fight and take heavy punishment without lying down through the first hard years of establishment. There's no black magic in this; it's the universal prescription for success in any line. Boiled down, the farming formula reads something like this: Capital + Experience + Stamina + Good Land and Transportation Facilities = Success, *Deo volente*—politics, world markets, and the weather man permitting.

It was a Polish farmer in the fertile Connecticut Valley who summed up the situation for me, while his band of children—cheap labor—weeded his ten-acre onion patch, and his wife—ditto—in bare feet and sunburnt like an Indian squaw, whose status in many respects she resembled, hoed the long rows of his tobacco field. It was like this, he said:

"You see, las' year I get lotsa onion. Fine crop. But everybody else get lotsa dam onion too. No can sell—see? Too much plenty onion; nobody want. An' year before, I getta plenty fine crop tobacca—nice big leaf. I think gonna have big crop. One day come hailstorm. In two hours my crop all gone. Another tobacca field right across the track—fine jus' like mine. An' that dam hail never cross the track; never touch those tobacca field; jus' keel mine. I go getta lock' in my room, awful mad, hit my head, and swear. I say gonna sell; farm no good for business. But I can't get nobody for buy. I say my wife I'm the only dam fool for stay in bum business like here."

These conclusions, if they reveal anything, reveal what an infinitesimal proportion of the immigrants already among us, as well as of the vast horde converging from all points of the compass upon our shores, can be satisfactorily settled upon the land. They reveal that, as a solution to the congestion, lawlessness and vice prevalent in the great industrial centers, the back-to-the-farm slogan is fallacious and will not work. The remedy does not lie along that track.

These are broad generalizations. The various steps and concrete instances by means of which I arrived at them are set down below. The field notes cover scores of visits to farms in rural immigrant communities in the hinterland of New Jersey, New England and New York. The first-hand material thus obtained was supplemented and checked up by talks with local authorities, chambers of commerce, editors and leading men of the various nationalities involved. This latter group I found candid, straightforward and nonpartisan to a praiseworthy degree, even when the evidence revealed the defects of their own nationality. Thus the Jewish leaders, in an agricultural community composed of 100 per cent Jewish farmers, did not attempt to conceal or explain away the failure of some of their brethren to make good, but analyzed the situation with frankness and good faith. And I found a like candor among the Italian and Polish leaders.

I was struck with the severity with which they reviewed the failures and shortcomings of their own people. In these rural agricultural communities the nationalities visited were Russian and Polish Jews; Italians—chiefly from the south; Poles, Lithuanians; with a scattering of Slovaks, Bohemians and Portuguese. It goes without saying that in an investigation of this character, necessarily limited in scope, no attempt has been made to be exhaustive or final, but merely to record such cases, tendencies and facts as seemed to me significant, outstanding and representative of the situation as a whole.

Jersey Truck Farmers

My itinerary mapped out loosely, I packed my bag and boarded a train. My first port of call was in South Jersey, the land of the truck farm, the bungalow and the vine; the land of overhead irrigation and the scientific poultry farm, where they call chickens birds and talk learnedly about a balanced menu. The town of Vineland, a lively, prosperous little center, with large outlying colonies of Jewish and Italian farmers, possesses a chamber of commerce, the secretary of which obligingly unlocked for me various doors of information and introduced me to the leading citizens; and that afternoon, behind a fast trotter, along fine oiled roads, through the heart of what appeared to be a flourishing farming community, I got my first bird's-eye view of the situation under the expert guidance of the editor of the local paper.

"I want you to see the general layout first," said he as we spun along five minutes

An Old Abandoned Shack on a Deserted Farm

ahead of a trailing thunder shower. "Then I'll turn you over to people who can fill in the details of the picture. You see what kind of a community this is." He waved a whip over the pleasant landscape. "It's a bungalow land—little truck farms, poultry farms, orchards, vineyards, with a few fine big prosperous places like the farm of Doctor Lipman, where I'm taking you. That's what it is now. But this"—he drew up alongside a piece of woodland and instantaneously a squadron of mosquitoes flew out to greet us and eat us—"this is what it used to be. A jungle. Low bush land, practically swamp, covered with a dwarf forest, and filled with armies of mosquitoes big as aeroplanes, armed with lances like bayonets. You've felt 'em—eh?

"Now the pioneer procedure is something like this: First, they cleared off a little parcel of land and stuck up a shack. As you go around, look out for them; they're significant monuments. Most of these Jewish and Italian colonists came over in the early '80's and '90's, so it's the second and even third generation that you'll find on the land. They knew nothing of America or the pioneering game; and, in the case of the Jews, they were further handicapped by possessing no agricultural background. And nobody spoke the language or knew what a heart-breaking proposition they were up against. For this land around here is thin, light, and needs constant fertilizing in order to obtain results.

"So there you have it—the same old story! Injudicious selection of land! The people in power seemed to think anything was good enough for poor immigrants—arid desert, virgin forest or a malarial swamp. First, the pioneers had to cut over the land, bending their heads by the hour in those humid swamps; then they'd stump it over and plow it over and put in a crop. In the meantime, of course, they couldn't support their families on that little patch of half-cleared land, so they'd trudge off to gain a livelihood elsewhere."

Killing Toil

"Some of the Jewish families had to travel several miles on foot to find work. After toiling all day they returned home as late as midnight, only to start out again in the small hours of the morning; and they kept up that pleasant existence for years—years of atrocious toil.

"Do you get even faintly the picture? A fight against the wilderness, always greedy to reclaim its own. A fight against poverty, for money to meet their taxes, interest payments and seed. A fight to sell their crops after they had harvested them, for in those early days they had no transportation. There were markets at Atlantic City and Cape May, summer resorts, but they were about fifty miles away. So what did these pioneers do? Well, they loaded their truck wagons with stuff, started off at eight o'clock in the evening, drove all night, arrived early the next morning, peddled their stuff that day, giving the horse an hour's rest and feed, and then drove back again in the night and started to work the next day. Think of it! Two nights and a day of exhausting toil to sell their stuff! Now they have motor trucks, which make the round trip in a morning. It is a fact that very commonly in a bad or even an abundant season the immigrant farmers have sold their crops for less than would pay their fertilizer bills. Is it any wonder that the great majority of them lost heart, pulled up stakes and returned to industrial life? And in many cases it was this injudicious selection of land which was the final straw that broke the camel's back."

"But why did they take up such bad land?"

"Well, they didn't know any better. How should they? And they were in the hands of their friends. But the main factor in their decision was that the land was cheap. Cheap? Well, it proved dear in the end. It was probably thought by those in authority that a certain amount of hardship was good for the souls of these pioneers. They got it, full measure, pressed down and running over; it was too much for most of them; they caved. I can't tell you the exact percentage of the original settlers who stood the strain and came through; but it's small, mighty small. I've often wished that the head committees who selected the land and condemned these poor foreigners to clear those swamps, working nights while they worked by day at their jobs, could be forced to clear a like acre themselves, just for the good of their souls.

"So in estimating this particular colonizing proposition, with its percentages of failure and success, the biggest single factor of discouragement and tragic disillusion must be laid to the initial blunder of selecting poor land. And now here we are at Doctor Lipman's place. There's Lipman himself over in the orchard, picking early apples. One of the most successful farmers around here, expert agriculturist, graduate of an agricultural college and for years head of the department in the Jewish agricultural school over at Woodbine. This was formerly their demonstration farm. Lipman bought it out, and still the farmers all around come to him with their problems for advice. Hi, Lipman!" He raised his whip and saluted. "Here's a lady from THE POST come to see you."

Mr. Lipman came over with a pannier, reconstructed from a horse's nose bag, of fragrant early apples, and proffered one while the editor explained my quest—to get first-hand data from the Jewish immigrant farmers as to how they were making out on the land.

"It's not only the Jewish farmers," I intervened. "It's the immigrants of all the nationalities now coming to America with the notion perhaps that they'd like to settle on the land. I want to find out if it's a rational, practical project, a sound business proposition as they say, or simply an idealistic pipe dream."

Refugees of the Eighties

"Well," laughed Mr. Lipman, "no farming in America is a sound proposition these days—not the way things are now. The farmer buys high and he sells low—if he's lucky enough to sell at all. So that if a man—whether he be an immigrant or a native-born American, a Jew or a Gentile—contemplates going into agriculture solely as a money-making scheme, he'd better save his cash. He can invest it better in some other line. That's looking at it sheerly as a money-making enterprise. Personally, I don't look at it that way. But you can't blame men who do. The turnover is too uncertain, too slow."

"Are Jewish immigrants still coming into this community to take up farms?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Well, the pioneering period around here is about closed. This Jewish community was settled up in 1882, at the time of the Russian massacres, by men who came over for religious reasons to escape persecution, desiring to become American citizens, found homes and start their children out from the soil. They were a fine, solid, characterful stock. They took up uncleared farms, not to make money but to bring up their children in peace and freedom as useful citizens. Few had agricultural experience; they were chiefly scholars, merchants and professional men, admirers of Lincoln, Emerson and Thoreau. It was an adventure in idealism. Their hardships were incredible. Some of them lost out in the struggle; some stuck it out. And the second generation of the stickers are still on the land. But it's an old colony—few of the recent immigrants coming in. As I said, farming isn't much of an attraction these days."

I asked him how I could get in touch with some of these Jewish pioneer settlers and to suggest a list of names, some successes, some failures—a list, in short, that would reveal all angles of the problem.

"My brother is down here at present visiting me," replied Mr. Lipman thoughtfully. "He might take you around. He knows this local situation better than I do. He was formerly editor of a Jewish agricultural paper, and before that, for years, he was their field man and used to drive about the country looking into the Jewish farmers' needs. I'll talk it over with him and we'll make out a list tonight; you may take my buggy. It's ancient vintage, but my brother doesn't drive a car; and tomorrow you can start out."

Accordingly, the next morning, seated in a high, jiggling old buggy, I started forth upon our rounds.

"In general," my guide began, "the history of this early Jewish colony is about the same as any other pioneer enterprise where people are poor but possessed of stamina and high ideals. The weak ones peter out; the strong ones stay on and suffer. Eventually they win through and their children reap the rewards. You'll find one interesting thing: The children of these pioneers are bigger, huskier than their parents were; they're taller, with heavier physiques,

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deeper cheats, and they've so taken on American characteristics that you can hardly tell them from the native non-Jewish American stock. Such is the modifying force of environment."

This observation I found to be true. The big, rangy young Jewish farmers, second generation on the land, were built like giants, with a breadth of shoulder and reach of arm that reminded one of football heroes. In the crowded foreign quarters of our cities I had marked second-generation Jewish lads, thin as needles, sharp-featured, with peaked, pale visages, out of which their dark eyes burned, as if their minds were feeding on their bodies; but here in the country there seemed a better balance, a more normal equipoise.

"The way these pioneer colonies worked out," continued my guide, "is this: First of all, they had the Jewish association behind them, to give information, lend money and see that they didn't fall into the hands of crooks. The settler would buy from eleven to fifteen acres, uncleared, upon which he would stick up a shack, probably put an extra mortgage on that, and still another on farming implements. They had very little capital—maybe a hundred dollars, maybe less.

"The first ten years was a period of terrible struggle, for they had no agricultural background, no financial margins, and in addition the men were mature, set, and so to a certain degree unplastic; it was hard for them to learn new ways, and here everything was new."

An Uphill Fight

We drove into a farmyard, hitched, and gave a hail to the farmer hoeing a field of sweet potatoes. He was one Doctor Lipman considered a failure. Formerly he had owned this property, consisting of about sixty acres; but through bad luck or bad judgment he had lost it, since when he had shifted about, leasing here and there, keeping his chin above water with difficulty, until this year, when he had once more taken over his old farm on a lease. The farmer came up and we fell into talk. He was a sawed-off, bowed-down little man, with the heritage of centuries of cramped existence in city ghettos stamped plainly upon his stunted frame; but his eyes were bright, twinkling, and he had the naïve smile of a child. He showed me with pride a fine field of peppers and beans, and told me his hard-luck tale with simplicity, looking me eagerly in the eye. Yes, he had had lots of bad luck, but now he had a fine crop coming on and the prospects were bright. A few years and he would be O. K. A hopeful, hairy little man with a bright and wistful eye. Yes, he loved farming; it was the only life; in cities there was no air. After a few days of it, something hurt him—here. He tapped his hairy chest with a big horny paw and smiled that childlike smile. This farm, he further explained, used to be his—years ago; he had always loved it; and when he saw it was for lease something inside of him whispered, "Take a chance on it, old top. Go on!" And so he had, and thus far all had prospered. Maybe some day, if things went well —— He paused and smiled at me and straightway I caught a glimpse of his little dream—to buy his old farm back!

"You'd like to buy it back?"

He nodded, staring around, sighed, looked back at me and smiled. It was all so simple I could have diagramed that dream.

"How did you happen to lose it—such a nice farm?"

"Well, you see, it was like this: I got lotsa bad luck with my son." A shade passed over his face. "I got trouble all the years with that boy. He not like work on the farm; run off. He wants that I should take him off the farm, fix him up with a business in town. All right. So I set him up with a drug store. That cost me four-six thousand dollars before I got through. But he don't like the drug-store business much. I get him something else. By-me-by, I lose my farm. Yes, I got lotsa bad luck with my son. But this time I think I gonna get good luck. I got poultry; I got peach; I got ten acres of sweet potato; I got peppers and beans. I got this team and when I work on the road or for other farms I make ten dollars a day. Yes, this time I think I gonna get good luck."

"You have courage."

"Oh, no; I like farming. I no like city; something hurt me—here"—and he tapped his hairy chest with a big horny paw and smiled his childlike smile.

"You can't call that man a failure!" I exclaimed. "It's his son dragged him down. Is the second generation wayward, as it is in town?"

"No. That's one thing you can say for farming. You don't make money; but at least you can bring up fine, healthy families, and the children turn out well."

"And how did all these early hardships react on the children? Did they stay on the farm? Or did they kick out and return to the city, where life was easier and they could find amusements at night?"

"Well, there's been an interesting development in that particular respect. The children of the pioneer days, the elder ones born during the period of struggle when the parents were working themselves to death, went off to the city to work, almost without exception. They didn't want that life of privation and toil. But the younger children, those born in later days, when all the hardship and struggle were beginning to show financial results—those children like the farm; they stay. Or if they go to the city the chances are that they'll return. The free, independent farm life is in their blood. And then, with automobiles, the isolation is not what it used to be. So the younger boys are likely to stay farmers, or to take a course at the agricultural college and learn how to do things scientifically.

"That's another difference between the older and the younger generation. The parents, fresh from their sufferings in Europe, came over here and took up farms primarily to establish homes and have their children come into American citizenship from that angle. It was an adventure in idealism. Well, the parents have succeeded—those who stuck it out—in that their children have grown up hearty, healthy and uncontaminated by the street life which leads the city boys of poor parents astray. And the second generation, when they go into farming, go at it with the same enterprise and modern methods they would show in any other business. They study the latest methods; they take farming journals; and they run their farms just as their older brothers run their business concerns in town—to show a profit, to get the most out of the ground. So you'll find many of the youngsters going into poultry farming, which is a scientific affair these days, with the breeding, laying, balanced menus and all."

Unsociable Neighbors

"Here's another thing: Those who move away to the city, after having lived and made good on the farm, usually regret it. For example, a Jewish farmer, son of an early settler, who owned about forty acres under fine cultivation, with comfortable house, barns, and an automobile, sold out at a handsome profit and moved into town. One night some months later I ran into him and his wife at the theater.

"'Well, how are you getting along?' I asked.

"At once the wife began to exclaim how fine they were doing, what a fine house she had, how nicely it was furnished and how splendidly her husband was doing in business; but the husband didn't say much, save to confirm what his wife said as to how his business was flourishing. He looked rather dumpy, I thought. I let the wife talk along, for I perceived there was a fly in the ointment of their happiness and I wanted to see what it was. Pretty soon the wife let it out. She broke forth with this complaint:

"'But, you know, I have to tell you—there's one thing neither my husband nor I like about living in town. You know how it was out at home. Everybody knew each other. And when you went out on the street, everybody called you by your first name. "Good morning, Nathan," they'd say, or, "Good morning, Jacob. I passed by your farm yesterday and your peppers are doing fine. Guess you'll pay your fertilizer bill this year!" And they'd come in to visit you like you was human; and when you bought a new sofa or a new phonograph, they'd drop in to see it, or they'd stop you on the street and say, "Well, I hear you bought a fine new phonograph. Guess Nathan musta done well on his birds. Think I'll go into poultry myself." But here I could go along the streets until I'd drop and nobody says as much as good morning to me or knows that I've got a name. And they don't come to visit me in my nice home or bother their heads whether I'm alive or dead. And for that reason

(Continued on Page 185)

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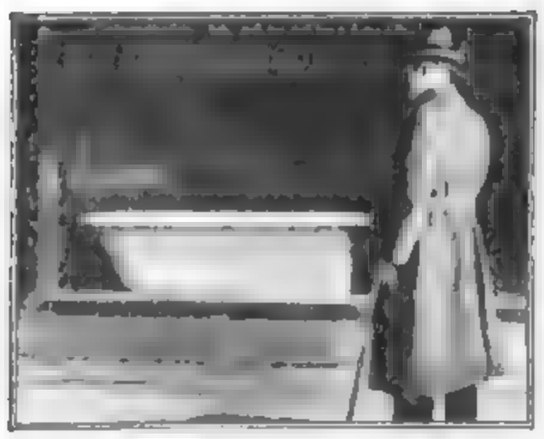

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(Continued from Page 182)

Nathan and I, we think maybe we made a mistake in coming away from the farm where we had good friends.'

"They moved into the city because they had made a success on the farm, and they discovered that in the city nobody cared and so their success was empty."

We turned into the driveway of another farm, a plot of about thirty-two acres, intensively cultivated, belonging to a second-generation Jew who had bought it from his father, an original settler, who had taken up the land when it was a swampy jungle filled with scrub timber and mosquitoes; he had hacked out a clearing, stuck up a shack, moved in his family, and then started the age-old struggle against the wilderness, poverty, poor crops and recalcitrant soil. The son recounted the tale, standing in his shirt sleeves in the back yard, with the smell of early apples mingling pleasantly with a field of purple clover in bloom. He was a vital, husky young blond colossus, with a brood of rosy-cheeked youngsters prancing around his knees.

"What made you grow so big?" I asked.

"I had to," he laughed. "You have to be husky in order to win out with the farming game these days. Or maybe it's the air and eating all the good fresh grub. I don't see how people can eat that flat city stuff swarming with flies."

He had the classic story of hardships to tell—high cost of labor, machinery and fertilizer; early drought; bad markets. Sometimes he sold his crop to the commission man for less than the actual cost of putting it into the ground. And then there were taxes, interest and payments on the mortgage—altogether a tough strain on a family man. He had a farm of thirty-two acres, and he was forced to do outside work for ready cash, so he had taken a side job as shipping clerk. But though he admitted conditions were bad, and the drought had killed his early crops, yet it seemed a healthy, happy family, with a big center-rush football papa and a bunch of hearty babies tagging him about, hanging onto his fingers, as he showed us his peach orchard, heavy with sumptuous fruit, an apple orchard, a watermelon patch, asparagus, cucumbers and tomatoes, all in tiptop condition. In addition he was going into poultry. There was tall money, he informed us, in birds, and just as easy to handle a big bunch as a little bunch. One could net yearly a minimum of two dollars on each bird. Prices were good, markets handy, and he figured he could make quite a neat little income on a thousand or two birds.

Too Many Burdens

"Of course," he wound up, "you have to know the poultry game or you stand to get stung. But there's an element of gamble in everything."

"In short, Mr. Spiegel, it's been a bad year and farming's a rotten game; but it doesn't look as if you and your family were going to starve"

"No," he laughed, "that's one of the advantages of living on a farm; you can lose money right along and still live like a prince. There's always chickens, eggs, vegetables and fruit, and the folks in town are pretty good at giving us credit. If we have bad luck we let the bills ride. But this is our best crop." And he lifted to his shoulder a fresh, apple-cheeked little son who bade fair to surpass his father in bulk.

"It's a better-looking crop than they raise in town," I observed.

"Yeah." He looked sober. "I've heard about them. Living on the streets. Growing up into toughs and bums. Well, we don't raise that kind of crop around here."

We took our leave and drove on to the next farm.

"How much land should these farmers have in order to make a comfortable living?" I inquired.

"Enough to turn around on, but not too much for one family to handle without help. Forty or fifty acres is about right. Over in the Woodbine colony they took up sixteen, with an additional allotment of sixteen when they could carry the load. Even then, with uncleared land, the farmer can't make a living off his place the first few years. So the Jewish farmers had to work part time in the clothing factories. In my judgment immigrant farmers should not take on so many handicaps as did these early Jewish settlers. They had too many burdens. Some were bound to break down under the strain, and that discouraged the rest."

We passed fields of early sweet corn, with overhead irrigation and bright with myriad miniature rainbows glittering in the sun. It is a system of overhead pipes with perforations which sprays a gentle mist down on the crops below and requires less water than the Western ditch system.

"Of course," said my guide, "with overhead irrigation like that, a farmer doesn't need so much land. He goes in for intensive farming de luxe, furnishing early vegetables for the markets. However, that costs money to install"

"How much?"

"About five hundred dollars an acre But after that a farmer can snap his fingers at the weather man."

Still keeping up a lively skirmish with mosquitoes we came to what I shall call the Bramovitch farm.

"Here," said my guide, "is an interesting proposition. Three brothers own this farm. First they went into truck farming; then, during the war, they took a shot at dairy farming, failed, and went back to truck farming. The eldest brother pulled out and returned to the city—a printer, I believe. And now the two others want to get out the worst way. They've been here seventeen years"

We drove in behind the barn, to the edge of broad fields in a state of topnotch cultivation, stretching away to a bit of green woodland beyond. I took in the silo, the big barns, the litter of modern machinery and those smiling green fields.

"This looks like prosperity with a capital P," I said.

"Don't say that to Bramovitch!" smiled my guide. "Here he comes"

The Bramovitch Farm

He waved his hat to a man down in the field, who rested his cultivator at the end of a furrow and came up, wiping his hands on his overalls. He was an intelligent, youngish man with smiling blue eyes and a stubborn jaw. Farming, he declared with grim humor, was n. g. Here they had been at the game seventeen years, and nothing to show. He made the usual complaints—bad weather, high cost of machinery, labor, fertilizer, and the rotten state of the market. As for himself, he was through; he wanted to get out—the sooner the better. Seventeen years was a big bite out of a man's life—and nothing to show! Oh, yes, he'd made a living. Well, yes, he had a family and that family was healthy. But who was to say they wouldn't have been equally healthy in town? And it was no life. He reiterated that after seventeen years he had nothing to show.

"But it seems to me, Mr. Bramovitch," I objected, "that unless my eyes deceive me you do have a lot to show. This is the finest layout I've seen." And I nodded toward the smiling green land.

"It looks all right—now," he grumbled, but with a glimmer of pride in his eyes. "That's not saying we won't lose money on it before the year is through. And look at my oldest brother. He pulled out and went to New York and inside of three years he's made more than we've made here in seventeen. What I say is, farming as a business doesn't pay. You can make more money in town, spend less energy and have more of a life."

"Still, you have something to show. You've got an investment here. A house and barn, a silo"

"Failure!" he interjected with a grin.

"—— all this machinery, and a farm in splendid condition. How many acres have you here?"

"One hundred and ten. One hundred cultivated, ten woodland."

"How much are you asking an acre?"

He named a moderate price.

"And how much did you pay?"

"Well, some of it I got cheap at a sheriff's sale, and I've improved it since then."

"Just so. And how much did you start out with?"

"Twenty-nine acres."

"You must have had a legacy—to buy all that extra land, and losing money every year." He smiled, seeing my drift, but shook his head. "No kind relative left it to you?"

"No such luck. We bought it of parties moving away. They lost heart, got discouraged, chucked the whole show and moved back to town. They showed good horse sense. Sometimes their wives didn't like it. It's lonely for a woman, and there's no social life. Their city friends would come out to visit them, women with pretty

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dresses, nice hair and soft hands, who took life easy, went to the movies and concerts and looked years younger than the farmers' wives. And these city folk would say to the farmer's wife, 'Oh, you poor thing! My, ain't it awful the way you have to work! Just look at your hands! I wouldn't stand it if I were you! Can't you get Nate to pull out? Gee! He looks like a hayseed too!' And so the women persuade their husbands to move into town."

"And what did you do before, Mr. Bramovitch?"

"I worked in a clothing factory—expert operator. They get seventy-five a week."

"Yes, but not every week. That's seasonal work."

"More, anyhow, than you make on a farm."

"And I suppose you just hate—hate farming? It makes you swear in the night?"

He shook his head, smiling.

"I like farming. But ——"

"There are buts in all trades. Do you take care of this place all by yourself?"

"My brother and I. Have to. Can't get help. It's a failure," he added grimly, but there was a dancing smile in his eye.

"You call it a failure; I call it a pretty good going concern, starting out from twenty-nine acres, and supporting in ample comfort three families for seventeen years. If you sell out and move into town I'll venture inside of a year you'll want the worst way to get back."

He laughed.

"I don't say I won't. I like farming all right; but now I want to go; this darn thing has got my goat. Another year, if I want to come back, I'll come."

We shook hands and drove away.

"And now," said my guide, "I'd like to take you around to the farm of two Russian intellectuals, a man and his wife, who came over here as refugees in 1882 to escape the massacres—both finely educated, graduates of Moscow University, where the wife took highest honors. There was no future for them in Russia, nor freedom, nor peace; they had heard of Lincoln and Emerson and Thoreau and Hamilton, and decided that this was the land where they might lead free and useful lives; so they picked up and came over here. They knew French and German and Russian and the latest iam in philosophy, and books and music and the theater, and all the political movements and trends of Old World thought; but of the hard, constricting life of the pioneer they knew absolutely nothing at all."

"Why did they go on a farm? Why didn't they go to some college and teach?"

City Folk Turned Pioneers

"Because they were Simon-pure idealists. They didn't want to make money; they wanted to own land, to be independent citizens and give their children the feel of the soil; for they were persuaded that the Americans were a pioneer people and had gained their strength, their power, their simplicity and breadth of thought through the conquest of the wilderness. So they wanted to clear the wilderness; they wanted their children to come into citizenship by way of the soil, for they were convinced that only thus could they come into America's real heritage the pioneer spirit toward life."

I am afraid of Simon-pure idealists. In a real world they are dangerous as dynamite; and it was with considerable curiosity, not unmixed with a slight belligerency of spirit, that I approached the farm of this couple who had hewed straight to the line of their dream, letting the chips fall where they might. We drove in and found Mr. X cultivating his peach orchard. At our arrival he halted his horse, sprang down and came swiftly forward, a lithe, elderly, bearded man, with a thin, scholarly face and burning eyes. Just as I expected—the eyes of a dreamer! I got the sense of a restless, striving spirit, cabined and confined, brilliant yet arbitrary, eternally unsatisfied; one who would go lashing through hell in pursuit of an idea and never look forward, sideways or behind. The devil of a man to go riding with. I wondered about his wife. He led us eagerly into a room littered with books. Books, books, books—on the table, on shelves, on the floor. A copy of Shaw's plays lay on the dining table. He waved a melancholy hand around—the beginnings of a library, he explained; but gone to ruin, sacrificed like the rest. We sat. His wife, a quiet, indomitable little woman in coarse work blouse, with toil-scarred hands, her weatherbeaten face seamed and crisscrossed with wrinkles from her heavy life of childbearing and toil on an uncleared farm, yet unbroken of spirit as her fine half-ironic smile revealed, vanished into the kitchen to prepare a pitcher of lemonade.

Mr. X laid bare the springs of his life. He had come to America brimming over with boundless enthusiasm; he wanted to knit up with a people who could produce a Lincoln and an Emerson. He had been utterly confounded, he said, laughing, not to find a copy of the Sage of Concord on every library table in the land. He thought we spouted him incessantly, high and low, old and young, and started each day with, "Good morning, papa. Emerson says ——" and so on. That was disappointment number one.

The first year he had had a favor to ask of the governor of Connecticut; but he was not certain that the puissant official of a great commonwealth would consent to see a poor, obscure Jew, with only a few broken words of English at his command. To his unbounded astonishment, the high dignitary not only saw him but spent the whole heart of a long afternoon with him in deeply interested discourse. It gave him, he said, his first idea of what democracy actually meant. Then followed his existence as a pioneer upon his little farm, hacked out of the wilderness, sacrificing everything upon the pyre of his ideal. But he had come through; he had done what he set out to achieve; he had educated his children as free, independent citizens and had given them the background of the soil.

Was it Worth While?

"I now have a farm of thirty-two acres," he said, "all cleared by hand—a painful operation, I assure you. But I'm poor. I'm still often behind with my taxes. I get up at dawn and work far into the night in order to take an hour or so off at lunch to read and use this rusty old mind of mine. In my life are none of the things of the spirit I've always hankered for—books, theater, opera, contact with brilliant minds. No matter. I have led a full, useful life. It has been a real life, and we have done real things. And always I have had my dreams to sustain me. We have good children, and now those children are good American citizens, and are performing useful service. One a doctor, one a government worker, one a successful chemist. And for that end we have slaved, my wife and I, at hard, uncongenial tasks. Why, I even have to wash my sweet potatoes!" He laughed. "You dainty city people won't buy them unless they are washed. So at night I have to take a lantern and a brush and wash my sweet potatoes for you—and lose that time from my books."

"You don't wash them for me," I denied, "for I don't like sweet potatoes. And are you sorry for your hard life?"

He pondered deeply; he turned his bright burning eyes on me, on his moldering books, on his wrinkled little old mate, sitting so quietly with her toil-hardened hands folded on her knee, as she listened with a half-wistful, half-ironic smile, and finally he spoke his thought:

"I wonder! Years of atrocious toil! Years of spiritual loss! I often wonder that very thing—has it been worth while?"

I turned to his wife.

"What do you think? Has it been worth while?"

She sat staring out of the window at the slanting rain with a whimsical smile on her face, as if she were visualizing that high-spirited, enthusiastic young couple who had set forth from Moscow forty years ago to set the world on fire. More of a realist than her dreamer husband, the hard buffets of life showed more clearly in her marred face, etched with deep wrinkles, and on those gnarled and knotted old hands, once soft, dainty and manicured. Her reply was so long in coming that I thought she had not heard and opened my lips to speak again. At length she turned her head.

"I'd like you to see our pictures," she said, "as we were then." She dragged forth an old album and shunted the heavy leaves. "Here! Look!" I looked. There they were, he looking at once dreamy and fiery-eyed, with a Byronic mane of flung-back hair; she, soft, slight, demure, in a tight-buttoned bodice and a tie-back skirt; both cultured, soft-handed city folk, living by and with the printed word. "Some

(Continued on Page 188)

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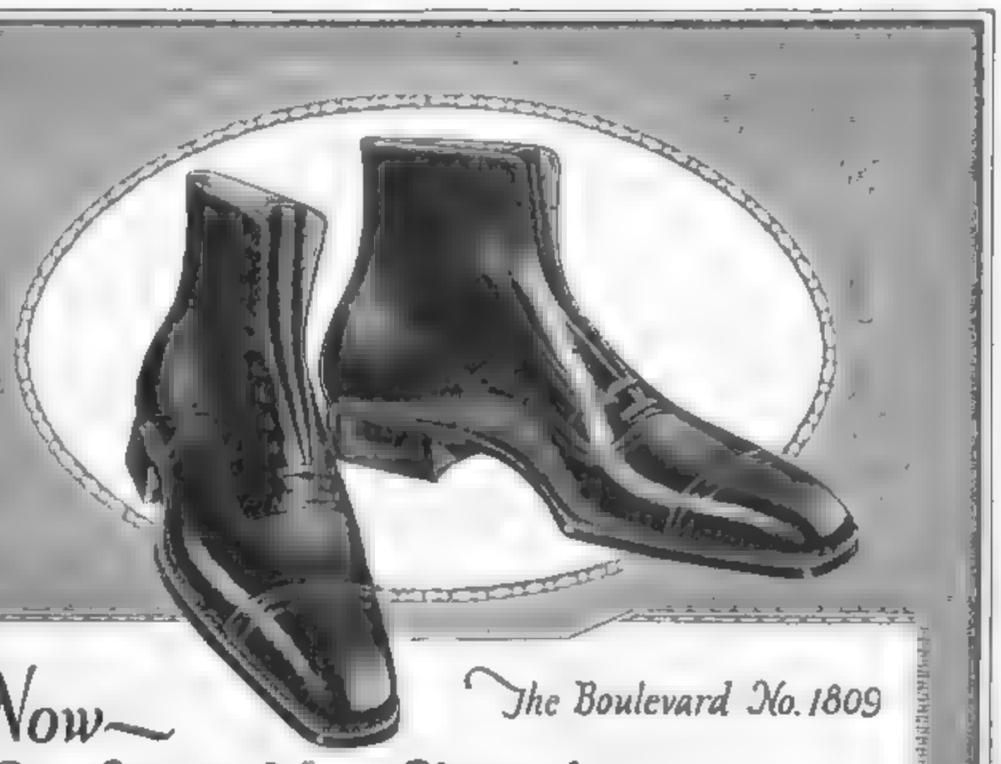

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(Continued from Page 186)

difference!" she murmured sardonically, and indicated her coarse work blouse, still drenched by the sudden thunder shower. "Was all the sacrifice worth while? I don't know. I—don't—know."

I came away with that reply, half wistful, half sardonic, still ringing in my ears: "Was it all worth while? I don't know. I—don't know."

Concerning these early experiments in farming, the American Jewish Year Book has this to say:

"The real beginning of the Jewish agricultural movement in the United States is contemporaneous with the influx of Jewish immigrants which was set in motion by the reign of lawless persecution that swept over Eastern Europe in the early eighties of the last century. In 1881 a pogrom took place in Kieff and vicinity and many Jews were forced to abandon everything and flee for their lives. They came to America without money and without any visible means of support. The American Jews were ill-prepared for such an influx and it was found advisable to organize a society to take the matter in charge. For this purpose the Hebrew Immigrant Aid was established in 1882.

"Many of these people desired to become agriculturists on the land and a period of feverish activity ensued. Colonies were started from the Dakotas in the North to Louisiana in the South; and from New Jersey in the East to California in the West, without any well-conceived plan or forethought. Merchants, professional men and students of the universities sacrificed wealth, station and friends to return to a more primitive and more simple existence. The result was a foregone conclusion. It is needless to go into the detailed history of the numberless colonies that enjoyed a short-lived existence during that period. They all went through the same experience—a premature birth, a brief struggle and a more or less violent death. The most obvious cause of failure was the injudicious selection of land. It seems to have made little difference where the colonies were located—in a virgin forest, a malarial swamp or an arid desert. The South Jersey colonies succeeded because the soil, climate and other conditions, though far from perfect, were superior to those of other colonies."

Doctor Lipman's Views

My investigation took me over to Woodbine, a farming colony, 100 per cent Jewish, founded and sustained by funds supplied by the philanthropic Baron de Hirsch. Of the original fifty settlers, about fifteen were left, the rest having abandoned or sold their farms and returned to industry. But on the other hand, various factories subsidized by the Baron de Hirsch Fund to supply work to the struggling farmers during the winter were doing very well. They still employed over two hundred operatives—a strictly nonfarming group who lived in the town. Thus the community had been paradoxically diverted from its original objective; industry had waxed while agriculture had waned. It was significant as manifesting the clear trend of the times toward town segregation, industry, quick and safe profits instead of the slow, uncertain hazards of the farm.

The remnant of Jewish settlers who had stuck to the land despite the industrial lure were very comfortably fixed, with automobiles, silos, poultry farms, overhead irrigation and up-to-date machinery; a sober, industrious, law-abiding community, and naturalized every one. But they were the remnant. The great majority of weaker brethren had taken the easiest way back into industry. And this I found to be true not only with the Jewish immigrant but with the other nationalities—Italians, Poles, Bohemians and Slovaks. Most of them, with slight margins and uncleared plots of land, fell by the wayside. Without experience, without money, and with a mature, unplastic mind, the American pioneering proposition is too tough a nut for the average European peasant to crack; instead of cracking the nut, the nut, in nine cases out of ten, cracks him.

Doctor Lipman, with whom I discussed the situation later, summed up the case for the European immigrant as follows:

"First of all," he began, "the problem of the Jewish immigrant on the farm is not essentially different from that of other immigrant farmers, save that the Jews have no agricultural background, and that handicap is not so great as it seems, since agricultural conditions here in America differ profoundly from those in the old country. In addition the intelligence and industry of the Jews, their desire to become good citizens and send their children to school make the proposition worth while, provided—and this is a big proviso—they can stand the gaff of the first hard years. But there are certain essential requirements to be met if they wish to make a success.

"I always advise prospective farmers when they come to me for counsel to sink quite a sum of money in their initial investment. That, you see, ties them up; and in the event of bad crops they're not so likely to throw over the whole thing and pull out at the end of a year or two. Also, if they have meager financial margins and are forced to carry heavy loans, the interest and payments inevitably drag them down; and if, on top of that, they have crop failures they become discouraged and lose heart. They should not start out with too many handicaps.

"So I don't advise a man with only a small capital to buy. I say to him, 'You go back to your job in town and save a bit more where you are.' Or if they have children in industry I say, 'You come out here with your wife and try it out; but keep your children in town at work. Don't burn all your bridges behind you.' It's when people put all their eggs in one basket that trouble begins. Also I say to that man, 'Have you had any experience in farming in America?' Usually they have not. And in that event I say, 'Well, you come here and work a year on some of the farms just to get the hang of things. Never mind about the pay. You won't earn much in money, but you'll get a lot of experience and you'll get it free. Experience is what you want so as to cut down the percentage of errors you're bound to make. And in a year's time you'll find out whether you really want to be a farmer or whether it's just a sentimental notion in your head.'

"In addition I always make careful inquiry about their wives. 'Is your wife in hearty agreement with this plan of yours?' I ask. 'If she isn't, if she's lukewarm or opposed, you might as well give it up unless you can swing her around.' For we've found that in many cases where men failed on farms it was not their fault, but because they had not taken the wishes of their wives into consideration; and on a farm the wife is one of the biggest factors of failure or success; she's the crux of the whole affair.

"These three things—a few thousand instead of a few hundred to invest at the outset; actual concrete experience on some farm; and the hearty coöperation of the wife I consider essentials to success on a farm. And even then, as I said in the beginning, farming these days is not a money-making scheme. It has certain intangible advantages; but these cannot be entered on a ledger in the shape of dollars and cents."

In the Connecticut Valley

In the fertile Connecticut Valley I found Jewish farmers raising tobacco with considerable success; but in general the bulk of concrete data overwhelmingly reveals that the modern Jewish immigrants who are now entering America, unlike the pioneer group described above who fled from massacres in the early '80's, do not tend to go into agriculture to any appreciable extent. The percentage of those who do is so infinitesimally small as to be negligible from a practical point of view. Their capacity for organization, for commerce and trade, for seizing every opening for financial gain—these qualities, indispensable in modern business, have next to no chance for expression upon the small farm. And the few Jewish youngsters now in agricultural colleges have in mind as careers managerial and consulting positions in agriculture rather than actual ownership and manual labor upon small private farms.

But on the other hand, the Jewish immigrant has ably demonstrated what he can do in agriculture; he is industrious, sober, intelligent, law-abiding, and, with his traditional reverence for book learning, keeps his children in school, even at great personal sacrifice. Due to this same love of books, he is apt to be more plastic and open-minded than the other foreign immigrants, who often cannot read even in their own languages, and are slow, plodding, one-crop men, hostile to scientific methods or experimentation. The Jewish farmer reads diligently his Yiddish farming journal, consults state agricultural field men as to crops

and fertilizers, joins farming associations, paying down good money for the same, naturalizes 100 per cent, and is active in matters of community welfare, especially those touching education. His children grow up into useful citizens almost without exception—in direct contrast with the city-bred children of many of his brethren, where the percentages of crime, lawlessness and immorality among the second generation are appallingly high. Thus, along this road of the agricultural development of the Jewish immigrant in America, ground has already been broken and an organization forged. It is an experiment filled with interesting possibilities; but whether a large proportion of the great flood of incoming Jewish immigrants can be deflected along that route at this juncture seems mighty dubious, the present trend being directly the opposite way.

Many of the above observations apply not only to the Jewish farmers but also to the Italians, the Poles, the Bohemians and the Portuguese, whose colonies I visited in South Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts. Among these latter foreign groups I marked a persistent tendency to exploit their children as cheap labor, keeping them out of school during weeding time and harvest. Most of them were slack in naturalizing, in coöperation, in fulfilling their obligations to the community, and in belonging to farmers' associations formed to maintain prices and lower costs. In the great majority of cases they took advantage of what these associations were doing to help the farmers, but they refused to join or to pay dues.

Too Much Land

The successful among them fell into two classes—those who had been on the farms for a score or more of years, and those who had spent a long term in industry and amassed sufficient capital to purchase a good, paying farm.

One hale old Sicilian peasant, owner of thirty-two acres, with grandchildren on the land, poured out his troubles to me.

"Too mucha dam land," said he, waving his hand toward some uncultivated fields. "No can work. No get help—cost too much."

The result was that they worked only what the combined forces of the family could cultivate.

"Does your wife work in the fields?"

"Yes—no more. Old now; no good for work. Alls time seeck. Me—old man; gotta work. Mus'."

"And do you work these little children in the fields?"

"Yes. Sure! All gotta work."

"Do they go to school?"

"Sure."

"All the time?"

"Oh, yes. Make. Come after if no send. They say, 'Whaamatter? Your girl got seeck?' I say, 'No; no got seeck, but got lotsa dam weed. Girl stay home picka da weed.' They say, 'No can stay home, senda chil' to school.' 'All right,' I say. 'I send. Me, old man, old woman picka da dam weed.'"

"But then you work them after school?"

"Sure. Not much."

"How much?"

"Oh, two-three hours. Nota much. Good for children. Child no work when leetle, he no work when beeg; by-me-by grow up bum—you get lotsa troub'."

Both the Italian and the Polish farmers exploit their children in the fields, especially at weeding time; and as that is also springtime, when examinations come along, youngsters, after going to school, then putting in three or four hours weeding in the hot fields, down on their knees, are too weary to study lessons at night, with the result that they fail of promotion, stay two and three years in the same grade, loathe the stale oft-repeated lessons, drop out and grow up dumb-bells.

A young Pole, naturalized, explained the situation to me.

"Boiled down," said he, "it's just cheap child labor. They exploit their kids to save money. That's what they did in the old country, and they continue the practice over here."

"But don't they enforce the compulsory-education law in these rural districts?"

"Yes, sir! They're very strict in this state about sending the kids to school. But I'll tell you how the parents evade that: They keep the child out a day or so, weeding; then send him, then keep him out again as long as they dare. So the child becomes irregular and loses a lot. They work them three and four hours each day after school and they fail in their examinations. Onions are the chief crop around here; they require a lot of weeding and that weeding has to be done by hand. So the children weed by the hour down on their hands and knees. For this reason Americans have practically given up raising onions; they won't work their wives and children in the fields as the foreigners do."

While he spoke I marked two little Slim Jims weeding away like Trojans down in his own onion patch.

"Your children?"

"Goodness, no! I'm not married. And besides"—proudly—"I'm an American. I fought through the war. These are professional weeders I hire."

"Aha! Professional weeders! And how much do these diminutive professionals receive per diem?"

"Three dollars."

I gasped. "That's tall money for ten-year-old kids!"

"Tall money for an employer to pay, I'll say. But it's the regular trade price and the employers have to come through."

"A union of kid weeders!"

"That's the size of it. All foreign kids."

At another place, of about seventy acres, I found the Polish farmer majoring on tobacco, having lost out on his bumper crop of onions the year before. Since the formation of the Tobacco Growers' Association, he said, he had been getting pretty good prices. Yes, he believed in the association; it kept prices up.

"Do you belong to it?"

"No."

"Why not—if it's a good thing?"

"Because if your crop gets the blight they won't pay you a cent; while the commission men who contract for the crop at the beginning of the season have to pay what they agree, blight or no blight."

"Yes, but they even up with you next time by giving you a lower price; in the long run it's you, not they, who pay. Those commission men are no philanthropists."

He reiterated that he believed in the association, but did not intend to become a member.

"Are you naturalized?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"No time. No use anyway. No good. What for?"

"Work your children in the fields?"

"Sure."

"Do you get time to read farming journals?"

"Well, I don't read English."

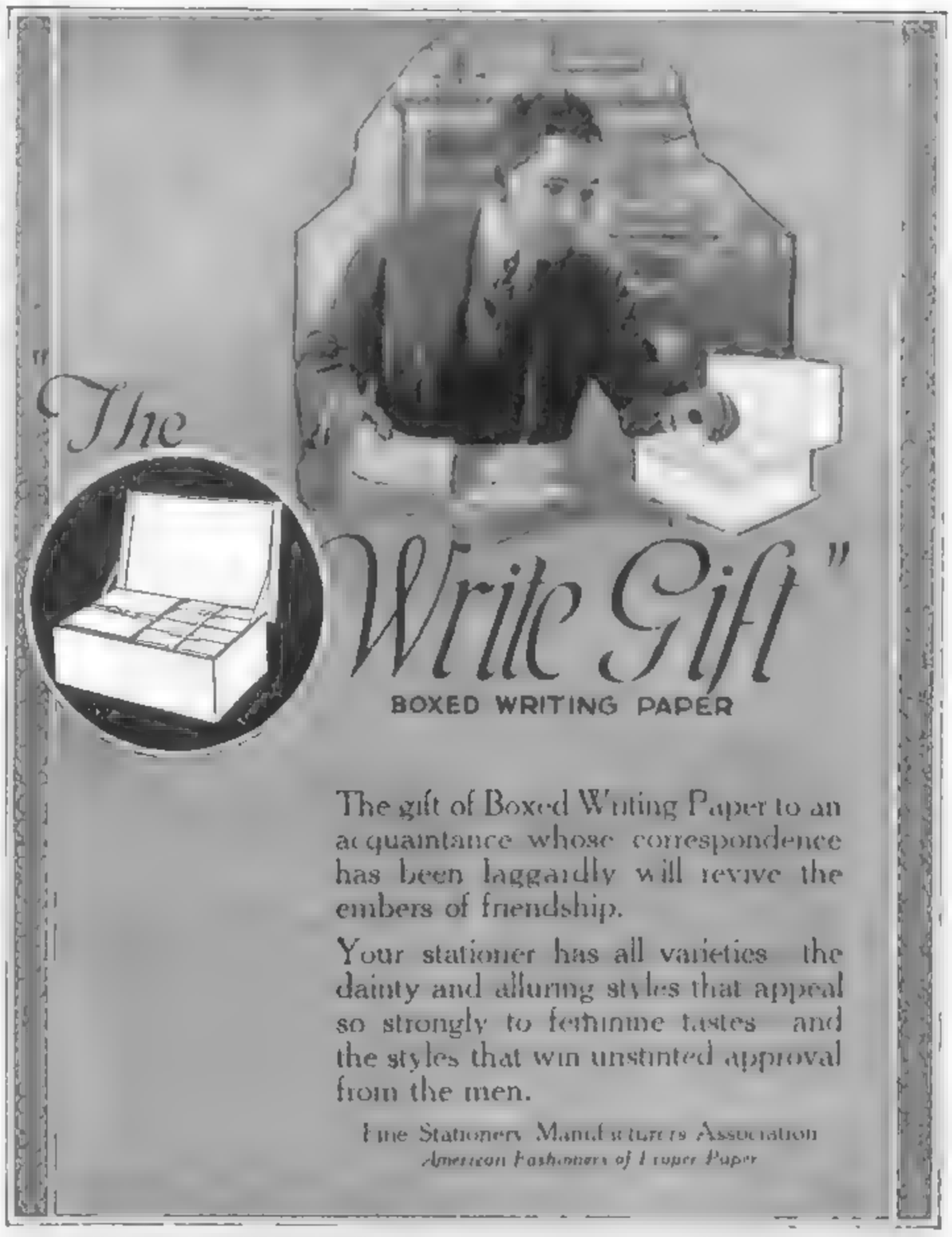
Getting Without Giving

But the college experts from the agricultural department at Amherst had come around, he said, looked at his farm and explained about the proper soil for tobacco. He'd turned over a sample for analysis to see what kind of fertilizer to use; they'd sent him instructions which he had followed with good results. Thus far, he had had no blight; his crop would bring a higher price.

This farmer was prosperous; he had several thousand dollars in the bank. He reaped the benefits from the Tobacco Growers' Association without paying any dues; he exploited his children as cheap labor and kept them, when he could get away with it, out of school; he refused to naturalize on the ground that it yielded no direct financial return. He used all the advantages of this country, its opportunities and free institutions, without sticking in his share. His sense of obligation, of community welfare, of coöperation was nil.

And just as in the city, so also in the country, these foreign peasants of lower social, economic and cultural levels tend to settle in isolated groups, in colonies, thus cutting themselves off from Americanizing influences. The bottom fact is that, no more than industry, is farming the remedy for the present condition of affairs—a condition which, in the old country, has been a thousand bitter years in the making. Changing the locale does not change heredity, germ plasm or the soul. Only a negligible proportion of the entire number of incoming immigrants can be accommodated upon the land; and even that small percentage farming cannot of itself magically transform into fit citizens of a self-governing democracy—unless they themselves will take the first steps.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Miss Frazer. The next will appear in an early issue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BORAH AND LA FOLLETTE VS. THE SUPREME COURT

(Continued from Page 31)

public franchise; and the Adair Case, in 1908, in which the court held an Act of Congress invalid which penalized discharge of employes for belonging to labor unions.

So that the whole outcry against the court and the whole alleged serious evil boils down to this: That in one hundred and thirty-four years there have been not more than a dozen cases in which the court's opponents think it has decided wrongly in holding an Act of Congress unconstitutional.

Waiving, however, the nonexistence of any facts sufficiently grave to demand a revolutionary change in the powers and functions of the Supreme Court; waiving also the question whether Senator Borah's plan would not require an amendment to the Constitution, Borah himself in an interview last February having admitted that it might be necessary, let us see how it would practically operate.

In the first place, it must be noted that Borah's proposed requirement that seven out of nine judges must concur in holding an Act of Congress unconstitutional is the same thing as proposing that if less than seven judges concur in pronouncing such an Act invalid, the court shall hold it to be valid; or, in other words, if three judges out of nine believe an Act to be constitutional, and the six others believe it to be unconstitutional, the case shall be decided according to the views of the minority. Just what does this mean in actual practice?

The question whether an Act of Congress is or is not constitutional never comes up before the court as a theoretical question involving merely a decision as to such constitutionality. It is unfortunate that courts and writers have used the phrases, "invalidating statutes," "setting aside statutes," "holding statutes void and unconstitutional"; for they give a wrong impression of what actually happens. Courts do not decide questions; they decide cases; they determine which of two opposing parties in an actual lawsuit is legally right.

John Citizen claims that he has a right against James Voter based on a Federal statute; James Voter denies this and says that he has a right based on some provision or guaranty of the United States Constitution; the Supreme Court is then called upon to decide which right shall prevail—that founded on the statute, which is made by Congress, who are only the agents of the people, with limited powers; or that founded on the Constitution, which is made by the whole people. The court, in deciding, must follow the Constitution as the higher and more binding law; it must disregard the statute if it shall find that it violates the Constitution, and it must decide in favor of James Voter, who relies on the Constitution. So, also, in a case between the United States and John Citizen, if the United States relies on a statute, and John Citizen on the Constitution, the court must decide the case in favor of John Citizen, and the United States will lose if the statute is found to conflict with the Constitution.

Minority Control

Senator Borah's proposal now is that Congress shall step in and say to the court, "If a case is before you in which John Citizen, a plaintiff, relies on an Act of Congress, and James Voter, a defendant, relies on the Constitution, and claims the statute to be invalid, then if only six judges think James Voter is right, the view of the minority of three judges must prevail, and the court must render its decision in favor of John Citizen."

This means not only that a minority of the court will be enabled to decide upon the rights of the parties but also that a minority of the court may render a decision which will have the effect of holding an Act of Congress constitutional.

Minority control of the court to such an end might be quite as serious an evil as the alleged evil of five-to-four decisions. For it is a singular fact, utterly disregarded by present-day opponents of the court, that during the first seventy-five years of the court's existence the evil complained of by its then opponents was its decisions holding Acts of Congress valid; and it was because the court upheld Congress in passing statutes, deemed by numbers of our people to violate the rights of individuals and of the states, that the court was subjected, for so many years, to savage attack by considerable classes and sections of the country. Even unanimous decisions of the court and of the judges upholding the power of Congress to pass alien and sedition laws, the charter of the Bank of the United States, and the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 were hotly denounced. What would Jefferson and the Democrats have thought, in 1819, if they had been told that a plan was proposed to allow the Supreme Court to uphold the hated Bank charter by a mere minority of the judges? What would the antislavery Republicans of 1855 have thought if the validity of the Fugitive Slave Law could have been upheld by only three out of nine judges?

It is evident that the present proposal of Senator Borah would have been even more abhorrent to the opponents of the court in the past than were the actual decisions of the court itself.

History, in this country, has a habit of repeating itself; and the problems of the past become, with a rapid turn of the wheel, the very serious and excited problems of today. Is there not reason to suppose that Senator Borah's plan, promulgating minority control in the court, may be equally obnoxious now or in the near future?

Let us suggest a few possible cases that may well arise.

Possible Results

Labor interests now are opposed to a compulsory arbitration law. It is not at all improbable that, should such railroad or other strikes occur again as those of the summer of 1922, Congress might pass a law forbidding railroad employes to strike, or providing for compulsory arbitration. Suppose that it did so, and six judges of the Supreme Court held it unconstitutional, while three thought it constitutional. Under a compulsory seven-out-of-nine rule the law would be upheld. Would labor be content or feel any confidence in a decision holding such a law valid, rendered by only three judges out of nine?

Take another example, not at all improbable. Suppose that a Congress, elected not in sympathy with the Volstead Act, should pass a statute making the sale of beer and light wines lawful, as nonintoxicating; suppose that six judges held the new law unconstitutional and three thought it constitutional. Under the seven-out-of-nine rule the views of the three judges must prevail over the views of the six, and the new law must be held constitutional. Would the prohibitionists rest easy under such a decision? Would they have any confidence in it?

On the other hand, suppose a new Congress of an even drier cast of mind than the past three Congresses should pass a law authorizing the search of private houses without a search warrant. Suppose only three out of nine judges should consider such a statute constitutional; yet under the proposed rule it would have to be held constitutional. How would the great mass of American householders view such a decision by such a minority of the court?

Take another by no means improbable situation. Suppose a determined movement of Bolshevists, radical communists or Reds should endanger a portion of this country, and in a time of excitement Congress should pass such a law against sedition as was proposed two years ago, grossly infringing on the freedom of the press and freedom of speech.

Suppose that six judges thought it unconstitutional, and three constitutional? Under the Borah plan the law would be valid and enforceable. How many convictions is it likely could be obtained from juries who knew that the law under which the indictments were framed was upheld by only a minority of the judges? How long would such a decision be accepted by newspapers to which such law was applied?

How would the people of our Southern States regard an antilynching law passed by Congress, and upheld by the court only because, under the rule, three judges believing the law to be constitutional would

(Continued on Page 192)

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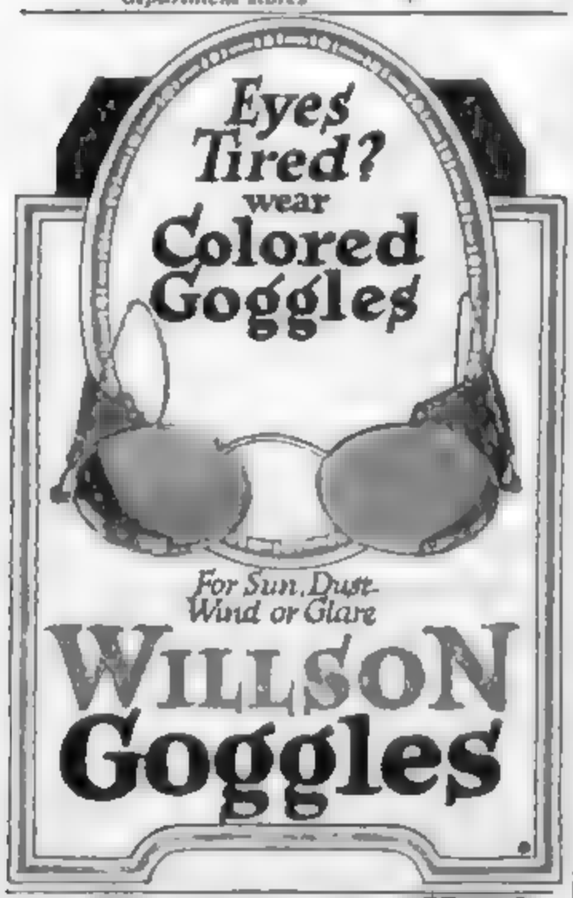

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prevail in having it held so, against six judges believing it unconstitutional?

Suppose Congress, urged on by some nationalistic President filled with zeal for conservation of national resources, should pass an Act vesting power in the National Government to regulate the use of water in all non-navigable rivers within the states, how would the people of the Western States, now having control of such waters, view a decision upholding the validity of such an Act, made by only three out of nine judges?

Now that states like North Dakota are going into the administration of commercial business like manufacturing, and marketing farm products, banking, building houses, and so on, the question of how far the United States can interfere by taxation with agents of the state may be a very important one to the state, and not one which the states would like to have decided by a minority of the court.

Every one of the above hypothetical cases is well within the bounds of possibility, and even of probability.

There can be but one answer. No class or section of the people of the United States would ever accept or have confidence in a judicial decision which fixed their rights and duties by the views of a minority of the court—of three judges out of nine.

Majority rule is embedded in democracy. It is the essence of our form of government.

There is still another phase of the proposal to vest in a minority of the court the power to decide statutes to be constitutional, which has received little attention, but which constitutes a fatal objection to the proposal.

Cases come to the Supreme Court on appeal, either from a state court or from an inferior Federal court; and in deciding the case, it must either affirm the decision in the lower court or reverse it.

Now, as to cases in which the lower court, whether Federal or state, has held the Act of Congress involved to be constitutional, Senator Borah's plan would require that seven out of nine judges should concur before the Supreme Court could reverse the lower court; in other words, he would require that the judgment of the lower court should remain as rendered and be automatically affirmed if three judges thought the Act constitutional and agreed with the lower court in its decision. This would, of course, be minority control; but it is possible that it could be put into practical operation.

The Plan Impracticable

Suppose, however, that the lower Federal court had decided the Act of Congress to be unconstitutional, and on appeal to the Supreme Court six judges agreed with the lower court and wished to affirm its decision, but that three judges thought the Act constitutional. Senator Borah's plan would then require that the views of the three judges should prevail and that the decision of the lower Federal court must be reversed. But is it possible that Congress can provide for a reversal of the judgment of an inferior court by a minority of three judges of the Supreme Court? And suppose that the court from which the appeal was taken, instead of being a Federal court, was the highest court of a state, what state court would tolerate a plan by which its judgments might be reversed by a minority of three judges of the United States Supreme Court? Such a result would properly arouse the deepest indignation among the states.

It is apparent, therefore, that Senator Borah's plan for minority control is neither consonant with justice and American principles nor practically possible of operation.

When all is said and done, however, the fact is, that this complaint about five-to-four decisions holding Federal statutes invalid is largely insincere, or rather a mere camouflage of the real complaint. The real grievance felt by the court's critics is not the number of justices who joined in upholding the Constitution and disregarding the statute; it is, rather, the fact that the statute was disregarded at all.

For instance, take those reformers who favored congressional action on child labor. Are they any better satisfied with the decision in 1922 in the second Child Labor Tax Law Case, which was rendered by a vote of eight judges to one, than they were with the decision in 1918 in the first Child Labor Interstate Commerce Law Case, which was rendered by a vote of five to four? On the contrary, they attacked the court equally for both decisions.

Labor bitterly assailed the court for its decision in the Adair Case, in 1908, holding invalid the Federal statute making it a criminal offense to discharge employes for membership in a labor union. The vote of the court, however, was seven to two—exactly the number prescribed by the Borah Bill.

Was it any greater satisfaction to labor that the vote was seven to two, instead of six to three or five to four?

Was the case of the United Mine Workers v. Coronado Coal Co., in 1922, any the more pleasing to the labor unions because it was rendered by a unanimous court, rather than by a five-to-four decision?

The farmers attacked the decision of the court in the Connolly Case, in 1902, holding the Illinois state antitrust law invalid for discrimination in excluding from its operation combinations of farmers and livestock owners. The vote of the court was seven to one. Was it any greater satisfaction to the opponents of the trust that this vote was seven to one, instead of six to two, or five to three?

The stock-dividend case was decided in 1920 by a vote of five to four. But would those who denounced the court's decision have found it any more acceptable if the vote had been seven to two, or even unanimous?

The questions answer themselves. It was not the size of the vote of which the loser in each case complained. It was the adverse decision itself.

It is an ineluctable fact that so long as individuals and states differ and submit their differences to any tribunal, whether the Supreme Court or some other body, one of the contending parties is bound to lose; and the loser is always likely to resent the decision. And whether the court is lauded or assailed all depends on whose toes are trodden upon, and not upon the number of judges who do the treading.

Flaws in the La Follette Scheme

Now let us turn to Senator La Follette's remedy for the alleged evil—an evil which, as we have seen, consists only of less than twelve decisions in one hundred and thirty-four years, of which any serious complaint has been made.

His proposal is that a statute enacted once may be held unconstitutional by the court; but if enacted twice it shall thereafter be held constitutional. A bad statute shall become good by repetition.

Let us see how this will work.

The cardinal theory of the American Government under a written constitution is threefold: First, that the executive, the legislative and the judicial branches shall be separate, neither exercising any of the functions of the other; second, that as between Congress and the states, Congress shall possess certain express powers, and shall be forbidden to exercise certain other specific powers, and that all powers not expressly delegated to Congress shall be reserved to the states or to the whole people, Congress, the agent of the people, being thus an agent with strictly limited power; third, that as between Congress and the individual citizens, Congress shall be specifically forbidden to exercise certain powers, the citizens thus being guaranteed freedom from such interference by the legislative body.

It will be seen at once that Senator La Follette's proposal demolishes all three of the fundamental provisions of the Constitution.

It destroys the executive branch of the Government; for if any statute, twice passed, is to be the final supreme law, then Congress may change any or all the provisions of the Constitution relating to the powers of the President.

It destroys the judicial branch; for by a similar twice-passed statute Congress may abolish the Supreme Court entirely or regulate its operation in any way it sees fit.

It destroys at once the powers of the states; for if by a twice-passed statute Congress may act on any subject whatever, regardless of the fact that the Constitution has reserved to the states all powers not expressly granted to Congress, then the states may only legislate on such subjects as Congress may choose to leave to them. In other words, all the boundary lines between national power and jurisdiction and state power and jurisdiction are swept away; and the states exist only at the sufferance and tolerance of Congress.

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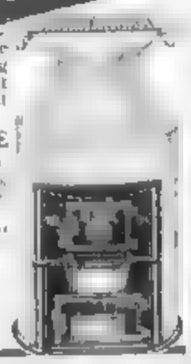

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It destroys at once all protection against Congress which the Constitution guarantees to individuals; for by a twice-passed statute Congress may do anything or everything which the Constitution forbids it to do with reference to individuals.

It is this last phase of Senator La Follette's proposal which ought to make American citizens ponder long.

Destruction of the dividing line between the branches of our Government and its checks and balances, destruction of our Federal system of national and state governments each operating on its own distinct set of subjects, would, of course, change our whole system of government. Yet if the American people wished to change their system of government, it is conceivable that they possibly could live happily under another system. But destruction of the safeguards of individual rights and liberties of person and property, placing them at the uncontrolled mercy of Congress, would endanger the foundation of any free government at all.

The Constitution Nullified

Should the American people be willing to say that Congress may, by a twice-passed statute, do any or all the things which the Constitution expressly forbids Congress to do, then the American people must be willing to allow any Congress, by statute, to do any of the following things, though each such statute would violate the present express prohibitions of the Constitution:

Congress under Senator La Follette's plan would be permitted

(1) to require a religious test as a qualification for office or public trust, and to pass a law respecting an establishment of religion, and to prohibit the free exercise of religion;

(2) to abridge freedom of speech or of the press;

(3) to violate the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures;

(4) to authorize the trial of any person for crime or the trial of any common-law civil suit without a jury;

(5) to try a person for any crime without presentment or indictment by a grand jury;

(6) to deprive an accused of speedy and public trial; and to refuse to confront him with the witnesses against him, and to refuse to allow him counsel and compulsory process for obtaining witnesses;

(7) to subject a person for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb;

(8) to permit the retrial of facts once established by a jury in a common-law trial;

(9) to compel a person in a criminal case to be a witness against himself;

(10) to require excessive bail and to inflict cruel and unusual punishment;

(11) to constitute any act which it chooses to be treason;

(12) to suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus at any time, whether in case of rebellion or invasion or not, or whether or not the public safety may require it;

(13) to pass a bill of attainder or an ex post facto law;

(14) to deprive a person of life, liberty or property without due process of law;

(15) to take private property for public use without just compensation;

(16) to impose any form of involuntary servitude;

(17) to restrict the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievance;

(18) to infringe the right of the people to keep and bear arms;

(19) to deny or abridge the right to vote on account of race, color or sex;

(20) to legislate directly against racial discrimination in the states;

(21) to permit the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation or exportation of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes.

Moreover, the Constitution expressly forbids Congress to legislate as to the states with reference to the following matters; yet Senator La Follette's proposal would allow Congress, by a twice-passed statute

(22) to enact a direct tax, imposed irrespective of the population of the respective states,

(23) to impose a tax or duty on articles exported from a state;

(24) to give a preference by a regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one state over those of another;

(25) to form a new state within the jurisdiction of any other state without the consent of both.

Every one of these prohibitions to Congress contained in the Constitution, with the exception of the last four, affects the life, liberty or property of individuals, and is in the nature of a right guaranteed to every individual in the United States by the Constitution.

Yet, under Senator La Follette's proposal, no man, woman or child in the country would have a single right of any kind which Congress would be obliged to respect or of which Congress might not deprive him or her at any time. Yet, said George Mason, the author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, chief of the possible evils of a republican form of government, is "the danger of the majority oppressing the minority." To make Congress absolute and final judge of the extent of its own power is to give it unrestricted power; but, wrote Jefferson, "a legislative despotism was not the government we fought for."

Those who imagine that Congress is not likely to infringe on any of these rights or to do any of these things forbidden by the Constitution are leaning on a very frail reed. For Congress has already tried to authorize illegal searches and seizure of private papers and has only been prevented by the action of the Supreme Court, in 1886, in Boyd v. United States.

Congress has tried to authorize criminal prosecution of a man, after compelling him to testify before a grand jury, and has only been prevented by the action of the Supreme Court, in 1892, in Counselman v. Hitchcock.

Congressional Encroachments

Congress has already tried to authorize the retrial in a Federal court of facts already tried and settled in behalf of the plaintiff in a state court, and was only prevented by the action of the Supreme Court, in 1870, in holding the statute unconstitutional in Justices v. Murray.

Congress has tried to regulate the civil relations between the negro and the white man and to interfere with the powers of the states over this subject, and has only been prevented by the action of the Supreme Court in the Civil Rights Cases, in 1883, and in other cases in 1903 and 1906.

Congress has attempted to take property for public uses without due and full compensation, and has only been prevented by the action of the Supreme Court, in 1893, in Monongahela Navigation Company v. United States.

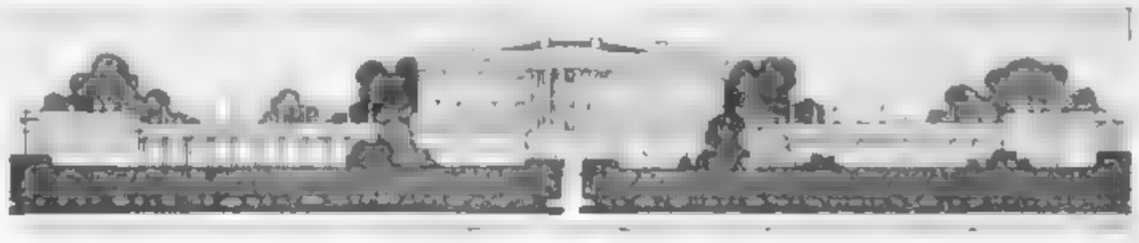
Congress has attempted to authorize imprisonment of persons at hard labor without an indictment by a grand jury, and has only been prevented by the action of the Supreme Court, in 1890, in Wong Wing v. United States.

Congress has attempted to allow an appeal by the Government in a criminal trial after the accused had been found not guilty by a jury, and was prevented by the Supreme Court, in 1909, in U. S. v. Evans.

Congress has attempted to make a crime out of an act which was not a crime when it was committed, and by an ex post facto law to punish a man for committing such an act; it was prevented by the Supreme Court, in 1867, in Ex parte Garland.

Congress has attempted to imprison a man without jury trial for refusing to testify in an investigation by Congress of a matter over which it had no authority whatever; it was prevented by the Supreme Court, in 1880, in Kilbourn v. Thompson.

Congress has attempted to imprison a man without jury trial for publishing a letter containing matter defamatory of the House; it was prevented by the Supreme Court, in 1917, in Marshall v. Gordon.



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Congress has twice attempted to impose a tax or duty on articles exported from a state, and has been prevented by the Supreme Court, in 1901 and 1915.

What Congress has once done it may well try to do again. Are the American people willing to assume that Congress will not, in some time of public excitement or passion, pass a law authorizing search of private dwellings, and so on, without search warrant, pass a seditious treason law, such as was proposed in 1920, pass a law infringing freedom of speech or of the press, pass a law forbidding strikes or requiring compulsory arbitration, pass an antilynching law? All these laws, if twice passed, would be valid and final, by Senator La Follette's proposal.

Finally, let us put this concrete question: Would either the wets or the drys be willing to leave to the uncontrolled power of Congress the right to pass any such liquor legislation as it chose to enact twice, regardless of the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment, and unreviewable by the court?

Was not Jefferson right and wise when he wrote: "In question of power, then, let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution?"

The method devised by the Constitution to bind Congress and the President down from the mischief was the erection of a Supreme Court consisting of judges, removed from hope or fear of Executive patronage, rewards or disfavor, removed from the heat of passion and party politics, removed from the necessity of calculating the possible effect of their decisions upon the chances of their reëlection. The Constitution could not guarantee a court removed from all possibility of error; for a court is composed of men, and all men must make mistakes. But it could guarantee that such a tribunal, devoting its life to the study of the Constitution and of American ideals, would operate and decide with less chance of error than would a body like Congress. The very fact that out of its fifty decisions holding Acts of Congress unconstitutional over a period of one hundred and thirty-four years, less than ten of such decisions have met with any violent criticism is the best evidence that the Supreme Court has fulfilled its functions, within that degree of perfection which can be expected of any human institution.

At least, it professes to be controlled by some limits—the limits which it regards as set by the Constitution. Congress, under Senator La Follette's proposal, would be controlled by no limits or restrictions of any kind; for any statute which it chose to pass twice would be law.

Finally, it should be noted that whatever mistakes the Supreme Court makes, they may always be cured or reversed by a constitutional amendment, adopted as prescribed by the Constitution; and thereafter the court is bound by the amendment.

But the La Follette proposal practically makes the Constitution unamendable; for whatever amendment the people may adopt, Congress will be no more bound to respect it than it will be bound to respect the present Constitution; for by a twice-passed statute it may enact something violative of the amendment itself, and yet its statute will be the final law. Thus no amendment hereafter adopted would have any more binding effect on Congress than would the Constitution itself; and the only amendment that would be of any binding effect would be one repealing the La Follette amendment itself.

In other words, should the La Follette amendment be adopted, it would *ipso facto* constitute the entire Constitution, and all the rest of that document would be a scrap of paper, whenever Congress chose so to regard it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Your prizes will come as easily as Bob's, if after school on Thursday you sell *The Saturday Evening Post* to folks you know (in U. S. A.). We'll show you how. Don't you want to see Bob's prize book and get started toward your own cost-free prizes? Then mail the coupon, as he did—TODAY!

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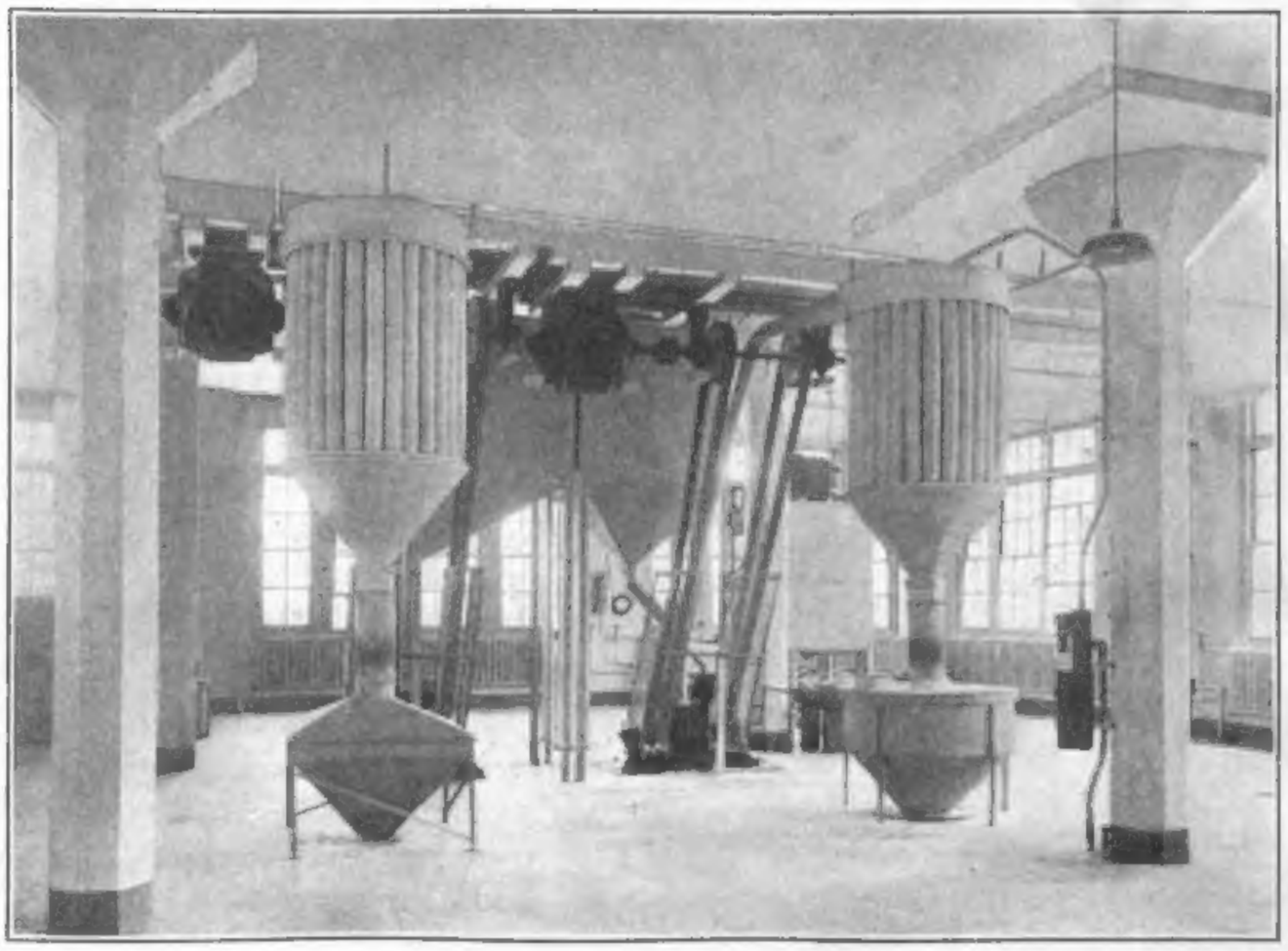
Bathroom. Walls and trim painted with Barreled Sunlight make the bathroom everywhere as white and washable as tile.



Factory. Showing the use of Barreled Sunlight in the home of "Life Savers."

Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This famous school is painted throughout with Barreled Sunlight.

Fresh and clean after years of service!

Why Barreled Sunlight is now being used in buildings of every type

"Why can't I get a white paint that won't collect dust and dirt? A paint that can really be kept clean?"

Thousands of people have asked that question.

Owners of industrial plants—hotels—office buildings—shops where frequent repainting means added overhead. Homeowners who have dreamed of white woodwork without a fingermark—of bathrooms and kitchens that could really be washed like tile!

And today throughout the country they are using Barreled Sunlight—a paint discovery that has answered this universal need.

Barreled Sunlight produces a surface *so smooth that the finest particles of dust cannot sink in.* A surface that can be washed as easily as you would wash white tile!

The photographs below—taken through the lens of a microscope—show the astonishing contrast between the smooth surface of Barreled Sunlight and the rough, porous surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint.

Barreled Sunlight produces a lustrous finish without the glare of enamel—yet costs less than enamel and requires fewer coats. (A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over any previously painted surface.)

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, it is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

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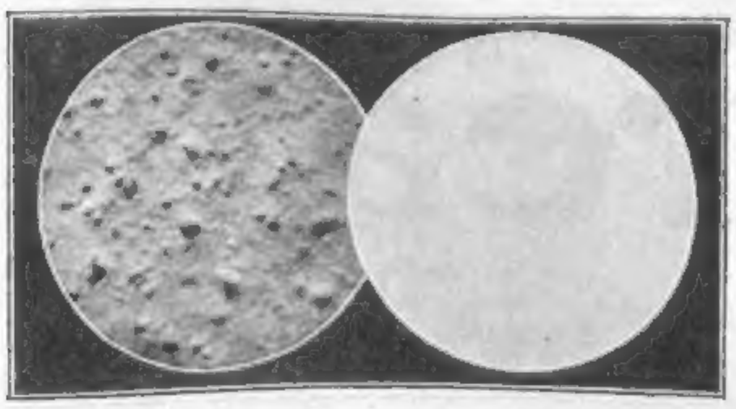
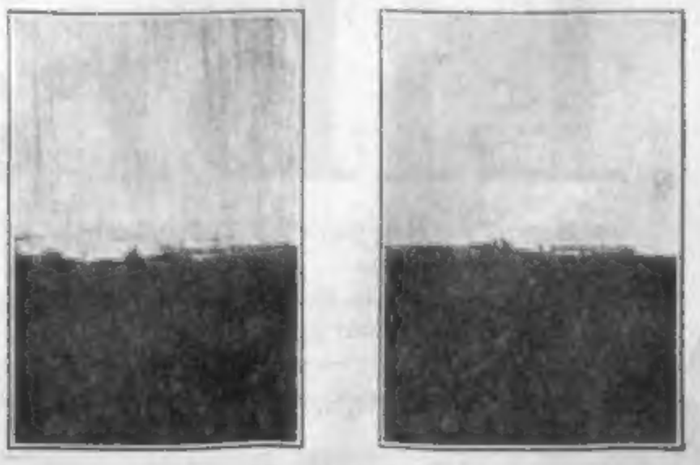


ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

Paint surfaces photographed through a powerful microscope—each was magnified to the same high degree. They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

"Save the surface and you save all"

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE



ORDINARY ENAMEL — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The upper part of the black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight. Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight.

The "Aristocrat's" drawer strength

A drawer in each of six leading makes of files was filled with a typical load of correspondence; then pulled out and slammed shut again 16 times a minute until put out of commission. It required 64,800 operations to wear out the L.B. drawer. Its nearest competitor was put out of commission in 36,245 operations.

64,800 Slams that were boosts

Six rival steel filing cabinets were placed in a row.

A drawer in each cabinet was filled with a typical load of correspondence. At a signal the drawers were pulled out and slammed shut mechanically 16 times a minute until put out of commission. *There* was a test of cabinet construction, strength of frame, strength of drawer and slides!

In 58 minutes cabinet No. 1 broke down. As the hours went by one cabinet after another developed some fundamental weakness. Thirty-six hours after the start there were just two survivors. At the 36,245th slam—37 hours and 42 minutes after the start—one of these broke down.

On went the winning cabinet, until, finally, after 67½ hours—representing years of office abuse—it quit on the 64,800th slam—almost double the nearest record.

Literally, every one of the 64,800 slams was a boost for the "Aristocrat", the new L.B. Steel file. An exclusive L.B. process makes this cabinet as rigid as if forged from a single piece of metal. Yet the drawers slide, as if upon air cushions, at the mere touch of a finger. Slam them shut—they cannot rebound—an ingenious automatic catch prevents.

The steel muscles of the "Aristocrat" are concealed in a design of stately simplicity; a finish of rare beauty. Bronze handles gleam against a rich background of olive green or grained mahogany, own brother to the African wood itself.

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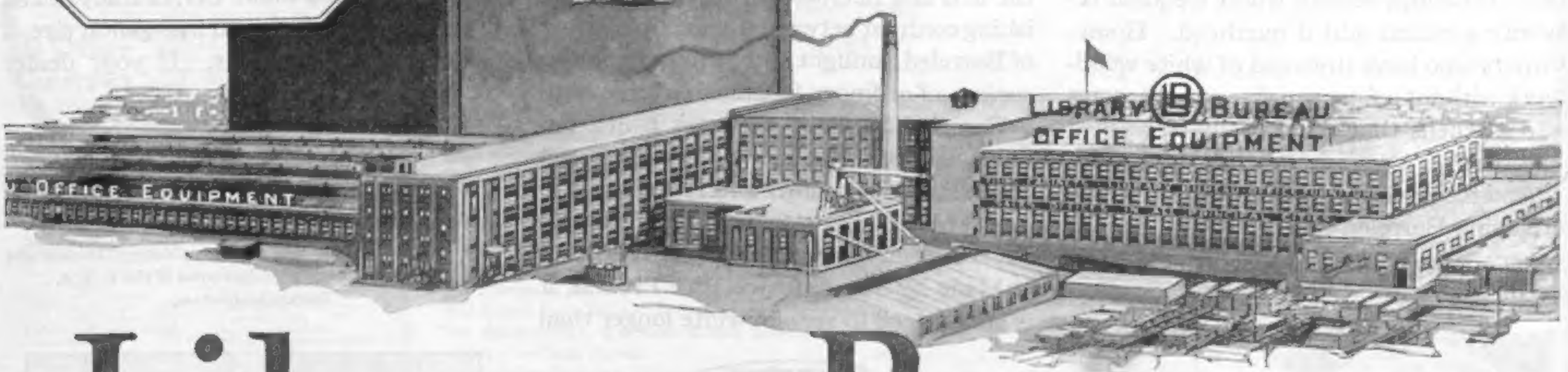

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Milk at its Best

IN spite of appearances, the parents of Topsy Doolittle probably thought that he was worth raising.

When famous football stars, who now are obscure bank presidents, insurance brokers, or associate justices, crouched for action and hissed defiance through their whiskers, hardened men lost control of their emotions, and sensitive women closed their eyes, afraid to gaze upon the "brutal scene."

In those days reporters could say truthfully that the boys who defended the honor of alma mater bristled with determination, for the most conspicuous thing about old-fashioned football was hair.

Players who risked their collar-bones upon the soggy field went unshaved and unshorn, not because they expected hair to give them strength, but owing to their need of shock-absorbing equipment.

Unfortunately, however, the shaggy growths which were intended to afford protection accentuated the horrors of gridiron conflicts. A clash between two college teams had the surface appearance of a rumpus involving delegations from the House of David and some Russian Soviet.

Deans who saw handfuls of whiskers plucked from the faces of elusive quarterbacks forgot their dignity, and fair maidens fainted when they gazed upon the blood-soaked beards of heroes with whom they had plighted their troth.

But all that is past forever. Padded headgear makes it unnecessary for men who play football to try to match the hairy thatches of foreign fiddlers, and Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream has made shaving so easy that whiskers have become as scarce upon athletic fields as monocles in Montana.

This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified by the lather. This permits the moisture carried in the lather to soften the hair at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.

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